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THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

XII.—CONFLICTS AT HEIDELBERG.



THE TORTURES OF BÉRANGER.

THAT prince in the Arabian tale who, on pulling aside his robe, revealed his lower half turned to black marble, was doubtless very happy when the enchantment came to be canceled and the warm red current began to steal through his flesh of sculpture. So was I in recovering the baron at Heidelberg. Hohenfels again, and again Heidelberg! My thoughts began to knit, my stone age at Marly buried itself in flowers and became a forgotten loss, a dead period. I declared that, after all, a stay-at-home was a mere petrification, and that I only found life again when I found my legs.

For me an effort was necessary in renewing the old times: you cannot force the fine corpulent heart-throbs of fifty

into the genteel waistcoat of nineteen. But for the baron no such transvasation was necessary: he became young, or he remained young, and fell into perspective with perfect ease. He was again my Hohenfels of the Carl Strasse, with the nature of a milky opal, always a little curdled and flawed. His long flaxen hair, flowing like the "curled clouds" on which an Ariel might ride, was hardly changed: Hohenfels' topknot, in fact, was of the colorless sort which eludes the approach of grayness, or conceals grayness when it comes; and I have often looked at the pale picture of his head, with its abundant fuzz and convolutions, and thought it the perfect image of his brain. My friend's long spine,

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his bent shoulders, his lank, aimless, companionable legs, which I loved with all my soul, were but the preserved features of his adolescence, and immortally beautiful for me. They gave him, to my notion, a lovable affinity with the portraits of that fairy enchanter born to us out of the Dark Ages, that undying boy, that sole possessor in our busy time of

dred years before, and standing like a kingly Louisiana slave in its iron bonds and fetters. Of all this beautiful devastation, Hohenfels was the voluntary bard and interpreter. "Sull' orrida torre" he perched, the troubadour. His ear had not forgotten its nicety: he could play as well as ever, and still preserved the remarkable gift of singing and smoking both at once.

The minstrel ought, perhaps, to have sung the War of the Palatinate; or Louis XIV., who undertook it to reclaim the dowry of his sister-in-law, wife of Philippe d'Orléans; or Marshal Lorges, whose name is only remembered, like that of the aspiring boy who fired the Ephesian dome, because he laid in ashes the castle of Heidelberg. We ought, perhaps, I say, to have sung these flames of Troy. But we interpreted Heidelberg in another manner. Among these tufted walls, crumbling into melancholy beauty beneath the touches of Time and History, nothing seemed to us half so pathetic as the ruin of ourselves. It was here we had met and sauntered, dreaming young men, committed to lives of scholarship or art. It must be pardoned to us that what we looked at was the pageant of our own boyhood, lying in vision for us, bathed in sun, through any and all of these rugged arches. For this sort of sentiment there is just one perfect expression; and we sang the "Grenier" of Béranger. We sang it through to its pensive close:

Quittons ce toit, où ma raison s'énivre:
Oh, qu'ils sont loin, ces jours si regrettés!
J'échangerais ce qu'il me reste à vivre
Contre un des jours qu'ici Dieu m'a comptés.

At each of the five repetitions of that refrain which closes Béranger's stanzas with a heavy sigh—at each turn of the "qu'on est bien à vingt ans!"—I fancied I heard a voice like a file. At the fifth refrain the sound was no longer doubtful: Berkley, whose existence we had forgotten, and on whom Nature had conferred the ability to tie a cravat, but not the gift of melody, was assisting behind us with the chorus.

"I see you both adhere to the poet of the First Consul," he observed with his



IL TROVATORE.

the gift of legend—poor Hans Andersen. The discord in our exquisite union, the alkaline drop in our cup, was of course Mr. Berkley.

We essayed, however, to practice the old duet. We sought together those nooks and corners of the splendid ruin known, as we fancied, to us alone. We no longer regretted that the superb schloss was red, not gray. Youth demands for its poems the hue of ashes, but with the approach of age comes a love for any spot of color where the eye may warm itself. We sought our ancient haunt, the summit of the Rent Tower, where the lindens wave like plumes from a cloven helmet, and where Paul Flemming used to admire the Tree of Life brought from America two hun-

most agreeable smile, "though his confirmed Bonapartism makes him an unwelcome exponent of feeling just now in most circles, and though his vaunt in the penultimate verse, that '*jamais les rois n'envahiront la France*,' sounds nothing less than derisory when sung to-day by the Rhine."

"We were trying to capture another kind of kingdom," said Hohenfels. "You know, Berkley, that Tacitus describes the barbarians by the Rhine as not only lashing themselves to warlike deeds, but consoling their ills, with a song. We were only endeavoring to hit upon the old key, and with it, if you will allow me to say so, to enter the garret of Béranger."

But our talk was off the hinge, and we could but converse on indifferent subjects until dusk. We both love that placid hour of afterglow, that equipoise of day and night, which our language, with one of its most poetical suggestions, calls the *evening*. Berkley's endeavor to throw a slight upon Béranger had had the natural effect of fixing the minstrel firmly in our minds, and I supposed the baron and myself were equally possessed with a willful saturation of Béranger while we talked with Sylvester on politics or whey. At last, when a star shot, Hohenfels made a falling firework out of the sparks from his pipe, and hummed—

Encore une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparaît!

Prompt as he began this couplet, a voice like Byron's "whetstone of the teeth, monotony in wire," began to "file, file" in unison, or rather in discord, with his own: it was Mr. Berkley, bent on being sympathetic, and contributing his mite to the entertainment.

"I am reminded," the latter continued, "of some rather interesting facts in the history of star-worship, of which a remnant is plainly found in the tradition that some one dies when a meteor falls. A long time before Zoroaster—"

"Don't go on with that, Sylvester," said the baron easily: "we had rather talk Béranger. You know he says he was made a poet by a thunderstorm: that storm made a swan out of the tailor's goose."

"All poets thrive on rain," I observed. "Burns was found by his biographer open-mouthed with enjoyment under a sort of waterspout, oblivious of the torrents that were filling out his galligaskins."

"Your pleasantry about the tailor's goose, baron," said Mr. Berkley, "re-



THE DISCIPLE OF STRAUSS.

minds me of the little poem '*Les Oies*' which Béranger's translator, Prout, puts on the same page with his version of '*Shooting Stars*.' Since you change your vein by means of a witticism, the satire of this little squib cannot be disagreeable. I will attempt a solo." And he chanted, with a measured smile:

I hate to sing your hackneyed birds:
So, doves and swans, a truce!
Your nests have been too often stirred;
My hero shall be, in a word,
A goose!

Can roasted nightingale a liver
Fit for a pie produce?—
Fat pies that on the Rhine's sweet river
Fair Strasburg bakes. Pray, who's the giver?
A goose!

He interrupted himself to observe that as both his hearers had just passed through Strasburg, where they had doubtless paid the civic goose the compliment of at least one indigestion, the poem would be appreciated. We looked at each other, and hoped to get quit of the music by the acceptance of this impeachment. But in an instant another verse of the canticle was fluttering laboriously through Berkley's nostrils:

"the son, Flemming, of a man whom I have known like a brother, the Lithuanian baron Von Ramm!" And he tapped at the window.

A fat young man turned rather angrily and tottered slowly up to our casement. He raised the guillotine sash, stared at us blankly a moment, said "Death to the Philisters!" and let the glass fall with a noise. Then he retired into the cloud. Hohenfels tapped again, and this time it was the pharmacy-student who looked around: my comrade had taken out his card and held it against one of the small panes, where it was framed like a picture. The student quickly recognized the name, and we made an entry of considerable distinction, being drawn by the collars through the window itself into the den.

It was a page of my youth brought bodily before my eyes again: it seemed not a renewed crowd of callow students, but the same students, eternally young and kept from change by some enchantment. There were the Mossy-heads, the Old Ones, the Pomatum Stallions, the Princes of Twilight. They were discussing the laws of the Broad-Stone and the Gutter; they were screaming and whistling; some were in long yellow hair and braided coats, gorgeous and dirty; some had white woolly heads, and wore the schlafrock. It was a great throng, for there were Austrians, Saxons, Bavarians, Hessians, Hamburgers and Wurtembergers present. They looked much alike, and the national differences were seen not in their faces, but in the patterns of the colossal pipes they carried. The tallest men seemed to wear the narrowest coats, those long, closely-buttoned, serious-looking garments: out of all proportion with the long pipes and the great-coats were the caps—the imperceptible caps, which, whatever wind may blow, rest fixed like a nail on the extreme summit of the head, thanks to the practiced skill with which the German student manœuvres his neck. On the table was a chair, on the chair was the dignitary known as Senior of a Landsmannschaft, and on the Senior a great pair of boots. "Silentium!" cried this

functionary: "the chorus will recommence."

"I think a chorus is an odd sort of silentium," said Hohenfels; and the company began to sing a doggerel verse:

O Hans was Kost der Huat?
Der Huat der hat ein Thaler Kost,
Ein Thaler Kost,
Ein Thaler Kost,
Der Huat der hat ein Thaler Kost,
Und vier und fünfzig Groot!

As each student had his allowance of beer and butterbrod before him, of which he partook without minding the music, the words of this song were mostly uttered with the mouth full; nor did the consumption of butterbrod at all interfere with the smoking, for a German student will smoke and eat as easily as my friend the baron will smoke and sing.

We stayed late. Before leaving, Hohenfels said to his young acquaintance, "One thing is necessary to complete our joy in Heidelberg. How can we see a good duel?"

"How?" "Oh, anyhow," answered the Baron of the Golden Shower.

"But when will a duel take place, if you please?"

"When? Oh, any day."

"Duels are accommodating to tourists." With this remark Hohenfels relinquished a subject which he thought his friend seemed to surround with a certain obscurity. Conversing afterward among the students, however, he learned that a duel was really to happen in two days, and that Von Ramm was to be the hero. Hence his reticence. "It is with a young Fox from the University of Bonn, a foreigner. There will be several other



A FOX.

matches, but they will be simply trials of skill. Fritz has the only affair of moment, good luck to him! The other man insulted our college." He was proceeding to answer our questions as to the hour and the place, when the round face of the fat young student interposed and emitted the following decree:

"Death to the Philisters! These are secrets of the college. Profane ears

must not hear where the university defends its honor."

But we soon obtained an accurate direction from an old familiar acquaintance of mine. The ancient fire-tender and man of all work about the hotel was in reality none other than the postilion who had brought me into town at my first visit to Heidelberg: this worthy had a comrade, the wisest and best-informed



THE STUDENTS.

cab-driver in the dominion. The charioteer knew all about the honorable affairs of *die Herren Studenten*, and a duel with a baron in it was for him an open secret of his profession. At the appointed time we drove to the scene of action, where we found already two processions of carriages converging upon the spot from opposite directions. These were filled with students of the rival corps, their friends and their physicians: they carried almost enough lint, bandages and other surgical apparatus to dress the wounds of a regiment in action.

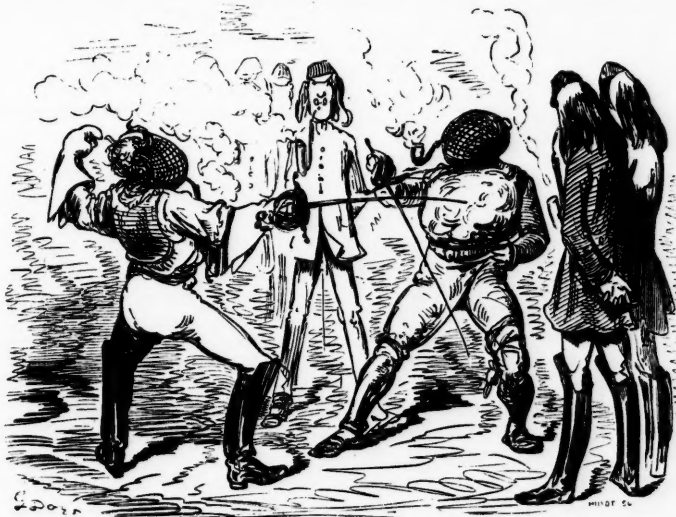
It was the baron's excursion rather

than mine: I have never comprehended the duello. Its logic, for us moderns, appears to me incorrigibly faulty. In the Middle Ages it was different: then Heaven fought with the just man, as Heaven in Hebrew times presided over the drawing of lots. But now, in the nineteenth century, it is obvious that a good conscience does not give a man an experience of ten or a dozen years with small-swords. Technical skill may very probably lie with the side morally weakest. This mode of adjudication must therefore be rejected as spurious. I yielded, however, with a good grace,

and went off with Hohenfels to the seat of war.

Some botanical specimens on the route attracted me, and the baron, best natured of men, conspired with me in my myrtle-chasing. When we arrived the friendly matches were all over, and the serious affair between Von Ramm and the foreigner was under engagement. The latter, whose back was toward me, smoked a pipe that out-Germaned Germany in its length and model, and he was lost in

a pair of burlesque cavalry gloves from some theatre; his horseman's boots surprised me, for they were made of alligator's skin, and looked just fit to contain a bowie-knife or so; his pantaloons, too, were unlike anything Rhenish, for they were of a fine pin-striped jean, more familiar to the Mississippi than the Rhine. Except for a cuirass and fencing-mask he was unprotected. His adversary, however, whom it was difficult to recognize, was stuffed out into a state of de-



A PROFESSION WELL BOLSTERED.

fence that made him appear gigantic. The student-duels on the Rhine are literally a pillow-fight. This combatant had a mattress on his breast, wadding on his arms and cushions on his legs; for it is with wool pulled over his eyes, and, I doubt not, cotton in his ears, that the Renowned achieves his fame. A fine meerschaum issued from Von Ramm's wire-woven visor, like a lily from a flower-basket. A sufficiency of seconds and students, their tinsel locks lying on their shoulders like epaulettes, stood solemnly around and contemplated battle's magnificently stern array. These assistants are often so completely encased in leather and pads that they could be blown up

with gunpowder without much injury. It is their duty to stand by with a sword, intercept any unfair strokes, and stop the fight if their principal is wounded. The scars of a college duelist are generally seen on his left cheek, and I understood this fact when I observed the play of Von Ramm, who seemed to be continually trying to cut over the guard of his opponent's sword-arm. He was an expert and graceful fencer, a hundred times lighter in all his stuffings than his unencumbered foe. The latter played very singularly: he kept entirely on his defence, with little or no exhibition of swordsmanship, until the spectators became tired of the monotony of his

game. All were looking with interest at the expert motions of the brilliant Lithuanian, when finally, just as his second stepped out to announce that the fifteen minutes were up, the alligator-boots sprang forward, lunged at his neck, and delivered the point so strongly that the opposing sword only succeeded in beating it down



THE LINEN DUSTER.

a little toward the shoulder. Von Ramm staggered into the arms of his friends, where he bled quite profusely from a scrape over his collar-bone: seeing him so unexpectedly hurt, Hohenfels ran to his side. I prepared to re-enter our cab, very much disturbed and sickened, when the victor, who was examining the reddened point of his sword in an attitude of impartial interest, said, in a nasal inflection of my own language, "Guess I've euchred him with my little snickersnee!" The clumsy conqueror in alligator boots was then an American! I have never known a national victory to give me so little satisfaction. With a feeling of shame and self-condemnation I returned alone to the hotel. We had undertaken our escapade among the students for the purpose of avoiding the contact of a lower mind, as we fancied: we wished to get among German philosophy, romance and Bohemianism. The return, I felt, was the return of a

blackguard. I was frustrated. I felt therefore repentant and civil toward Berkley, whom I found at supper when I had removed the dust and issued from my chamber. It was at the public table: Hohenfels was still absent. By two movements of the head the English statesman and I expressed, on the one hand deprecation, on the other pardon and pity. A new-comer was sitting near, and to my great surprise this stranger nodded too, without, however, betraying the least intention of disturbing his hat, which was a small wide-awake set rather back from the forehead.

"I saw you at the little unpleasantness:" this explanation he kindly added to his salute. He proceeded: "It is difficult to recognize folks through a wire basket, but my memory for faces is good: I am something of an artist."

The nasal accent revealed the man with alligator's legs. One of those sanguinary brutes of the battle-field was doing me the honor to claim me as an acquaintance, and to share my supper red-handed. His present appearance, at least, was pacific: he had come out of his alligator skin, and he wore that garment which the American tourist flutters like a victorious flag all round the world, and which, made variously of gray, white or yellow, is known as the linen duster. He was drinking coffee out of a larger cup than is usual for that beverage at a European dinner, but of a size familiar on most breakfast-tables in the United States.

"You are noticing my cup: I carry it around. They make this cup at Dresden very largely for the American trade: I am something of an importer. I cannot enjoy my coffee out of one of these poppycock thimbles they give you at a table-d'hôte, and I must have my coffee just so: I'm something of an epicure."

I judged it necessary to say a word to Berkley: "This gentleman, who appears to be my compatriot, has just pinked his man in an affair with a person I have met before—a musical pilgrim at Achern, in fact, who joked with me on botanical subjects in the character of a student of pharmacy."

"No more of a pharmacy-student than my cane: I'm something of an apothecary. He said our Western colleges were only primary schools, which it was a State disgrace to charter as universities. He totally denied the merit of Ann Arbor, asserting he had never heard of it. A college where they pick up a new asteroid every fine night! I've been at Ann Arbor: I'm something of an astronomer. I never fought before, but on that I asked him out for a walk, and I just waited for his jugular."

"You showed great coolness, certainly," I said in a kinder tone. I found something chivalresque in this young stranger, who had never fought a duel, coolly engaging an old hand in defence of his country's educational advantages.

"Yes, I am probably cool. I simply waited for his jugular. I had to wait for nearly all the quarter of an hour, but then he gave it me. You see, gentlemen, for a raw swordsman to engage an older one is an interesting, not to say a difficult, problem in the correlation of forces. My plan, which has succeeded, was, to go through the fight without trying to make any thrusts, and confine my attention to parrying: I thus got an advantage of fifty per cent. over my man, whose intellect was divided between the two schemes of parry and thrust. The watchfulness demanded in this exercise is simply the equal allotment of neurotic power through the nerve-branches of the whole body and limbs; this is harder than what is called presence of mind, which is only the concentration of force in a single organ, the brain. Thus, having put eyes, as it were, all over my arms and legs, I felt perfectly calm and sure he couldn't touch me. I had decided beforehand on this game, and to uncover my sally-ports only at the last. I was kept aware of the exact passage of time by my second, who made a signal every four minutes: that was the fellow who rigged me out, some theatrical fool from Munich. After the third four minutes, knowing my adversary was tired and unprepared, I cut just as his second was stepping forward

to stop the fight. I had luck, and I reached his jugular or near it."

And calmly attentive to us, he poured down a draught of coffee.

"My order of sensations," he continued musingly, "was not dissimilar to what I have experienced at the Stock Exchange. There, too, we are obliged to combine ideas with rapidity, to be on continual guard, and to be ready with the nerve-force: I am something of a speculator."



FACTOTUM.

I looked anew at this surprising, unsurprisable American. I made sure that he was from the West. His proportions were not quite harmonious: his legs and his duster were long and lean, but his trunk, hat and head were squat. It is generally said that the American race is approaching in physique the character of the native Indians, but it may be observed that if a certain class of my countrymen, led by temperament and predilection, are allying themselves with that branch of our barbarous population, there is a second class obviously assimilating with our other semi-civilized ingredient, the negro. Who has not seen, on American faces perfectly Saxon in their white-and-pink pigments, the negro's round nostril, blubber lips, curled eyelashes and depressed skull, together with the small, handsome, rudimentary ears, like the bruised ears you find on antique statues of Hercules? Our new acquaintance was of this type. His nose was fat, his lips large, his hair pale and bushy. There was something of the albino in his appearance.

As he sauntered out picking his teeth I called the man-of-all work. The old fellow came up, decorated with his trousseau of keys. I asked him familiarly if he knew my young countryman. "Is there anything peculiar about the habits or luggage of this Yankee?"

"Faith, sir, he took a little corner room in the garret, among the maids and kellners. He travels with nothing but a French horn, and a small bag which is all papered over with the labels of the express companies. One of the cards is marked New Orleans, Louisiana, ADAMS: the rest are distributed over

eyes with repeated washes of the emollient liquor. Sylvester went so far as to bathe in it. With him, too, I chose to visit the most coquettish and artificial part of the ruined castle, the Rittersaal of Otho-Henry: its mixed Renaissance style gave occasion for a hundred lectures to so good an antiquarian as Berk-



SERMONS IN STONES.

Belgium and Germany, one of them reading Brussels, one Liverpool, and one Bonn. He is something of a Wandering Jew."

"That is quite enough," I said, ashamed to seem so inquisitive. "You understand your station, and have made good use of your eyes. Take this, and go off and drink your beer with my man Charles."

It was the custom of Sylvester Berkley to clamber up every morning to the Molkenkur, where he drenched himself liberally with whey. I once accompanied him and enjoyed the spectacle: the uncertain and testy character of the Berkleys was ameliorating sensibly under my

ley was, and I came away from his orations with an increased respect for bric-à-brac. On the lower part of its front are four statues—Hercules son of Jupiter, Samson the lieutenant of God, David the brave and prudent boy, and "Herzog Joshua, who killed thirty-one kings by the grace of the Lord." On the inside this tower offered a scene of lovely devastation: wild vines and flowers hung with insolent grace among the florid carved-work of the doors, through which used to pass high-stepping dames of the Palatinate in sables and feathers, but whose guests now are owls and crows, sometimes spotted or mantled with ermine of snow. Berkley, familiar with Heidelberg, was indeed the best of ciceroni. Visiting alone with him the Rent Tower—which under

der the reminiscences of Hohenfels had seemed more of a *grenier* than aught else—I comprehended its majesty as symbolizing the power of Frederick I., the Victorious, who beat Frederick IV. and the German princes at Seckenheim. It was eighty feet high, its walls on one side twenty feet thick: this monstrous shell was crushed by Louis XIV. like a filbert, while at present, as if to keep the warlike deed of the French nut-cracker for a show, the rent portion is restrained from crumbling in the mighty talons of the trees. My diplomatist knew all these doughty Palatines like ancestors. After Frederick the Victorious, he elucidated

Ludwig V. and Frederick V.: their statues lean against the shadowy wall of what was built as the Great Tower. Frederick V., who married the granddaughter of Mary Queen of Scots, and died in exile, retains on his marble brow that crown of Bohemia which he accepted after its refusal by the powers of Austria, Saxony, Savoy and Denmark; but he has lost the two hands with which he grasped it. Ludwig V., whose figure stands near by, is not less gloomy: he seems to know that the Great Tower hangs in ruin behind him as he watches the ivy advance little by little over his stone face. The man of useful information had for each of these heroes a date and an anecdote: he gave a voice to all the petrified chiefs vainly standing in defence before their

towers, from Charlemagne, who had lost his globe, to Otho of Hungary, who has but one leg, and Otho-Henry of the bric-à-brac tower, who has been bereft of his hand, and Frederick II., who is broken in half, and Frederick IV., who has dropped his sceptre, and Frederick the Victorious himself, among whose marble plumes the green leaves of ruin are playing. It is in such a spot and with such a guide that you learn how history may be better than legend. If I had had so wise a counselor here in my student days, I should perhaps have quoted less of Jean Paul and more of Clio. But at this period my Mentor was Hohenfels, then at his own cloudiest stage of development, who adored Goethe and insulted Tiedge, who knew the *Niebelungen-Lied* by heart, but could only ridicule the sketches, screech-owls, fallow-

deer and straddle-bug figures of worthy Charles de Graimberg, the artist who for thirty years collected here in his chambers a museum of prints and books and pictures illustrating Heidelberg. I have not yet heard Sylvester ridicule a work of art: if the specimen be of a grand



SATIRE IN STONE.

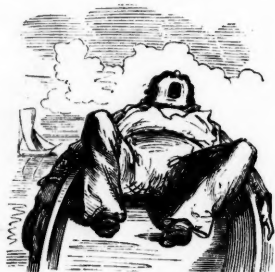
master, he respects it; if it be art of the *Décadence*, somewhat low, poor, improper and profane, he adores it, and moves heaven and earth that he may buy it—the true spirit of the connoisseur. As we stood in the *Rittersaal*, the spectacle of the rosy Renaissance nymphs and nereids evoked from him his very best effort, an eloquence superior to the *Neues Schloss* and a piety beyond the stone Calvary. For my poor part, replete and saturated with historic lore, I would not have exchanged the trumpet of Fame herself against the flaring silvery rim, bright with starch, of that all-encircling cravat.

I would only have given a world populated with Berkleys for my dream-ridden poet, my friend, my baron, the accomplice of my student-life.

Heidelberg Castle is comparatively un-

hurt in front. The symmetrical profile of its long façade, with gables and pinnacles, the repose of St. Udalrich's chapel and the be-ribboned smartness of Otho-Henry's palace, speak little of decay: it is like a fair mask lying in an Egyptian coffin, and concealing a terrible heap of bones and broken jewels, and tufts of dry hair and shreds of rich clothing.

And then, what a satire it is that all this stately masonry should be but the



"ONE FISH-BALL."

complicated envelope of the biggest drinking-cask in the world!

I prolonged my walks with Berkley to the Schwalbennest (Swallow's Nest), the square tower which leans so directly over the Neckar from the heights of its mountain at Neckarsteinach. The inexhaustible cravat of the philosopher was still pouring out useful information from its polished lip, and I was listening to the tale of Bigger the Scourge, whose soldiers closed up this tower and left him to die when the pope excommunicated him, when of a sudden I heard the notes of a French horn from the river below. I borrowed the field-glass which hung eternally from Berkley's shoulder by a leathern baldrick, and there in a little boat I saw our Yankee, who was drifting past us on the river and relieving his soul with the soldiers' march from *Faust*. I watched with amusement this versatile pattern of my country's civilization. In a moment he had thrown down his instrument and had rowed himself carefully into the current. This necessity fulfilled, his mind seemed to be at peace

again, and he flung himself flat on his back in the bows. Another instant, and a fresh wave of melody came up to us in our watch-tower: this time it was vocal, and the virtuoso was pouring out with the full power of his lungs to the Vosges Mountains that classic morsel known as "One Fish-Ball." Directly he had exhausted this sensation too, but his resources were not yet at an end; unfolding a cast-net which lay beneath the thwarts, he flung it skillfully out into the broadest part of the stream; and I hope that the fishes of the Neckar, judiciously charmed by the noise of the horn and the song, made no delay in engaging their gills among the meshes of this energetic young sportsman. Berkley, in compliment to me, looked on at the vagaries of my countryman with a sad, forgiving politeness: I begged him to finish his story of Bigger the Scourge. It was now sunset, and when I looked again for the Yankee, he was vanishing like Hiawatha, high upon a sea of splendor, and teaching the echoes to repeat the adventures of Jeronimus Jobs, hero of that original epic the "Jobsiad." Ten minutes sufficed for my brilliant compatriot to prove that he was something of an oarsman, something of a fisherman, something of a vocalist, and something of a hornblower.

The linen duster was visible again at supper, twenty-four hours after our first meal with him. I sent him a mouthful of my Prince Metternich by the trusty Charles, and he grasped his hat and came over to touch glasses with Sylvester and myself.

"Your wine is not so bad, but in this confounded country I can get nothing but the superfluities—an intolerable deal of sack and not one ha'penn'orth of bread. At Bonn, and here, too, I had to dine without my crust."

"I have hardly noticed it," said I, "but here I believe it has always been so."

"I have seen the day when I would have given a dollar for a corn-cake or a bit of pone. They gave me at dinner with the soup a pretty cake, a sort of brioche. I just flung it at the man and asked for

bread. Then he came up bringing a little biscuit stuck full of aniseed. Then I asked for bread again, and he brought me a turn-over full of plums and cherries, as if I had been Jack Horner, by jingo! I stopped there, or he would have offered me every tart and pudding they turn out in the pastry-shops. I vow I don't like it: I am something of a Grahamite."

"It is just the same at our table," I said, applying myself to a kind of sausage or mince-meat which I was consuming, and which had prunes in it.

"The Repast without Bread," said Berkley, who saw the chance for an oration, "is an ancient tradition of the country, a legend enclosing the finest political rebuke ever made by the producing to the governing classes. The present observance, though, is probably an involuntary sequel to the old proverb."

"Oh! I thought likely," said the youth with a shrewd air, and indicating my sausage, "that they just didn't *give bread with one fish-ball*."

"Frederick the Victorious," pursued Sylvester, disdaining the interruption, "after conquering the robber-knights at Seckenheim, treated them famously, and had them all to a feast. Everything was magnificent, but when the guests called for bread, there was none to be had. 'My lords,' said Frederick, 'those whose life's trade it is to trample the grain, burn the mills and plant the fields with corpses must not ask for bread: that boon of industry is for other mouths than ours.' And he resumed his courteous talk as if nothing had happened. It was a fine Corn-Law speech of the date of 1461."

"Perhaps so," I agreed; "but it is unfortunate that the lesson is not learned yet in the country, and must be enforced at the expense of strangers. By the by, a pretty girl that," I said, willing to adopt a slightly rakish tone with my young

guest, and winking indulgently as a handsome laundress made her escape past the dining-room windows, a kind of Briareus of surreptitious stockings tossing multitudinously from out of her apron.

"Pretty girl! you must be fond of a



THE CAST-NET.

pretty girl!" sneered the stony-hearted student, with his first exhibition of temper. "If all the pretty girls of Europe were under the river in that seine of mine, it would not be I who should draw them out."

I felt surprised, and perhaps rebuked. I assumed a rather grand manner: "Your name must be Saint Anthony! Apropos, may we know how to call the guest with whom the custom of the place lets us share our cup, but not our loaf?"

"No objection," said the Yankee with a business-like air; and he opened his pocket-book, from which a card fell beside my plate. "Catch it! Not that," he said, and extracted another. I read them both without particular intention. On one was printed "*John Kranich*," on the other "*Jean Kraaniff*." "Ah, now you have seen it," said the young man, in an easy, unembarrassed way, "and all the fat's in the fire. Well, we are a good way from New Orleans, and I may as well tell you all about it. You are a literary man, I judge, and perhaps you can help me to utilize my anagram."

"Your anagram?" I asked.

"The anagram of Jean Kraaniff, you observe, may be Jean K. Ffarina. I think that will do for New Orleans. I

am known there as a wine and spirits merchant. From bay rum to cologne water is no great step. My game is to ally myself with the Farina family, represent in Louisiana the whole perfumery



"YOU ARE THE MAN OF THE TWO CHICKENS!"

business of Cologne and Paris, and some day monopolize the Western States, South America and the Pacific Islands. How do you like the notion?"

"I am the last man to consult in a matter of trade," I replied: "your name seems to have a superfluous letter."

"Oh, that 'K' will do for anything: *kind* means a child, *Koeln* means Cologne, you see—or I can drop the *K*. That is not what troubles me. Unhappily, plenty of people have seen my old card, the one you first read, and it will be tough to ask them to believe, as I mean to do, that I am a genuine Farina, who arranged his letters into Kraaniff because he was poor. Worse luck! my expectations come from the other name, from Kranich. Yes, aunty's name is Kranich, and be hanged to her!"

"I beg your pardon," said I, a sudden thought striking me, "but I have long known a lady of that name, and—"

"Have you? It is not so difficult, for she has lived in every capital of Europe. Now it is Brussels; a while back it was Paris; my christening-cup she forwarded from Frankfort. My ridiculous old uncle

was somebody, my absurd old father was nobody, and so I was sent to exile with the grand duke of Mississippi. My poor uncle the banker was as crazy as a loon."

"I have seen him at a ball in a bed-gown."

"The ding-dong-deuce you have!" said the duelist, very slowly and mistrustfully.

"Frau Kranich was at Ems with him that season. He popped in to her ball and fainted, and the duke of Mississippi carried him to his chamber. But your aunt is a good soul. I cannot forget how she assisted me to the prettiest piece of work I have ever done. It was a bit of charity. Poor sweet little Francine! I hope she will make no bad investment of her dowry."

"Why, then," said the young man, rising and looking very black, "you infernal, oily, amorous old hypocrite! you are the man of the two chickens!"

People have different ways of meeting an outrage. I simply rose, conveyed my surprise and indignation in a look, and left the table and the room. Between a limb like this and a person of my age and phlegm no great insult was possible. The young man turned on his heel, grasped his hat again, and went to join his companion, a German who had served as second in his contest. It was a student of pinched and beery appearance, I remember, with fingers blazing with stones, ears hung with rings, and between them a round face bejeweled with gold eye-glasses.

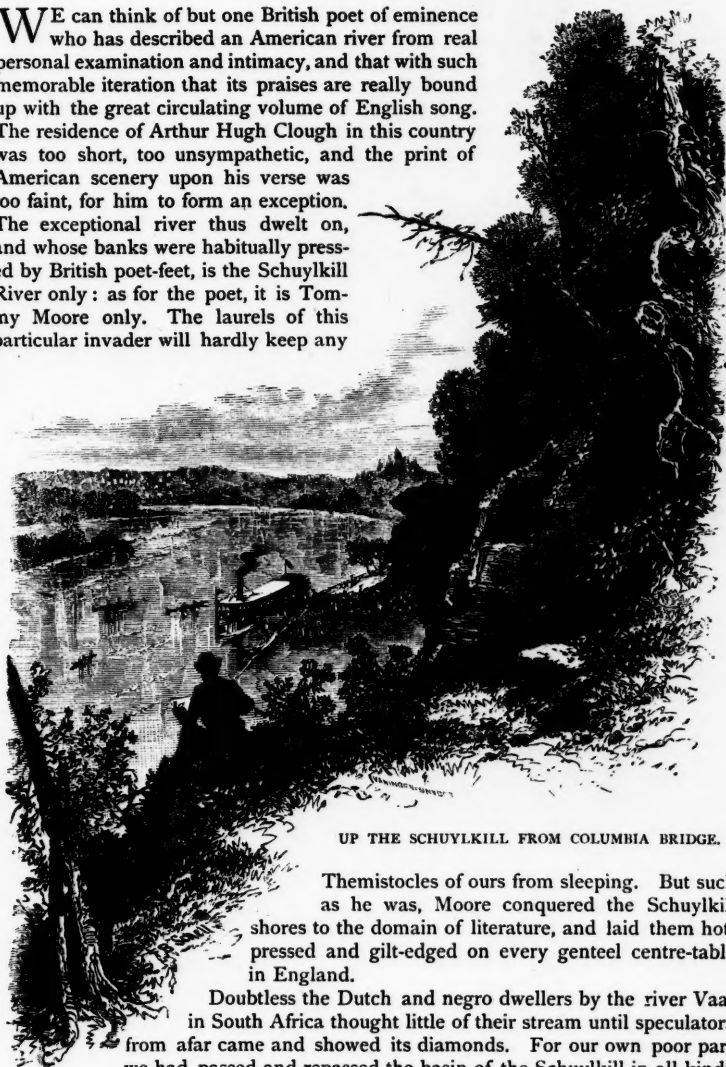
Berkley would probably have gone out with me, but at that moment Hohenfels came rambling in to supper, cheery and star-gazing as usual, the duelist Von Ramm interlaced with him like double cherries moulded on one stem. I had rather repulsed my old friend while in this companionship, and now felt no appetite for duelists. "You'll have but ill *bred* to your supper," I said hastily in the door; and leaving him this choice pun, for which the baron would soundly have trounced me had he understood it, I went out with a little gesture of avoidance. EDWARD STRAHAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VIGNETTES FROM THE SCHUYLKILL VALLEY.

TWO PAPERS.—I.

WE can think of but one British poet of eminence who has described an American river from real personal examination and intimacy, and that with such memorable iteration that its praises are really bound up with the great circulating volume of English song. The residence of Arthur Hugh Clough in this country was too short, too unsympathetic, and the print of American scenery upon his verse was too faint, for him to form an exception. The exceptional river thus dwelt on, and whose banks were habitually pressed by British poet-feet, is the Schuylkill River only: as for the poet, it is Tommy Moore only. The laurels of this particular invader will hardly keep any



UP THE SCHUYLKILL FROM COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

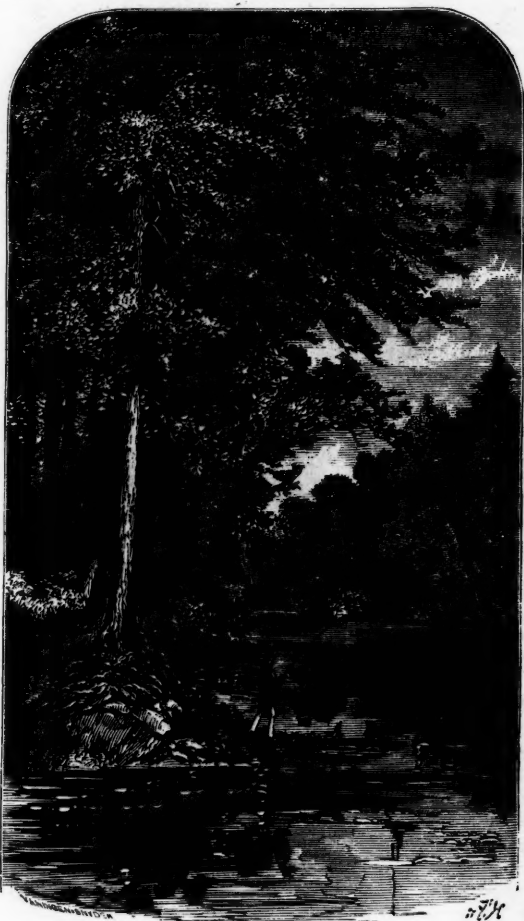
Themistocles of ours from sleeping. But such as he was, Moore conquered the Schuylkill shores to the domain of literature, and laid them hot-pressed and gilt-edged on every genteel centre-table in England.

Doubtless the Dutch and negro dwellers by the river Vaal in South Africa thought little of their stream until speculators from afar came and showed its diamonds. For our own poor part we had passed and repassed the basin of the Schuylkill in all kinds of diameters, and had always thought of it—may the muse of Romance forgive us!

—rather commercially than æsthetically, when one day a party of bright beings from another sphere—Bostonians in fact—removed the scales from our eyes. These visitors, very prudish in regard to

With us, too, it was holiday week, if we remember right, and the river was associated with liberty and recreation. There were maiden aunts in spectacles, like the maiden aunt in Tennyson's *Princess*;

tall, smooth-haired, intensely grammatical girls from Cambridge; and a mild, intelligent old man like a philosopher, to bring all together their fresh and candid eyes into criticism of the prospect, which to them seemed a scene in the far South. We need not say how easily, under such influences, our week became a decameron. These hyperboreans from the Charles were never tired of praising the bowery perfection of Schuylkill beauty. Our decameron was passed—no matter how many Junes ago—in the very pride and pomp of early summer. The hilly shores were tufted with trees, every leaf of which, bursting with sap and crisp with rain and dew, danced in the sunshine and twirled its glossy side or its downy side out to be admired: most immaculate of rivers, the Schuylkill rolled its torrent of jewels between these dark-green banks—banks where the leaping blood of Nature seemed to throb everywhere with riot of life and strength. The air,



WISSAHICKON CREEK.

landscape attractions, and very ready with a *don't-touch-me!* toward any novel sensation that should come forward and try to impress them without a proper introduction, capitulated at once to Schuylkill, which indeed laid itself out with all its fascinations in their behalf.

neither hot nor cold, but elastic with the cool crispness of morning, was respirable lusciousness: it was a delight to let it rattle through the linen draperies of summer-time. The bees hugged the flowers in the ladies' laps with their wiry legs. Everybody had bouquets

and fruits: it seemed a picture of the immortal "Ladies' Garden" in the masterpiece of Boccaccio, whose "variety of plants, and how elegantly disposed, it would be needless to mention, since there was nothing belonging to our climate which was not there in great abundance. In the middle of this garden, what seemed more delightful than anything else, was a meadow, the grass of a deep green, spangled with a thousand flowers and set round with trees: . . . in the centre of this meadow a fountain." The priceless charm of Schuylkill Valley in June was observed to be its limpid breath—an air seemingly borne from blooming vineyards in Val d'Arno, and stimulating like wine. The company from Boston, used to the thinner, saltier breeze of the northerly coast, could not drink it eagerly enough. It was a treat to hear them praising this opulent atmosphere and this Italian river in that high-bred New England accent which has a sound of such distinction when heard amid the more lazy dialects of the South. And it was pleasant to find these fastidious blues, at Niagara afterward, comparing the various delights of all their journey, and actually selecting this green bank of Schuylkill as the "captain jewel of the carcanet." Memories of idle days so passed have a self-prolonging virtue; and now, in passing the same hills petrified to marble in the snow, we find them retaining a fragrance of the remembered summer, and only seeming harsher as dried rose-leaves are harsher than a rose.

The style of Thomas Moore, with every other word an adjective, is out of date at present. A sight of the Schuylkill does a great deal more for its reputation than all his epithets. There is

something touching, however, when you get over the verbiage, in Moore's confession of loneliness and homesickness as he dwelt by the "flowery banks:" he recites, in the principal poem dedicated

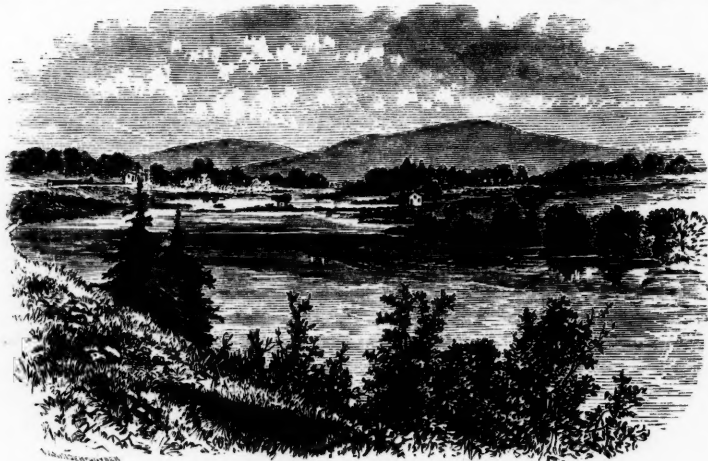


VALLEY FORGE.

to the river, his restless paces up and down the brink, feeling how far away dear London was, and the friends he loved there. Nothing reminded him of home, he says, until, coming to sing his own songs as he had sung them in many an English parlor, he found that fine American eyes would melt at his voice and his words as the eyes of London ladies had often melted before. No doubt this discovery of his uninterrupted

power was exquisitely grateful: no wonder he blessed the tear that showed him how "like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye: like them did it soften and weep at his song." Another of his Schuylkill poems describes a perfect wilderness. The land around "Tom Moore's Cottage" was not cleared sixty-

seven years ago: he pictures the "lone little wood," the hollow beech with the woodpecker hammering at it, the spring shadowed by the sumach, the wild-flower cradling the "voluptuous bee," the clump of elms completely hiding the house, which is only revealed by its curl of smoke: in a cottage like this he in-



SCHUYLKILL RIVER ABOVE POTTSTOWN.

timates he would like a residence and "a maid." Moore was generally displeased with what he saw of American democracy, which he thought showed "maturity in most of the vices," and a "strife between half-polished and half-barbarous life;" but he excepted from his strictures a little band of Philadelphia gentlemen, who, we suppose, were proficient in "the tear" and in paying attention to his songs; and he wrote to the Hon. W. R. Spencer—

Believe me, Spencer, while I winged the hours
Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of
flowers,

Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew.
That my charmed soul forgot the wish to roam,
And rested there as in a dream of home.

Such are the principal passages in which Feramor celebrates the Schuylkill. Every visitor to Fairmount Park knows the homely little one-and-a-half-story hut in which he lived, the authenticity of which has never been creditably assailed. In

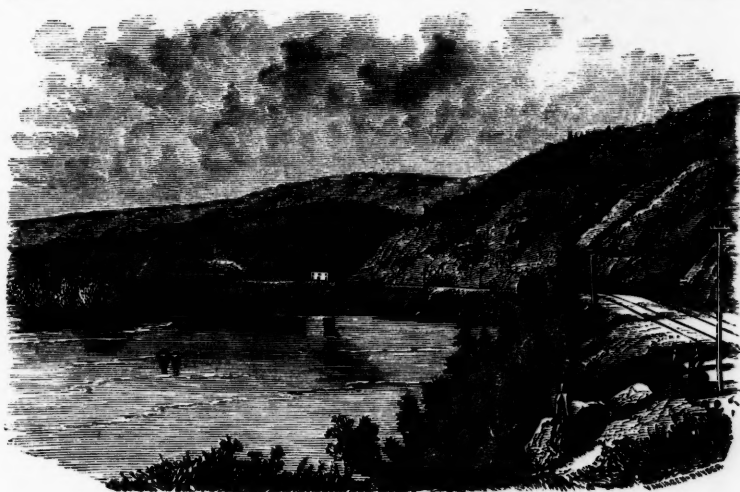
his day, when the river was alive with fish, and the brawl of Schuylkill Falls, some two miles above, could be faintly heard in the moony nights, it must have been a pretty retreat for a prophet in search of a wilderness.

The incessant trains of the Reading Railroad sweep near the cottage many times a day. They command, here at the easterly end of their route, the often-described scenery of Fairmount Reservoir, the Park, and the Schuylkill threaded with quite a cat's-cradle of bridges. It is not every railroad that has the luck to have a great park for a *dépôt*. At Belmont Station one of the finest sweeps of the Park scenery is before the eye, while for foreground figures the heavy bronze groups of Pegasus and the Muses, originally intended for a Vienna theatre, stand on guard upon their twin pedestals. The river hereabout and hereabove is pent in by the brimming dam of the Waterworks, so as to look exactly like a

lake. Into its broad, unruffled mirror dip the reflections of ancestral trees grown upon the old estates which compose the modern pleasure-ground, of the fanciful gables of the aquatic club-houses, and the arbors and monuments of that enormous garden. Then—sharp satire upon our diversions and pleasure-grounds!—come the gardens of the

dead, the cemeteries, where they take their leisure too, and go to rest from their labors: the sinister beauty of Laurel Hill, bristling with white obelisks among its over-cultivated bowers, is a terrible successor to Fairmount, like a moral tacked on to a ballad.

The Falls of Schuylkill, which were brawling cataracts until 1816, when the



SCHUYLKILL RIVER BELOW READING.

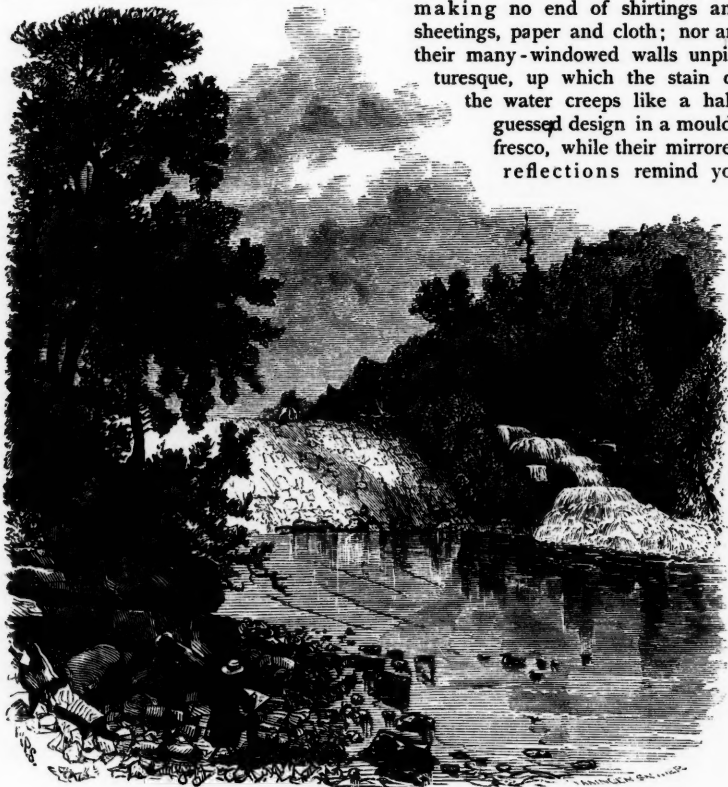
level of the river was raised by the obstruction at the Waterworks below, give their name to an old-fashioned village, the terminus of many a hard-fought trotting-match, at the convenient distance of four miles out from Philadelphia. Nothing more funnily quaint and antique-looking can be found in this country than the absurd little Old Falls House, a hostelry of the Middle Ages, broad and low, that stands forth and stares at the railway-train as though with arms akimbo: the richly-mossed and ancient bridge, too, that plants its gouty arches through the water, looks more like some feudal causeway over a Norman river than like anything American. The village at the Falls is in fact an anachronism, which basks upon the water, enchanted and sleeping. One fancies the town squire as a kind of lazy King of Yvetot: he must be ruddy, round,

paunchy, white-headed and exempt from death, his municipal duties confined to talking horse-talk with that race of men who spend their lives in trotting out from the city in light sulkies and in eating huge meals of catfish and coffee in the half a dozen old taverns that stud the bank with their walls and their dooryard trees. At this point comes purling into the Schuylkill that true artist's rivulet, Wissahickon, cold from the hills. It is almost unspoiled by civilization, its steep banks are plumed with pines, and it expands, before losing itself in the larger current, into a bright broad stream, covered in summer with festal boating-parties, and musical with whole orchestras of laughing girls; then it curves gracefully under the High Bridge and blends with Schuylkill, happy to have reflected so much human happiness before it dies.

Townlets with the quaintest of names

— Pencoyd, Manayunk, Conshohocken
— intervene between the Falls and the
site of Penn's old Manor at Norriton.

These intrepid old settlements sit on the
riverside like knitters in the sun, assidu-
ously busy from morning till night, and
making no end of shirtings and
sheetings, paper and cloth; nor are
their many-windowed walls unpic-
turesque, up which the stain of
the water creeps like a half-
guessed design in a mouldy
fresco, while their mirrored
reflections remind you



TUMBLING RUN.

vaguely of moated châteaux in France
or damp convents in Venice.

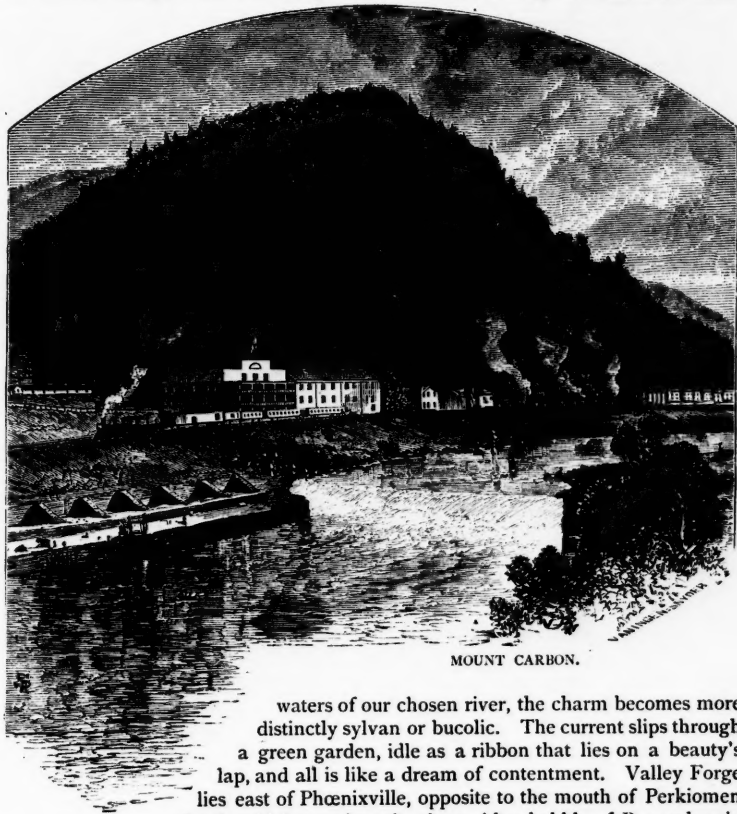
A grimy Vulcan, who rolls a great
deal of iron, is the city occupying
William Penn's demesne at Norriton,
changed by modern usage to Norristown. The site is celebrated mostly
for its industries, but there are beautiful
views in the hills around; the soil from
here back to Plymouth is enriched with
statuary marble, breccia marbles and
limestone; and the town, as centre to a
very old and prosperous farming region,
yields many a reminiscence and history.
The county (Montgomery) has still a

German-speaking population in its north-
ern part, descendants of families that
have not budged for two hundred years.
It is near here that Mrs. Gibbons, the
historian of the Pennsylvania Germans,
finds her most eastwardly settlement of
strange and humble religionists. The
Schwenckfelder community is settled
some seven miles out of Norristown,
where its members practice the mild
tenets of their European founder. Here,
in their ancient and treasured volumes,
they keep the engraved portrait of their
prophet, dignified in furred robes and
patriarchal beard descending on his

breast. Caspar Schwenckfeldt, a nobleman of Silesia, was born in 1490, and originated a religion of quietism before the Quakers, and a policy of non-resistance anterior to Fox: his followers furnished many emigrants to the American shores, and these strayed with their compatriots into Pennsylvania. The dwindled remnant of the sect, a sort of German-speaking Quakers, lead humble pastoral lives in this beautiful region, their very existence as a church having heretofore escaped the knowledge of

those who are curious in American religions.

A parallel branch of our railroad runs up the river on its northerly side, and ends here at Norristown: the Reading Railway proper travels up the south bank, only crossing the river at Phoenixville. The river-scenery becomes finer as we leave the thriving hamlets that extend westwardly, like a chaplet of beads, from Philadelphia, and form a part of its gigantic industries. As Nature begins to assert her sway over the more distant



MOUNT CARBON.

waters of our chosen river, the charm becomes more distinctly sylvan or bucolic. The current slips through a green garden, idle as a ribbon that lies on a beauty's lap, and all is like a dream of contentment. Valley Forge lies east of Phoenixville, opposite to the mouth of Perkiomen Creek, which runs into the river with a babble of Pennsylvania Dutch, caught up the country among the Mennonites and Dunkers. The ideas that spread abroad hereabouts, and exert themselves in the tillage of the soil, are ideas that are older than the American Revolution: the local intellect, the plodding German mind, has hardly advanced for a century; yet there is no recollection in the landscape of those heroic times, and the buttercups laugh insolently where

Washington's famished heroes tracked the snows with their bare feet.

There is nothing so fine in American story, nothing so admirable in Washingtonian biography, as the episode of Valley Forge. The patriotism that endures is a finer thing than the patriotism that acts. The men who bore fam-

ine and pestilence here without mutiny were worthy of the general who was enduring, at the same place and time, the calumnies of the conspirators at Reading and the intrigues of Gates and Lee for his overthrow. Hereabouts, William Penn named some of the hills as Adam named the beasts, only with



GERMANTOWN VALLEY.

a more jocular intention. Having lost his way on one hill and recovered it on another, he named them Mount Pleasant and Mount Misery—names they retain to this day, and names applied by Washington, who never joked for his part.

We pass through Pottstown and Douglassville, and cross near their mouths the Manatawny and Monocacy Creeks. The river seems to grow more brilliant inch by inch. Finally, three great hills, Mount Penn, Mount Washington and Mount Neversink, converge together to make a handsome shelter for a town, and here the river, after twisting into several curves and loops, straightens out and introduces the city of Reading.

A city of modern ideas, and of the tastes and wants created by wealth, set in the midst of a rural population par-

ticularly marked with ignorance,—such is Reading, like Paley's famous watch throbbing with contrivance and energy in the midst of the common. Surrounded by all the dull calm of Pennsylvanian Germany, this centre of art and commerce is itself a focus of animation, with a social grade derived from the times when the first people of the country fled hither during the Revolutionary period, and held a republican court while the British menaced Philadelphia. It was laid out in 1748 by Thomas and Richard Penn, the Proprietaries. The world of mineral wealth which it now distributes was unknown to these town-planters, but they were not blind to its position as a commercial strategic point. When, half a century after the Revolution, the assignees of the Penn family attempted to collect the ground-rents which had

been originally reserved and afterward neglected, great was the dismay in Reading—stout resistance on the part of the citizens, threats of breaking up the local titles from the claimants, and desperate diplomacy from the city authorities, all resulting at last in compromise and peace. The imperiled patriots who sought an asylum in Reading while Washington was in his utmost extremity at the Forge (and who, indeed, quickly began plotting for his removal from command),—these ardent revolutionists found themselves in a place which had been bedecked by the loyal founders with every monarchic symbol: King street, Queen street, Prince street, Duke street, Earl street, were the signs painted on the very avenues where they walked to air their rebellious thoughts. These feudal names remained so late as 1833, when they were changed, "as more compatible with the republican simplicity of our present form of government." The reform went to lengths less commendable, even to changing names of streets like that called after Hannah Callowhill, the second wife of William Penn: it exhausted itself, too, in reducing the streets to namelessness: it could not invent new cognomens. This is the constant confession of weakness made by civic authorities in America, who seem to be especially destitute of imagination: in a hundred places besides Reading, when called on for a similar suit of nomenclature, their invention gives out—they are unable to name the streets, and are obliged to number them.

There are the loveliest imaginable drives and excursions to be taken in the Reading vicinity. We would point out, as we pass along, the spots particularly attractive to the excursionist; but the

danger at Reading will be that he may cease to be an excursionist and become a fixture. This was the case, we recollect, with a young lady of fashion who passed through the place a year ago with her just-accepted affinity. The bridal tour included the stoppage for a day at Reading: in the afternoon a short drive was proposed, and in that drive the par-



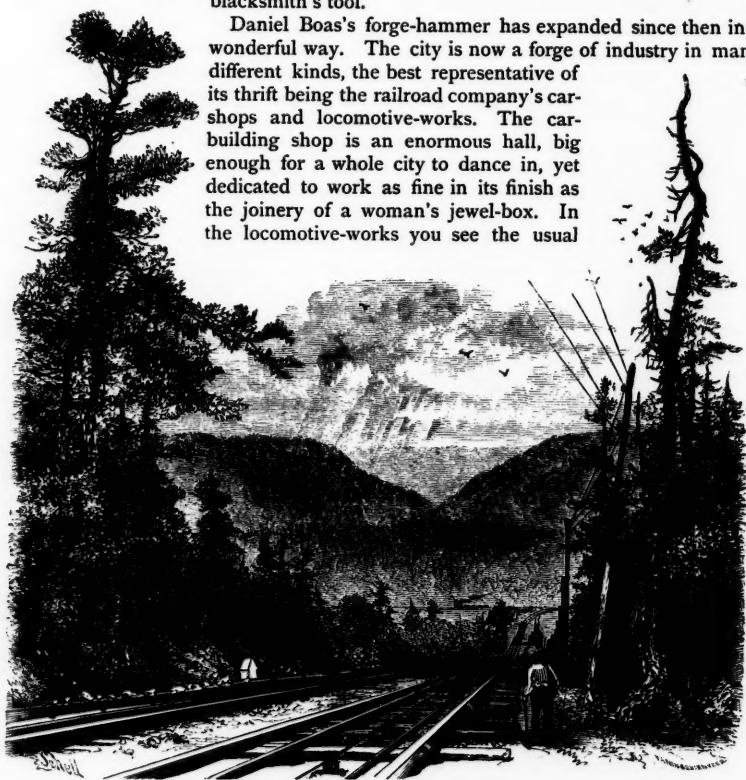
MINE HILL GAP.

ticular charm of the spot found time to do its work. The bride, fresh as she was from Paris and Switzerland, found boulevards to her liking in the city and heights to her taste on the mountains around it. Schuylkill River sang the epithalamium of that bridal, for the intended pause of a day was prolonged to many weeks. Such are the arts of this poet-river to retain those who once listen and linger.

Reading is laid out on the chessboard pattern of Philadelphia, recalling Quaker formalism in the rectangularity of every street-corner. The Friends settled it first, indeed, and worshiped here in a log cathedral so early as 1750. The early manners were practical and simple. One Daniel Boas was applied to for a plan on which to build his house: he got a forge-hammer and handed it to the architect. "Build my house in the shape

of this," he said to the surprised functionary; and the Forge-hammer House was put up, to surprise the neighbors and instruct posterity, exactly in the figure of a blacksmith's tool.

Daniel Boas's forge-hammer has expanded since then in a wonderful way. The city is now a forge of industry in many different kinds, the best representative of its thrift being the railroad company's car-shops and locomotive-works. The car-building shop is an enormous hall, big enough for a whole city to dance in, yet dedicated to work as fine in its finish as the joinery of a woman's jewel-box. In the locomotive-works you see the usual



LOWER GORDON PLANE.

scene of impressive activity and clamor, with the cylinders intended for mighty engines humbly submitting to be pared into shape in a lathe; with cavernous boilers opening their rusty bowels to the skill of the repairer; monstrous hammers falling like thunderbolts; and black dwarfs of machines, with iron bones and refined motions, able to pare steel into ribbons or to turn out a finished implement with one tap of a polished finger-nail. The Philadelphia and Reading railroad might be imagined as ending in this city, but the town of Reading is but the beginning of a career for it and its score of branches: from hence

it sends out feelers—west, to the coal country; north, to the Lehigh River at Allentown; and southwardly, to the State capital. In the western suburb of Reading a very brilliant-looking terminus has been built to receive these branch roads: almost too ornamental for a railroad-dépôt, the building spreads over the ground in a triangle of curved galleries, looking like a summer theatre, and prettily carved and painted.

As we pass up the river from Reading the farm-lands begin gradually to struggle with the mountains, the latter getting a final victory, with, of course, an advantage in the way of picturesqueness.

Presently the railway pierces Mount Kittingny, and emerges at Port Clinton, a town laid out in 1829. It is in the fork of the Schuylkill and Little Schuylkill Rivers—streams which rise not far apart among the coal-hills, and describe two great curves to meet at Port Clinton, there uniting their arms full of mountains, like some bold Titanic marauder caught with *les pommes du voisin*. Port Clinton, provided with an antique-looking and wonderfully sketchable railway-station, and a nursery of young evergreens in the foreground, looks up at the hilltops and down into the double river and torpid canal, rather idly lamenting the day when railroads were not and the canal was all in all. We are now completely in the toils of the mountains. From this confluence of the Schuylkills, away over to the opposite site of Catawissa on the Susquehanna River, the country is rolled into mountain-chains like breakers on the sea-beach. The Water-Gap of the Blue Mountain is just below us. Several of the spurs of the range show us their buttes, angular and clearly profiled, with the river coiling beneath them, in a dozen miles from Port Clinton. Then the giants of the Appalachian ranks appear—the river is no longer able to steal a passage across their broken ends, but is turned sharply

down from between two parallel ridges—and the railroad likewise ceases to maintain its direct westward course, and begins to penetrate the long valleys with a series of branches, seeking for coal as the fibres of a root will seek for nourishment. This peculiar knot of streams, valleys and road-junctions, twisting together under the shadow of mighty hills, has its group of neighboring towns, likewise prone in the mountain-hollows—Palo Alto, Schuylkill Haven, Mount Carbon, and especially Pottsville.

We found Reading antique and memorable: the founding of it was a last effort of the old Quaker rule pushed out into the Indian wilderness. But 1824 came with its Argonauts; the woods were filled with seekers after that curious black stone which people said would burn; the California of '49 was anticipated in Pennsylvania; some pioneer laid out in the western part of the State the mushroom village which Dickens saw afterward and described as "Eden" in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; and here, at the head of the Schuylkill, in the mania of speculative fever, a city spurted into life out of the fire of John Putt's smelting-furnace. Two civilizations created the two not distant towns—that, the mission of Penn and the seventeenth century; this, the mission of Mammon and the nine-



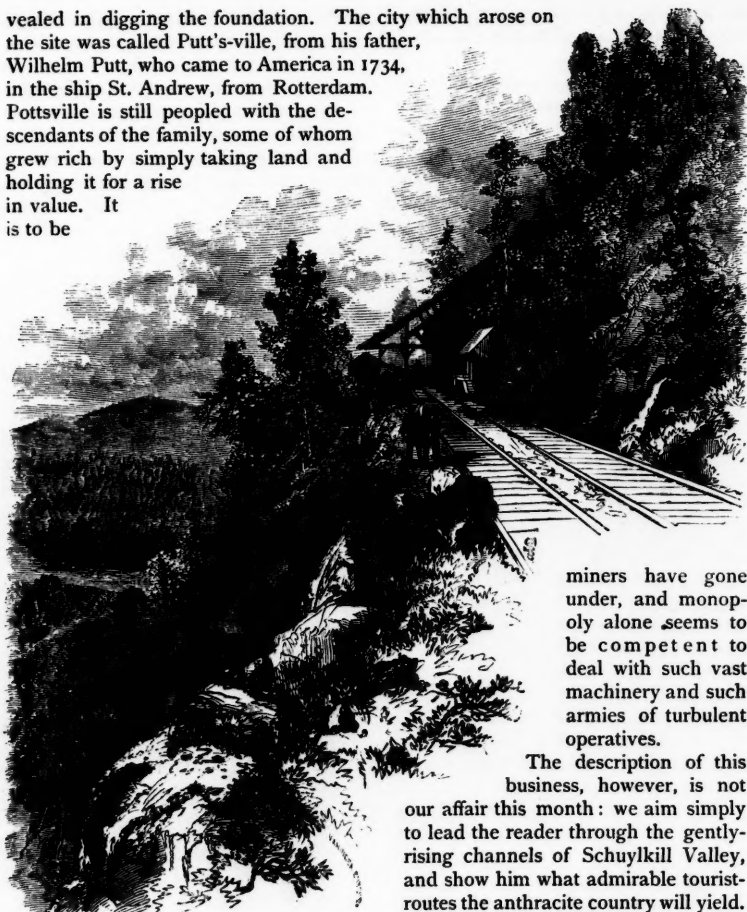
LORBERRY JUNCTION.

teenth. Poet Moore, telling how much he "knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled," had very little to tell: the fires of a million chimneys were lying

latent in Schuylkill's mountain-cradle, but it brought him no such report.

John Putt (or Pott) built Greenwood Furnace in 1827, a coal-vein being re-

vealed in digging the foundation. The city which arose on the site was called Putt's-ville, from his father, Wilhelm Putt, who came to America in 1734, in the ship *St. Andrew*, from Rotterdam. Pottsville is still peopled with the descendants of the family, some of whom grew rich by simply taking land and holding it for a rise in value. It is to be



VIEW NEAR BROOKSIDE.

noted as a singular fact that individuals or private firms have not generally been successful in the business of coal-mining. The market is too uncertain, the strikes among the workmen too capricious and frequent, the various risks too damaging, to be averaged with success on a small scale. The bottom of the sea is not strewn so thickly with sunken argosies as these mountains with the wrecks of private fortunes. The individuals who have made money were those who sold land to speculators, but the small

miners have gone under, and monopoly alone seems to be competent to deal with such vast machinery and such armies of turbulent operatives.

The description of this business, however, is not our affair this month: we aim simply to lead the reader through the gently-rising channels of Schuylkill Valley, and show him what admirable tourist-routes the anthracite country will yield. The trade of a place like Pottsville is only suited to our present purpose when it is so old a story as to be a reminiscence. As Moore was too early in the field to be in anywise conscious of coal, let us hear the humorist Joseph C. Neal, who was present in the full hurly-burly of the mining excitement. Here are some of his sentences:

"In the memorable year to which I allude rumors of fortunes made at a blow, and competency secured by a turn of the fingers came whispering down the Schuylkill. Every speculator had his town laid out, and many of them had

scores of towns. They were, to be sure, located in the pathless forests, but the future Broadways and Pall Malls were marked upon the trees; and it was anticipated that the time was not far distant when the bears, deer and wild-cats would be obliged to give place, and take the gutter side of the belles and beaux

of the new cities. The other branch of our adventurers turned their attention to mining. To it they went, boring the mountains, swamping their money and themselves. The hills swarmed with them, they clustered like bees about a hive, but not a hope was realized. The justices did a fine business. Capiases,



SUSQUEHANNA RIVER NEAR HERNDON.

securities and bail-pieces became as familiar as your gaiter. The farce was over, and the farce of *The Devil to Pay* was the afterpiece. There was but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and Pottsville saw it taken."

The Pottsville of to-day, a town of great elegance, has not its guide-boards set up in an impenetrable forest. Everything shows wealth, ambition and those

exacting tastes that come in the train of satisfied ambition. The goods in the stores are choice and high-priced: each building erected is handsomer than the last. The streets, climbing actively up from the river, are sometimes picturesque, always gay and bright. Sharp Mountain drives its vast obtuse wedge into the sky behind the town. Henry Clay on a column, with a whole hill for a pedestal,

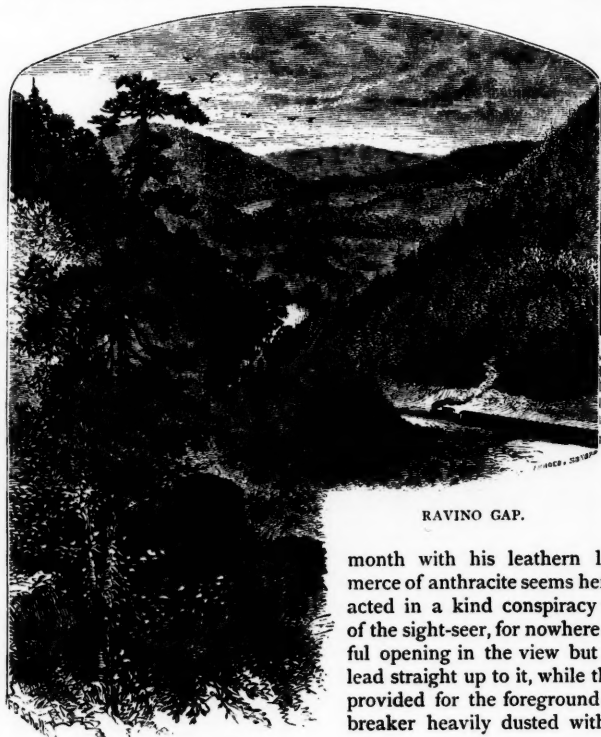
looks amiably over the comfortable population of old-line Whigs who roost and burrow in the fat offices and places of the town. Fine roads for driving wind back among the hills, with superb turns of view, with dusky villages of miners, and a breadth and choice of mining-scenery that makes the whole of this strange trade unwind before the visitor like a drama. There is a little theatre in the city, with a fair stage for the fortuitous concert-troupe or star. Hotel-life is at the level of the highest dreams of the commercial traveler. There is at least one preacher of conspicuous power, Dr. Smiley of the Second Presbyterian Church—a man with a true gift of extemporaneous eloquence, a sort of Whitefield with the hills for his amphitheatre. It is a strange surprise to find such a city, an edifice of refinement, culture and brightness, reposing on the shoulders of

the grimy miners, who are its true caryatides and supports.

Mount Carbon, a continuation of Pottsville, is celebrated only for its hotel, a house owned by the railroad company, and the scene of many a noble feast at which the corporation was the entertainer. There are rare wines in stock here, chosen by experts in such matters, and the kitchen is adorned by the genius of cooks worthy of Apicius's service: this house of call, the "Mansion," is large and handsome, making a good effect as it stands like a carving in alto relief against the green face of Sharp Mountain. Not far away are the hydraulics of Tumbling Run, where there is a pretty lake, with dams to feed the canal, the waste water escaping over the rocks in such a way as to form a fine cascade.

It is easily understood that the laying

out of railway-levels among these intricate valleys must be a difficult feat of civil engineering. Let the tourist thank the engineer with all his soul, then, as he penetrates by his aid to ravines almost inaccessible by other means, and grasps in a day's idling a quantity of distant points that Natty Bumpo could hardly compass in a



RAVINO GAP.

month with his leathern legs. The commerce of anthracite seems hereabouts to have acted in a kind conspiracy with the desires of the sight-seer, for nowhere is there a graceful opening in the view but a road seems to lead straight up to it, while there is generally provided for the foreground a colossal coal-breaker heavily dusted with sooty powder.

presenting the general semblance of Cleopatra's needle hung with black velvet, and capital for throwing off the distance into aerial perspective.

We will leave the Schuylkill now, with the graceful image of Pottsville reflected in it, in order to give the artist's pencil a short excursion amongst the Appalachian valleys; reserving the privilege, however, of returning to Pottsville as a centre of movement or pivotal focus, and also that of taking up the river, if we shall so choose, and going backward with it quite to its fountain-head. Having enjoyed a long succession of river-scenes, let us turn to the panorama of the mountains as mining industry has opened it out to our approach. From Pottsville, then, we may take the locomotive over a quantity of short mining-roads which burrow away the coal-hills, or can command a series of feeders which go out from the same centre with a certain parallelism, like the prongs of a fork, to touch various coal-dépôts on the Susquehanna, such as Herndon (a small water-side town below Sunbury) and Dauphin. Westward lie Ashland, Shamokin and the bold opening of Ravino Gap. Near Ashland you are carried over the Upper and Lower Inclined Planes of Gordon, two uphill inclinations of the road occurring close together. The Schuylkill region employs four of these planes, similar in operation to that which has become so celebrated at Mauch Chunk in ascending Mount Pisgah. The sensation of being caught by the little "barney" engine which starts up behind you at the foot of the hill, and pushes you smartly up the rope, is quite odd and magical to a stranger. The Lower Gordon Plane, represented in the cut, carries you a distance of 4755 feet, in which distance you have risen 404 feet, and are 1206 feet above tide; the neighboring Upper Plane, somewhat shorter in length, takes you up to a still greater altitude, leaving you 1519 feet above tide; so that, although on the rail all the time, you have the height of a very respectable mountain beneath you. Bearing in a more southerly direction, an excursion may be taken that will unveil a variety

of wonders, both mechanical and natural. Leave Pottsville, take up its neighbor Mount Carbon and Mount Carbon's neighbor Schuylkill Haven, then double, and proceed by the Mine Hill road, a branch originally built independently, now absorbed by the Reading Company. You get the bold vase-like hollow and the swimming distances of Germantown Valley and Mine Hill Gap. At Cressona you remark the monumental buildings in stone put up by the Mine Hill road when it was an independent corporation. Lorberr Junction commands a fine valley-view, but it is eclipsed by the neighbor view of Brookside, across Williams Valley. Here, while the disgorging mines pile up their dust-heaps all around you, and the dull mules clamber to the lofty breakers with their loads of coal, the eye commands a distance which is full of enchantment. The direction of the valley is so straight that you are sure you can see all the way down to the Susquehanna River at Harrisburg. Along the vista the inequalities of the parallel mountain-walls jut out one beyond the other, forming accents of fainter and fainter blue, in an interminable perspective, until everything fades in an horizon of blinding azure and silver. In the foreground, relieved in dark saliency against the dazzling vision, are the ears of a mule and the profile of a dust-heap, black as a coffin under a pall. It is a painter's opportunity, for toil and vision, the practical and the ideal, are most artfully blended.

In our next paper we shall have something to say about the vicissitudes of a miner's existence and of the coal-mining industry, on which depend the comfort and life of myriads each winter; and, having got the reader completely lost to the friendly light of day in the deepest recesses of a mine, it will be our business to get him out, and return him to his friends with some novelty of route, not, however, completely losing sight of the exquisite Schuylkill. The object in the present paper has been quite unconnected with the special commerce of the Reading road: we have undertaken a vague relaxation of mind and matter,

not the toil of mines and mattocks. We wished to demonstrate that, in its irresponsible aspect of a mere tourist's route, | the valley of Schuylkill is full of historic interest and pictorial beauty.

TO A WILD FLOWER.

IN the green solitudes
 Of the deep, shady woods
 Thy lot is kindly cast, and life to thee
 Is like a gust of rarest minstrelsy.

The winds of May and June
 Hum many a tender tune,
 Flowing above thy leafy hiding-place,
 Kissing, all thrilled with joy, thy modest face.

About thee float and glow
 Rare insects, hovering low,
 And round thee glance thin streams of delicate grass,
 Plashing their odors on thee as they pass.

The sheen of brilliant wings,
 Songs of shy, flitting things,
 The low, mysterious melodies that thrill
 Through every summer woods, thy sweet life fill.

O bloom! all joy is thine,
 All loves around thee shine;
 The thousand hearts of Nature throb for thee,
 Her thousand voices praise thee tenderly.

O bloom of purest glory,
 Flower of Love's gentlest story!
 For ever keep thy petals fresh and fair,
 For ever send thy sweetness down the air.

I'll put thee in my song,
 With all thy joys along,
 At which some sunny hearts may sunnier grow,
 And frozen ones may gently slip their snow;

For I am loved like thee,
 Great joy doth compass me:
 My life is like a wind of May or June,
 Shot through with snatches of a charming tune.

JAMES MAURICE THOMPSON.

MALCOLM.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD,"
"ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARMAGEDDON.

THE home season of the herring-fishery was to commence a few days after the occurrences last recorded. The boats had all returned from other stations, and the little harbor was one crowd of stumpy masts, each with its halliard, the sole cordage visible, rove through the top of it, for the hoisting of a lug sail, tanned to a rich red brown. From this underwood towered aloft the masts of a coasting schooner, discharging its load of coal at the little quay. Other boats lay drawn up on the beach in front of the Seaton, and beyond it on the other side of the burn. Men and women were busy with the brown nets, laying them out on the short grass of the shore, mending them with netting-needles like small shuttles, carrying huge burdens of them on their shoulders in the hot sunlight; others were mending, caulking, or tarring their boats, and looking to their various fittings. All was preparation for the new venture in their own waters, and everything went merrily and hopefully. Wives who had not accompanied their husbands now had them home again, and their anxieties would henceforth endure but for a night—joy would come with the red sails in the morning; lovers were once more together, the one great dread broken into a hundred little questioning fears; mothers had their sons again, to watch with loving eyes as they swung their slow limbs at their labor, or in the evenings sauntered about, hands in pockets, pipe in mouth, and blue bonnet cast carelessly on the head: it was almost a single family, bound together by a network of intermarriages, so intricate as to render it impossible for any one who did not belong to the community to follow the threads or read the design of the social tracery.

And while the Seaton swarmed with

"the goings on of life," the town of Portlossie lay above it still as a country hamlet, with more odors than people about: of people it was seldom indeed that three were to be spied at once in the wide street, while of odors you would always encounter a smell of leather from the saddler's shop, and a mingled message of bacon and cheese from the very general dealer's—in whose window hung what seemed three hams, and only he who looked twice would discover that the middle object was no ham, but a violin—while at every corner lurked a scent of gillyflowers and southernwood. Idly supreme, Portlossie the upper looked down in condescension—that is, in half-concealed contempt—on the antheap below it.

The evening arrived on which the greater part of the boats was to put off for the first essay. Malcolm would have made one in the little fleet, for he belonged to his friend Joseph Mair's crew, had it not been found impossible to get the new boat ready before the following evening; whence, for this one more, he was still his own master, with one more chance of a pleasure for which he had been on the watch ever since Lady Florimel had spoken of having a row in his boat. True, it was not often she appeared on the shore in the evening; nevertheless he kept watching the dune with his keen eyes, for he had hinted to Mrs. Courthope that perhaps her young lady would like to see the boats go out.

Although it was the fiftieth time his eyes had swept the links in vague hope, he could yet hardly believe their testimony when now at length he spied a form, which could only be hers, looking seaward from the slope, as still as a sphinx on Egyptian sands.

He sauntered slowly toward her, by the landward side of the dune, gathering on his way a handful of the reddest

daisies he could find; then, ascending the sand-hill, approached her along the top.

"Saw ye ever sic gowans in yer life, my leddy?" he said, holding out his posy.

"Is that what you call them?" she returned.

"Ow ay, my leddy—daisies *ye* ca' them. I dinna ken but yours is the bonnier name o' the twa—gien it be what Mr. Graham tells me the auld poet Chaucer maks o' 't."

"What is that?"

"Ow, jist the een o' the day—the *day's eyes*, ye ken. They're sma' een for sic a great face, but syne there's a lot o' them to mak up for that. They've begun to close a'ready, but the mair they close the bonnier they luik, wi' their bits o' screwed-up mooies (*little mouths*). But saw ye ever sic reid anes, or ony sic a size, my leddy?"

"I don't think I ever did. What is the reason they are so large and red?"

"I dinna ken. There canna be muckle nourishment in sic a thin soil, but there maun be something that agrees wi' them. It's the same a' roon' aboot here."

Lady Florimel sat looking at the daisies, and Malcolm stood a few yards off, watching for the first of the red sails, which must soon show themselves, creeping out on the ebb tide. Nor had he waited long before a boat appeared, then another and another—six huge oars, ponderous to toil withal, urging each from the shelter of the harbor out into the wide weltering plain. The fishing-boat of that time was not decked as now, and each, with every lift of its bows, revealed to their eyes a gaping hollow, ready, if a towering billow should break above it, to be filled with sudden death. One by one the whole fleet crept out, and ever as they gained the breeze, up went the red sails, and filled: aside leaned every boat from the wind, and went dancing away over the frolicking billows toward the sunset, its sails, deep-dyed in oak-bark, shining redder and redder in the growing redness of the sinking sun. Nor did Portlossie alone send out her boats, like huge sea-birds warring on the live treasures of the deep; from beyond

the headlands east and west, out they glided on slow red wing—from Scarnose, from Sandend, from Clamrock, from the villages all along the coast—spreading as they came, each to its work apart through all the laborious night, to rejoin its fellows only as home drew them back in the clear gray morning, laden and slow with the harvest of the stars. But the night lay between, into which they were sailing over waters of heaving green that for ever kept tossing up roses—a night whose curtain was a horizon built up of steady blue, but gorgeous with passing purple and crimson, and flashing with molten gold.

Malcolm was not one of those to whom the sea is but a pond for fish, and the sky a storehouse of wind and rain, sunshine and snow: he stood for a moment gazing, lost in pleasure. Then he turned to Lady Florimel: she had thrown her daisies on the sand, appeared to be deep in her book, and certainly caught nothing of the splendor before her, beyond the red light on her page.

"Saw ye ever a bonnier sicht, my leddy?" said Malcolm.

She looked up, and saw and gazed in silence. Her nature was full of poetic possibilities; and now a formless thought foreshadowed itself in a feeling she did not understand: why should such a sight as this make her feel sad? The vital connection between joy and effort had begun from afar to reveal itself with the question she now uttered.

"What is it all for?" she asked dreamily, her eyes gazing out on the calm ecstasy of color, which seemed to have broken the bonds of law, and ushered in a new chaos, fit matrix of new heavens and new earth.

"To catch herrin'," answered Malcolm, ignorant of the mood that prompted the question, and hence mistaking its purport.

But a falling doubt had troubled the waters of her soul, and through the ripple she could descry it settling into form. She was silent for a moment.

"I want to know," she resumed, "why it looks as if some great thing were going on. Why is all this pomp and show?

Something ought to be at hand. All I see is the catching of a few miserable fish! If it were the eve of a glorious battle now, I could understand it—if those were the little English boats rushing to attack the Spanish Armada, for instance. But they are only gone to catch fish! Or if they were setting out to discover the Isles of the West, the country beyond the sunset!—but this jars."

"I canna answer ye a' at ance, my leddy," said Malcolm: "I maun tak time to think aboot it. But I ken brawly what ye mean."

Even as he spoke he withdrew, and descending the mound, walked away beyond the bored craig, regardless now of the far-lessening sails and the sinking sun. The motes of the twilight were multiplying fast as he returned along the shore-side of the dune, but Lady Florimel had vanished from its crest. He ran to the top: thence, in the dim of the twilight, he saw her slow-retreating form, phantom-like, almost at the grated door of the tunnel, which, like that of a tomb, appeared ready to draw her in, and yield her no more.

"My leddy! my leddy!" he cried, "winna ye bide for 't?"

He went bounding after her like a deer. She heard him call, and stood holding the door half open.

"It 's the battle o' Armageddon, my leddy," he cried, as he came within hearing distance.

"The battle of 'what?' she exclaimed, bewildered. "I really can't understand your savage Scotch."

"Hoot, my leddy! the battle o' Armageddon's no ane o' the Scots battles; it's the battle atween the richt an' the wrang, 'at ye read aboot i' the buik o' the Revelations."

"What on earth are you talking about?" returned Lady Florimel in dismay, beginning to fear that her squire was losing his senses.

"It's jist what ye was sayin', my leddy: sic a pomp as yon bude to hing abune a gran' battle some gait or ither."

"What *has* the catching of fish to do with a battle in the Revelations?"

VOL. XIII.—43

said the girl, moving a little within the door.

"Weel, my leddy, gien I took in han' to set it furth to ye, I would hae to tell ye a' that Mr. Graham has been learnin' me sin' ever I can min'. He says 'at the whole economy o' natur is fashiont unco like that o' the kingdom o' haven: it's jist a gradation o' services, an' the highest en' o' ony animal is to contreebute to the life o' ane higher than itself; sae that it's the gran' preevilege o' the fish we tak to be aten by human bein's, an' uphaud what's abune them."

"That's a poor consolation to the fish," said Lady Florimel.

"Hoo ken ye that, my leddy? Ye can tell nearhan' as little aboot the hert o' a herrin'—sic as it has—as the herrin' can tell aboot yer ain, whilk, I'm thinkin', maun be o' the lairgest size."

"How should you know anything about my heart, pray?" she asked, with more amusement than offence.

"Jist by my ain," answered Malcolm.

Lady Florimel began to fear she must have allowed the fisher-lad more liberty than was proper, seeing he dared avow that he knew the heart of a lady of her position by his own. But indeed Malcolm was wrong, for in the scale of hearts Lady Florimel's was far below his. She stepped quite within the door, and was on the point of shutting it, but something about the youth restrained her, exciting at least her curiosity; his eyes glowed with a deep quiet light, and his face, even grand at the moment, had a greater influence upon her than she knew. Instead therefore of interposing the door between them, she only kept it poised, ready to fall to the moment the sanity of the youth should become a hair's-breadth more doubtful than she already considered it.

"It's a' pairt o' ae thing, my leddy," Malcolm resumed. "The herrin' 's like the fowk 'at cairries the mate an' the pooder an' sic like for them 'at does the fechtin.' The hert o' the leevin' man's the place whaur the battle's focht, an' it's aye gaein' on an' on there atween God an' Sawtan; an' the fish they haud fowk up till 't—"

"Do you mean that the herrings help you to fight for God?" said Lady Florimel with a superior smile.

"Aither for God or for the deevil, my leddy—that depen's upo' the fowk themself's. I say it hauds them up to fecht, an' the thing maun be fouchten oot. Fowk to fecht maun live, an' the herrin' hauds the life i' them, an' sae the catchin' o' the herrin' comes in to be a pairt o' the battle."

"Wouldn't it be more sensible to say that the battle is between the fishermen and the sea, for the sake of their wives and children?" suggested Lady Florimel supremely.

"Na, my leddy, it wadna be half sae sensible, for it wadna justifee the grandur that hings ower the fecht. The battle wi' the sea 's no sae muckle o' an affair. An', 'deed, gien it warna that the wives an' the verra weans hae themself's to fecht i' the same battle o' guid an' ill, I dinna see the muckle differ there wad be atween them an' the fish, nor what for they sudna ate ane anither as the cratur's i' the water du. But gien 't be the battle, I say, there can be no pomp o' sea or sky ower gran' for 't; an' it's a' weel waured (*expended*) gien it but haud the gude anes merry an' strong, an' up to their wark. For that, weel may the sun shine a celestial rosy reid, an' weel may the boatie row, an' weel may the stars luik doon, blinkin' an' luikin' again—ilk ane duin' its bonny pairt to mak a man a richt-hertit, guid-willed sodger!"

"And, pray, what may be your rank in this wonderful army?" asked Lady Florimel, with the air and tone of one humoring a lunatic.

"I'm naething but a raw recruit, my leddy; but gien I hed my chice, I wad be piper to my reg'ment."

"How do you mean?"

"I wad mak sangs. Dinna lauch at me, my leddy, for they're the best kin' o' weapon for the wark 'at I ken. But I'm no a makar (*poet*), an' maun content mysel' wi' duin' my wark as I fin' it."

"Then why," said Lady Florimel, with the conscious right of social superiority to administer good counsel—"why don't

you work harder, and get a better house, and wear better clothes?"

Malcolm's mind was so full of far other and weightier things that the question bewildered him; but he grappled with the reference to his clothes.

"'Deed, my leddy," he returned, "ye may weel say that, seein' ye was never aboard a herrin'-boat! but gien ye ance saw the inside o' ane fu' o' fish, whaur a body gangs slidderin' aboot, maybe up to the middle o' 's leg in wamlin' herrin', an' the neist meenute, maybe, weet to the skin wi' the splash o' a muckle jaw (*wave*), ye micht think the claes guid enouch for the wark—though ill fit, I confess wi' shame, to come afore yer leddyship."

"I thought you only fished about close by the shore in a little boat; I didn't know you went with the rest of the fishermen: that's very dangerous work—isn't it?"

"No *ower* dangerous, my leddy. There's some gangs doon ilka sizzon; but it's a' i' the w'y o' your wark."

"Then how is it you're not gone fishing to-night?"

"She 's a new boat, an' there's anither day's wark on her afore we win oot.—Wadna ye like a row the nicht, my leddy?"

"No, certainly; it's much too late."

"It 'll be nane mirker nor 'tis; but I reckon ye're richt. I cam ower by jist to see whether ye wadna like to gang wi' the boats a bit; but yer leddyship set me aff thinkin', an' that pat it oot o' my heid."

"It's too late now, anyhow. Come to-morrow evening, and I'll see if I can't go with you."

"I canna, my leddy—that's the fash o' 't! I maun gang wi' Blue Peter the morn's nicht. It was my last chance, I'm sorry to say."

"It's not of the slightest consequence," Lady Florimel returned; and, bidding him good-night, she shut and locked the door.

The same instant she vanished, for the tunnel was now quite dark. Malcolm turned with a sigh, and took his way slowly homeward along the top of the

dune. All was dim about him—dim in the heavens, where a thin veil of gray had gathered over the blue; dim on the ocean, where the stars swayed and swung, in faint flashes of dissolving radiance, cast loose like ribbons of seaweed; dim all along the shore, where the white of the breaking wavelet melted into the yellow sand; and dim in his own heart, where the manner and words of the lady had half hidden her starry reflex with a chilling mist.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE FEAST.

To the entertainment which the marquis and Lady Florimel had resolved to give, all classes and conditions in the neighborhood now began to receive invitations—shopkeepers, there called merchants, and all socially above them, individually, by notes, in the name of the marquis and Lady Florimel, but in the handwriting of Mrs. Crathie and her daughters; and the rest generally, by the sound of bagpipes and proclamation from the lips of Duncan MacPhail. To the satisfaction of Johnny Bykes, the exclusion of improper persons was left in the hands of the gatekeepers.

The thing had originated with the factor. The old popularity of the lords of the land had vanished utterly during the life of the marquis's brother, and Mr. Crathie, being wise in his generation, sought to initiate a revival of it by hinting the propriety of some general hospitality, a suggestion which the marquis was anything but loath to follow. For the present Lord Lossie, although as unready as most men to part with anything he cared for, could yet cast away magnificently, and had always greatly prized a reputation for liberality.

For the sake of the fishermen, the first Saturday after the commencement of the home-fishing was appointed. The few serious ones, mostly Methodists, objected on the ground of the proximity of the Sunday; but their attitude was, if possible, of still less consequence in the eyes of their neighbors that it was well

known they would in no case have accepted such an invitation.

The day dawned propitious. As early as five o'clock, Mr. Crathie was abroad, booted and spurred—now directing the workmen who were setting up tents and tables; now conferring with house-steward, butler or cook; now mounting his horse and galloping off to the home-farm or the distillery, or into the town to the Lossie Arms, where certain guests from a distance were to be accommodated, and whose landlady had undertaken the superintendence of certain of the victualing departments; for canny Mr. Crathie would not willingly have the meanest guest ask twice for anything he wanted—so invaluable did he consider a good word from the humblest quarter—and the best labors of the French cook, even had he revered instead of despising Scottish dishes, would have ill-sufficed for the satisfaction of appetites critically appreciative of hotch-potch, sheep's head, haggis and black puddings.

The neighboring nobility and landed gentlemen, the professional guests also, including the clergy, were to eat with the marquis in the great hall. On the grass near the house tents were erected for the burgesses of the burgh and the tenants of the marquis's farms. I would have said *on the lawn*, but there was no lawn proper about the place, the ground was so picturesquely broken—in parts with all but precipices—and so crowded with trees. Hence its aspect was specially unlike that of an English park and grounds. The whole was *Celtic* as distinguished in character from *Saxon*. For the lake-like lawn, for the wide sweeps of airy room in which expand the mighty boughs of solitary trees, for the filmy gray-blue distances, and the far-off segments of horizon, here were the tree-crowded grass, the close windings of the long glen of the burn, heavily overshadowed, and full of mystery and cover, but leading at last to the widest vantage of outlook—the wild heathery hill down which it drew its sharp furrow; while, in front of the house, beyond hidden river, and plane of tree-tops, and far-sunk shore with its dune and its bored crag and its

tortuous caves, lay the great sea, a pouting under lip, met by the thin, reposeful—shall I say sorrowful?—upper lip of the sky.

A bridge of stately span, level with the sweep in front, honorable embodiment of the savings of a certain notable countess, one end resting on the same rock with the house, their foundations almost in contact, led across the burn to more and more trees, their roots swathed in the finest grass, through which ran broad carriage drives and narrower footways, hard and smooth with yellow gravel. Here amongst the trees were set long tables for the fishermen, mechanics and farm-laborers. Here also was the place appointed for the piper.

As the hour drew near, the guests came trooping in at every entrance. By the sea-gate came the fisher-folk, many of the men in the blue jersey, the women mostly in short print gowns of large patterns—the married with huge, wide-frilled caps, and the unmarried with their hair gathered in silken nets: bonnets there were very few. Each group that entered had a joke or a jibe for Johnny Bykes, which he met in varying but always surly fashion—in that of utter silence in the case of Duncan and Malcolm, at which the former was indignant, the latter merry. By the town-gate came the people of Portlossie. By the new main entrance from the high road beyond the town, through lofty Greekish gates, came the lords and lairds, in yellow coaches, gigs and post-chaises. By another gate, far up the glen, came most of the country-folk, some walking, some riding, some driving, all merry and with the best intentions of enjoying themselves. As the common people approached the house, they were directed to their different tables by the sexton, for he knew everybody.

The marquis was early on the ground, going about amongst his guests, and showing a friendly off-hand courtesy which prejudiced every one in his favor. Lady Florimel soon joined him, and a certain frank way she inherited from her father, joined to the great beauty her mother had given her, straightway won all hearts. She spoke to Duncan with cordiality: the

moment he heard her voice, he pulled off his bonnet, put it under his arm, and responded with what I can find no better phrase to describe than—a profuse dignity. Malcolm she favored with a smile which swelled his heart with pride and devotion. The bold-faced countess next appeared: she took the marquis's other arm, and nodded to his guests condescendingly and often, but seemed, after every nod, to throw her head farther back than before. Then to haunt the goings of Lady Florimel came Lord Meikleham, receiving little encouragement, but eager after such crumbs as he could gather. Suddenly the great bell under the highest of the gilded vanes rang a loud peal, and the marquis having led his chief guests to the hall, as soon as he was seated the tables began to be served simultaneously.

At that where Malcolm sat with Duncan grace was grievously foiled by the latter, for, unaware of what was going on, he burst out, at the request of a wag-gish neighbor, with a tremendous blast, of which the company took advantage to commence operations at once, and presently the clatter of knives and forks and spoons was the sole sound to be heard in that division of the feast: across the valley, from the neighborhood of the house, came now and then a faint peal of laughter, for there they knew how to be merry while they ate; but here, the human element was in abeyance, for people who work hard seldom talk while they eat. From the end of an overhanging bough a squirrel looked at them for one brief moment, wondering perhaps that they should not prefer cracking a nut in private, and vanished; but the birds kept singing, and the scents of the flowers came floating up from the garden below, and the burn went on with its own noises and its own silences, drifting the froth of its last passion down toward the doors of the world.

In the hall, ancient jokes soon began to flutter their moulted wings, and musty compliments to offer themselves for the acceptance of the ladies, and meet with a reception varied by temperament and experience: what the bold-faced countess heard with a hybrid contortion, half

sneer and half smile, would have made Lady Florimel stare out of big refusing eyes.

Those more immediately around the marquis were soon laughing over the story of the trick he had played the blind piper, and of the apology he had had to make in consequence; and perhaps something better than mere curiosity had to do with the wish of several of the guests to see the old man and his grandson. The marquis said the piper himself would take care they should not miss him, but he would send for the young fellow, who was equally fitted to amuse them, being quite as much of a character in his way as the other.

He spoke to the man behind his chair, and in a few minutes Malcolm made his appearance, following the messenger.

"Malcolm," said the marquis kindly, "I want you to keep your eyes open, and see that no mischief is done about the place."

"I dinna think there's ane o' oor ain fowk wad dee ony mischeef, my lord," answered Malcolm; "but whan ye keep open yett, ye canna be sure wha wins in, 'specially wi' sic a gowk as Johnny Bykes at ane o' them. No 'at he wad wrang yer lordship a hair, my lord!"

"At all events you'll be on the alert," said the marquis.

"I wull that, my lord. There's twa or three aboot a' ready 'at I dinna a'thegither like the leuks o'. They're no like country-fowk, an' they're no fisher-fowk. It's no far aff the time o' year whan the gypsies are i' the w'y o' payin' 's a veesit, an' they may ha' come in at the Binn yett (*gate*), whaur there's nane but an auld wife to haud them oot."

"Well, well," said the marquis, who had no fear about the behavior of his guests, and had only wanted a color for his request of Malcolm's presence. "In the mean time," he added, "we are rather short-handed here. Just give the butler a little assistance—will you?"

"Willin'ly my lord," answered Malcolm, forgetting altogether, in the prospect of being useful and within sight of Lady Florimel, that he had but half-finished his own dinner. The butler,

who had already had an opportunity of admiring his aptitude, was glad enough to have his help, and after this day used to declare that in a single week he could make him a better servant than any of the men who waited at table. It was indeed remarkable how, with such a limited acquaintance with the many modes of an artificial life, he was yet, by quickness of sympathetic insight, capable not only of divining its requirements, but of distinguishing, amid the multitude of appliances around, those fitted to their individual satisfaction.

It was desirable, however, that the sitting in the hall should not be prolonged, and after a few glasses of wine the marquis rose and went to make the round of the other tables. Taking them in order, he came last to those of the rustics, mechanics and fisher-folk. These had advanced considerably in their potations, and the fun was loud. His appearance was greeted with shouts, into which Duncan struck with a pæan from his pipes; but in the midst of the tumult, one of the oldest of the fisherman stood up, and in a voice accustomed to battle with windy uproars, called for silence. He then addressed their host.

"Ye'll jist mak 's prood by drinkin' a tum'ler wi' s, yer lordship," he said. "It's no ilka day we hae the honor o' yer lordship's company."

"Or I of yours," returned the marquis with hearty courtesy. "I will do it with pleasure—or at least a glass: my head's not so well seasoned as some of yours."

"Gien yer lordship's hed hed as mony blasts o' nicht win', an' as mony jaups o' cauld sea-watter aboot its lugs as oors, it wad hae been fit to stan' as muckle o' the barley bree as the stievest o' the lot, I s' warran'."

"I hope so," returned Lord Lossie, who, having taken a seat at the end of the table, was now mixing a tumbler of toddy. As soon as he had filled his glass, he rose and drank to the fishermen of Portlossie, their wives and their sweethearts, wishing them a mighty conquest of herring, and plenty of children to keep up the breed and the war on the fish. His speech was received with hearty

cheers, during which he sauntered away to rejoin his friends.

Many toasts followed, one of which, "Damnation to the dog-fish!" gave opportunity to a wag, seated near the piper, to play upon the old man's well-known foible by adding, "an' Cawmill o' Glenlyon;" whereupon Duncan, who had by this time taken more whisky than was good for him, rose, and made a rambling speech, in which he returned thanks for the imprecation, adding thereto the hope that never might one of the brood accursed go down with honor to the grave.

The fishermen listened with respectful silence, indulging only in nods, winks and smiles for the interchange of amusement, until the utterance of the wish recorded, when, apparently carried away for a moment by his eloquence, they broke into loud applause. But from the midst of it, a low, gurgling laugh close by him reached Duncan's ear: excited though he was with strong drink and approbation, he shivered, sunk into his seat, and clutched at his pipes convulsively, as if they had been a weapon of defence.

"Malcolm! Malcolm, my son!" he muttered feebly, "there is a woman will be laughing! She is a paad woman: she makes me cold!"

Finding from the no-response that Malcolm had left his side, he sat motionless, drawn into himself, and struggling to suppress the curdling shiver. Some of the women gathered about him, but he assured them it was nothing more than a passing sickness.

Malcolm's attention had, a few minutes before, been drawn to two men of somewhat peculiar appearance, who, applauding louder than any, only pretended to drink, and occasionally interchanged glances of intelligence. It was one of these peculiar looks that first attracted his notice. He soon discovered that they had a comrade on the other side of the table, who apparently, like themselves, had little or no acquaintance with any one near him. He did not like either their countenances or their behavior, and resolved to watch them. In order therefore to be able to follow them when they

moved, as he felt certain they would before long, without attracting their attention he left the table and making a circuit took up his position behind a neighboring tree. Hence it came that he was not, at the moment of his need, by his grandfather's side, whither he had returned as soon as dinner was over in the hall.

Meantime it became necessary to check the drinking by the counter-attraction of the dance: Mr. Crathie gave orders that a chair should be mounted on a table for Duncan, and the young hinds and fishermen were soon dancing zealously with the girls of their company to his strathspeys and reels. The other divisions of the marquis's guests made merry to the sound of a small brass band, a harp and two violins.

When the rest forsook the toddy for the reel, the objects of Malcolm's suspicion remained at the table, not to drink, but to draw nearer to each other and confer. At length, when the dancers began to return in quest of liquor, they rose and went away loiteringly through the trees. As the twilight was now deepening, Malcolm found it difficult to keep them in sight, but for the same reason he was able the more quickly to glide after them from tree to tree. It was almost moonrise, he said to himself, and if they meditated mischief, now was their best time.

Presently he heard the sound of running feet, and in a moment more spied the unmistakable form of the mad laird darting through the thickening dusk of the trees with gestures of wild horror. As he passed the spot where Malcolm stood, he cried out in a voice like a suppressed shriek, "It's my mither! It's my mither! I dinna ken whaur I come frae."

His sudden appearance and outcry so startled Malcolm that for a moment he forgot his watch, and when he looked again the men had vanished. Not having any clue to their intent, and knowing only that on such a night the house was nearly defenceless, he turned at once and made for it. As he approached the front, coming over the bridge, he fancied he saw a figure disappear through the entrance, and quickened his pace. Just as

he reached it, he heard a door bang, and supposing it to be that which shut off the second hall, whence rose the principal staircase, he followed this vaguest of hints, and bounded to the top of the stair. Entering the first passage he came to, he found it almost dark, with a half-open door at the end, through which shone a gleam from some window beyond: this light was plainly shut off for a moment, as if by some one passing the window. He hurried after—noiselessly, for the floor was thickly carpeted—and came to the foot of a winding stone stair. Afraid beyond all things of doing nothing, and driven by the formless conviction that if he stopped to deliberate he certainly should do nothing, he shot up the dark screw like an ascending bubble, passed the landing of the second floor without observing it, and arrived in the attic regions of the ancient pile, under low, irregular ceilings, here ascending in cones, there coming down in abrupt triangles, or sloping away to a hidden meeting with the floor in distant corners. His only light was the cold blue glimmer from here and there a storm-window or a skylight. As the conviction of failure grew on him, the *ghostly* feeling of the place began to invade him. All was vague, forsaken and hopeless as a dreary dream, with the superadded miserable sense of lonely sleep-walking. I suspect that the feeling we call *ghostly* is but the sense of abandonment in the lack of companion life; but be this as it may, Malcolm was glad enough to catch sight of a gleam as from a candle at the end of a long, low passage on which he had come after mazy wandering. Another similar passage crossed its end, somewhere in which must be the source of the light: he crept toward it, and, laying himself flat on the floor, peeped round the corner. His very heart stopped to listen: seven or eight yards from him, with a small lantern in her hand, stood a short female figure, which, the light falling for a moment on her soft evil countenance, he recognized as Mrs. Catanach's. Beside her stood a tall graceful figure, draped in black from head to foot. Mrs. Catanach was speaking in a low tone, and what Malcolm

was able to catch was evidently the close of a conversation.

"I'll do my best, ye may be sure, my leddy," she said. "There's something no canny aboot the cratur, an' doobless ye was an ill-used wuman, an' ye're i' the richt. But it's a some fearsome ventur, an' may be luikit intill, ye ken. There I s' be yer scoug. Lippen to me, an' ye s' no repent it."

As she ended speaking, she turned to the door, and drew from it a key, evidently after a foiled attempt to unlock it therewith; for from a bunch she carried she now made choice of another, and was already fumbling with it in the key-hole, when Malcolm bethought himself that, whatever her further intent, he ought not to allow her to succeed in opening the door. He therefore rose slowly to his feet, and stepping softly out into the passage, sent his round blue bonnet spinning with such a certain aim that it flew right against her head. She gave a cry of terror, smothered by the sense of evil secresy, and dropped her lantern. It went out. Malcolm pattered with his hands on the floor, and began to howl frightfully. Her companion had already fled, and Mrs. Catanach picked up her lantern and followed. But her flight was soft-footed, and gave sign only in the sound of her garments and a clank or two of her keys.

Gifted with a good sense of relative position, Malcolm was able to find his way back to the hall without much difficulty, and met no one on the way. When he stepped into the open air a round moon was visible through the trees, and their shadows were lying across the sward. The merriment had grown louder, for a good deal of whisky having been drunk by men of all classes, hilarity had ousted restraint, and the separation of classes having broken a little, there were many stragglers from the higher to the lower divisions, whence the area of the more boisterous fun had considerably widened. Most of the ladies and gentlemen were dancing in the chequer of the trees and moonlight, but, a little removed from the rest, Lady Florimel was seated under a tree, with Lord

Meikleham by her side, probably her partner in the last dance. She was looking at the moon, which shone upon her from between two low branches, and there was a sparkle in her eyes and a luminousness upon her cheek which to Malcolm did not seem to come from the moon only. He passed on, with the first pang of jealousy in his heart, feeling now for the first time that the space between Lady Florimel and himself was indeed a gulf. But he cast the whole thing from him for the time with an inward scorn of his foolishness, and hurried on from group to group to find the marquis.

Meeting with no trace of him, and thinking he might be in the flower-garden, which a few rays of the moon now reached, he descended thither. But he searched it through with no better success, and at the farthest end was on the point of turning to leave it and look elsewhere, when he heard a moan of stifled agony on the other side of a high wall which here bounded the garden. Climbing up an espalier, he soon reached the top, and looking down on the other side, to his horror and rage espied the mad laird on the ground, and the very men of whom he had been in pursuit standing over him and brutally tormenting him, apparently in order to make him get up and go along with them. One was kicking him, another pulling his head this way and that by the hair, and the third punching and poking his hump, which last cruelty had probably drawn from him the cry Malcolm had heard.

Three might be too many for him: he descended swiftly, found some stones, and a stake from a bed of sweet-peas, then climbing up again, took such effectual aim at one of the villains that he fell without uttering a sound. Dropping at once from the wall, he rushed at the two with stick upheaved.

"Dinna be in sic a rage, man," cried the first, avoiding his blow: "we're aboot naething ayont the lawfu'. It's only the mad laird. We're takin' 'im to the asylum at Ebberdeen. By the order o' 's ain mither!"

At the word a choking scream came from the prostrate victim. Malcolm uttered a huge imprecation, and struck at the fellow again, who now met him in a way that showed it was noise more than wounds he had dreaded. Instantly the other came up, and also fell upon him with vigor. But his stick was too much for them, and at length one of them, crying out, "It's the blin' piper's bastard—I'll mark him yet!" took to his heels, and was followed by his companion.

More eager after rescue than punishment, Malcolm turned to the help of the laird, whom he found in utmost need of his ministrations—gagged, and with his hands tied mercilessly tight behind his back. His knife quickly released him, but the poor fellow was scarcely less helpless than before. He clung to Malcolm and moaned piteously, every moment glancing over his shoulder in terror of pursuit. His mouth hung open as if the gag were still tormenting him; now and then he would begin his usual lament and manage to say "I dinna ken;" but when he attempted the *whaur*, his jaw fell and hung as before. Malcolm sought to lead him away, but he held back, moaning dreadfully; then Malcolm would have him sit down where they were, but he caught his hand and pulled him away, stopping instantly, however, as if not knowing whither to turn from the fears on every side. At length the prostrate enemy began to move, when the laird, who had been unaware of his presence, gave a shriek and took to his heels. Anxious not to lose sight of him, Malcolm left the wounded man to take care of himself, and followed him up the steep side of the little valley.

They had not gone many steps from the top of the ascent, however, before the fugitive threw himself on the ground exhausted, and it was all Malcolm could do to get him to the town, where, unable to go a pace farther, he sank down on Mrs. Catanach's doorstep. A light was burning in the cottage, but Malcolm would seek shelter for him anywhere rather than with her, and, in terror of her quick

ears, caught him up in his arms like a child, and hurried away with him to Miss Horn's.

"Eh, sirs!" exclaimed Miss Horn, when she opened the door—for Jean was among the merry-makers—"wha's this 'at's kilt noo?"

"It's the—laird—Mr. Stewart," returned Malcolm. "He's no freely kilt, but nigh han'."

"Na! weel I wat! Come in an' set him doon till we see," said Miss Horn, turning and leading the way up to her little parlor.

There Malcolm laid his burden on the sofa and gave a brief account of the rescue.

"Lord preserve 's, Ma'col'm!" cried Miss Horn, as soon as he had ended his tale, to which she had listened in silence with fierce eyes and threatening nose: "isna't a mercy I wasna made like some fowk, or I couldna ha' bidden to see the puir fallow misguidet that gait! It's a special mercy, Ma'col'm MacPhail, to be made wantin' ony sic thing as feelin's."

She was leaving the room as she spoke—to return instantly with brandy. The laird swallowed some with an effort, and began to revive.

"Eh, sirs!" exclaimed Miss Horn, regarding him now more narrowly—"but he's in an awfu' state o' dirt! I maun wash his face an' han's, an' pit him till's bed. Could ye help aff wi' 's claes, Ma'col'm? Though I hacna ony feelin's, I'm jist some eerie-like at the puir body's back."

The last words were uttered in what she judged a safe aside. As if she had been his mother, she washed his face and hands and dried them tenderly, the laird submitting like a child. He spoke but one word—when she took him by the hand to lead him to the room where her cousin used to sleep. "Father o' lights!" he said, and no more. Malcolm put him to bed, where he lay perfectly still, whether awake or asleep they could not tell.

He then set out to go back to Lossie House, promising to return after he had taken his grandfather home and seen him also safe in bed.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

WHEN Malcolm returned, Jean had retired for the night, and again it was Miss Horn who admitted him and led him to her parlor. It was a low-ceiled room, with lean spider-legged furniture and dingy curtains. Everything in it was suggestive of a comfort slowly vanishing. An odor of withered rose-leaves pervaded the air. A Japanese cabinet stood in one corner, and on the mantelpiece a pair of Chinese fans with painted figures whose faces were embossed in silk, between which ticked an old French clock, whose supporters were a shepherd and shepherdess in prettily painted china. Long faded as was everything in it, the room was yet very rich in the eyes of Malcolm, whose home was bare even in comparison with that of the poorest of the fisherwomen: they had a passion for ornamenting their chimney-pieces with china ornaments, and their dressers with the most gorgeous crockery that their money could buy—a certain metallic orange being the prevailing hue; while in Duncan's cottage, where woman had never initiated the taste, there was not even a china poodle to represent the finished development of luxury in the combination of the ugly and the useless.

Miss Horn had made a little fire in the old-fashioned grate, whose bars bellied out like a sail almost beyond the narrow chimney-shelf, and a tea-kettle was singing on the hob, while a decanter, a sugar-basin, a nutmeg-grater and other needful things on a tray suggested negus, beyond which Miss Horn never went in the matter of stimulants, asserting that, as she had no feelings, she never required anything stronger. She made Malcolm sit down at the opposite side of the fire, and mixing him a tumbler of her favorite drink, began to question him about the day, and how things had gone.

Miss Horn had the just repute of discretion, for, gladly hearing all the news, she had the rare virtue of not repeating things to the prejudice of others without some *good* reason for so doing: Malcolm therefore, seated thus alone with her in the dead of the night, and bound to her

by the bond of a common well-doing, had no hesitation in unfolding to her all his adventures of the evening. She sat with her big hands in her lap, making no remark, not even an exclamation, while he went on with the tale of the garret; but her listening eyes grew—not larger—darker and fiercer as he spoke; the space between her nostrils and mouth widened visibly; the muscles knotted on the sides of her neck; and her nose curved more and more to the shape of a beak.

"There's some deevilry there!" she said at length after he had finished, breaking a silence of some moments, during which she had been staring into the fire. "Whaur twa ill women come thegither, there maun be the auld man himsel' atween them."

"I dinna doob it," returned Malcolm. "An' ane o' them 's an ill wuman, sure eneuch; but I ken naething aboot the tither—only 'at she maun be a leddy, by the w'y the howdy-wife spak till her."

"The waur token, when a leddy colloques wi' a wuman aneth her ain station, an' ane 'at has keppit (*caught in passing*) mony a secret in her day, an' by her callin' has had mair opportunity—no to say farther—than ither fowk o' duin' ill things! An gien *ye* dinna ken her, that's no rizzon 'at I sudna hae a groff guiss at her by the marks ye read aff o' her. I'll jist hae to tell ye a story sic as an auld wife like me seldom tells till a yoong man like yersel'."

"Yer ain bridle sall rule my tongue, mem," said Malcolm.

"I s' lippen to yer discretion," said Miss Horn, and straightway began: "Some years ago—an' I s' warran' it's weel ower twenty—that same wuman, Bawby Cat'nach—wha was nae hame-born wuman, nor had been lang aboot the toon—comin' as she did frae naebody kent whaur, 'cep maybe it was the markis 'at than was—presumed to mak up to me i' the w'y o' frien'ly acquaintance—sic as a maiden leddy nicht hae wi' a howdy—an' no 'at she forgot her prooper behavior to ane like mysel'. But I cudna hae bidden (*endured*) the jaud, 'cep 'at I had rizzons for lattin' her jaw wag. She was cunnin', the auld vratch

—no that auld, maybe aboot forty—but I was ower mony for her. She had the design to win at something she thought I kent, an' sae, to enteece me to open my pock, she opent hers, an' tellt me story efter story aboot this neebor an' that—a' o' them things 'at ouchtna to ha' been true, an' 'at she ouchtna to ha' loot pass her lips gien they war true, seein' she cam by the knowledge o' them as she said she did. But she gat nae-thin' o' me—the fat-braint cat!—an' she hates me like the verra mischief."

Miss Horn paused and took a sip of her negus.

"Ae day I came upon her sittin' by the ingle-neuk i' my ain kitchen, haudin' a close an' a laich confab wi' Jean. I had Jean than, an' hoo I hae keepit the hizzy, I hardly ken. I think it maun be that, haen' nae feelin's o' my ain, I hae ower muckle regaird to ither fowk's, an' sae I never likit to pit her awa' wi'oot doonricht provocation. But dinna ye lippen to Jean, Malcolm—na, na!—At that time, my cousin, Miss Griel Cammell—my third cousin, she was—had come to bide wi' me—a bonny yoong thing as ye wad see, but in sair ill health; an' maybe she had her freits (*whims*), an' maybe no, but she cudna bide to see the wuman Cat'nach aboot the place. An' in verra throw, she was to mysel' like ane o' thae ill-faured birds—I dinna min' upo' the name o' them—at hings ower an airy; for wharever there was onybody nae weel or onybody died, there was Bawby Cat'nach. I hae hard o' creepin' things 'at veesits fowk 'at's no weel—an' Bawby was, an' is, ane sic like! Sae I was angert at seein' her colloquin' wi' Jean, an' I cried Jean to me to the door o' the kitchie. But wi' that up jumps Bawby, an' comin' efter her, says to me—says she, 'Eh, Miss Horn! there's terrible news: Liddy Lossie's deid!—she 's been three ooks deid!'—'Weel,' says I, 'what's sae terrible aboot that?' For ye ken I never had ony feelin's, an' I cud see naething sae awfu' aboot a body deein' i' the ord'nar' w'y o' natur like. 'We'll no miss her muckle doon here,' says I, 'for I never hard o' her bein' at the Hoose sin' ever

I can min'."—"But that's no a'," says she; "only I wad be laith to speyk aboot it i' the transe (*passage*). Lat me up the stair wi' ye, an' I'll tell ye mair." Weel, pairtly 'at I was ta'en by surprise like, an' pairtly 'at I wasna sae auld as I am noo, an' pairtly that I was keeries to hear—ill 'at I likit her—what neist the wuman wad say, I did as I ouchtna, an' turned an' gaed up the stair, an' loot her follow me. Whan she cam in, she pat tu the door ahint her, an' turnt to me, an' said—says she: "An' wha's deid forbye, think ye?"—"I hae hard o' naeboddy," I answered. "Wha but the laird o' Gersefell!" says she. "I'm sorry to hear that, honest man!" says I; for a'boddy likit Mr. Stewart. "An' what think ye o' 't?" says she, wi' a runklin o' her broos, an' a shak o' her heid, an' a settin' o' her roon' nieves upo' the fat hips o' her. "Think o' 't?" says I: "what sud I think o' 't, but that it's the wull o' Providence?" Wi' that she leuch till she wabbled a' ower like cauld skink, an' says she—"Weel, that's jist what it is no, an' that lat me tell ye, Miss Horn!" I glowerd at her, maist frichtit into believin' she was the witch fowk ca'd her. "Wha's son's the hump-backit cratur," says she, "at comes in i' the gig whiles wi' the groom-lad, think ye?"—"Wha's but the puir man's 'at's deid?" says I. "Deil a bit o' 't!" says she, "an' I beg yer pardon for mentionin' o' *him*," says she. An' syne she screwt up her mou', an' com closs up till me—for I wadna sit doon mysel', an' less wad I bid her, an' was sorry enouch by this time 'at I had brought her up the stair—an' says she, layin' her han' upo' my airm wi' a clap, as gien her an' me was to be freen's upo' sic a gran' foundation o' dirt as that!—says she, makin' a laich toot-moot o' 't—"He's Lord Lossie's!" says she, an' maks a face 'at micht hae turnt a cat sick—only by guid luck I had nae feelin's. "An' no suner's my leddy deid nor *her* man follows her!" says she. "An' what do ye mak o' that?" says she. "Ay, what do ye mak o' that?" says I till her again. "Ow! what ken I?" says she, wi' anither ill leuk; an' wi' that she leuch an' turned awa', but turned back again or she

wan to the door, an' says she—"Maybe ye didna ken 'at she was brought to bed hersel' aboot a sax ooks ago?"—"Puir leddy!" said I, thinkin' mair o' her evil report nor o' the pains o' childbirth. "Ay," says she, wi' a deevilch kin' o' a lauch, like in spite o' hersel', 'for the bairn's deid, they tell me—as bonny a lad-bairn as ye wad see, jist ooncoamon! An' whaur div ye think she had her doon-lying'? Jist at Lossie Hoose!" Wi' that she was oot at the door wi' a swag o' her tail, 'an doon the stair to Jean again. I was jist at ane mair wi' anger at mysel' 'an scunner at her, an' was in twa min's to gang efter her an' turn her oot o' the hoose, her an' Jean thegither. I could hear her snicherin' till hersel' as she gaed doon the stair. My verra stamack turned at the poozhoous ted.

"I canna say what was true or what was fause i' the scandal o' her tale, nor what for she tuik the trouble to cairry 't to me, but it sune cam to be said 'at the young laird was but half-witted as weel's humpit, an' 'at his mither cudna bide him. An' certain it was 'at the puir wee chap cud as little bide his mither. Gien she cam near him ohn luikit for, they said, he wad gie a great skrieche, and rin as fast as his wee weyver (*spider*) legs cud wag aneth the wecht o' 's humpie—an' whiles her efter him wi' onything she cud lay her han' upo', they said—but I kenna. Ony gait, the widow hersel' grew waur and waur i' the temper, an' I misdoobt me sair was gey hard upo' the puir wee object—fell cruel till 'im, they said—till at len'th, as a' body kens, he forhooit (*forsook*) the hoose a'thegither. An' puttin' this an' that thegither, for I hear a hantle said 'at I say na ower again, it seems to me 'at her first scunner at her puir misformt bairn, wha they say was humpit whan he was born, an' maist cost her life to get lowst o' him—her scunner at 'im's been growin' an' growin', till it's grown to doonricht hate."

"It's an awfu' thing 'at ye say, mem, an' I doobt it's ower true. But hoo *can* a mither hate her ain bairn?" said Malcolm.

"'Deed it's no wonner ye sud speir, laddie! for it's weel kent 'at maist mithers, gien there be a shargar or a nat'ral or a crookit ane amo' their bairns, mak mair o' that ane nor o' a' the lave putten thegither—as gien they wad mak it up till 'im, for the fair play o' the warl'. But ye see in this case, he's aiblins (*perhaps*) the child o' sin—for a leear *may* tell an ill trowth—an' beirs the marks o' 't, ye see; sae to her he's jist her sin rinnin' aboot the warl' incarnat; an' that canna be pleasant to luik upo'."

"But excep' she war ashamed o' 't, she wadna tak it sae muckle to hert to be remint o' 't."

"Mony ane's ashamed o' the consequences 'at's no ashamed o' the deed. Mony one cud du the sin ower again, 'at canna bide the sicht or even the word o' 't. I hae seen a body 'at wad steal a thing as sune's luik at it gang daft wi' rage at bein' ca'd a thief. An' maybe she wadna care gien 't warn a for the oogliness o' 'im. Sae be he was a bonny sin, I'm thinkin' she wad bide him weel enouch. But seein' he 's naither i' the image o' her 'at bore 'im nor him 'at got 'im, but beirs on 's back, for ever in her sicht, the sin 'at was the gettin' o' 'm, he's a hump to her, an' her hert 's aye howkin a grave for 'im to lay 'im oot o' sicht intill: she bore 'im, an' she wad beery 'im. An' I'm thinkin' she beirs the markis—gien sae it be sae—deid an' gane as he is—a grutch yet, for passin' sic an' offspring upon her, an' syne no merryin' her efter an' a', an' the ro'd clear o' baith 'at stude atween them. It *was* said 'at the man 'at killt 'im in a twasum fecht (*duel*), sae mony a year efter, was a freen' o' hers."

"But *wad* fowk du sic awfu' ill things, mem—her a merried woman, an' him a merried man?"

"There's no sayin', laddie, what a handle o' men and some women wad du. I hae muckle to be thankfu' for 'at I was sic as no man ever luikit twice at. I wasna weel-faured enouch, though I had bonny hair, an' my mither aye said 'at her Maggy hed guid sense, whatever else she nicht or nicht not hae. But gien I cud hae gotten a guid man, sic-like's is

scarce, I cud hae lo'ed him weel enouch. But that's naither here nor there, an' has naething to du wi' onybody ava. The pint I had to come till was this: the wuman ye saw haudin' a toot moot (*tout moot?*) wi' that Cat'nach wife was nane ither, I do believe, than Mistress Stewart, the puir laird's mither. An' I hae as little doobt that whan ye tuik 's pairt, ye brought to noucht a plot o' the twasum (*two together*) against him. It bodes guid to naebody whan there's a conjunc o' twa sic wanderin' stars o' blackness as yon twa."

"His ain mither!" exclaimed Malcolm, brooding in horror over the frightful conjecture.

The door opened, and the mad laird came in. His eyes were staring wide, but their look and that of his troubled visage showed that he was awake only in some frightful dream. "Father o' lights!" he murmured once and again, but making wild gestures, as if warding off blows. Miss Horn took him gently by the hand. The moment he felt her touch, his face grew calm, and he submitted at once to be led back to bed.

"Ye maytak yer aith upo' 't, Ma'colm," she said when she returned, "she means naething but ill by that puir cratur; but you and me—we'll ding (*defeat*) her yet, gien't be *His* wull. She wants a grip o' m for some ill rizzon or ither—to lock him up in a madhouse, maybe, as the villains said, or 'deed, maybe, to mak awa' wi' him a'thegither."

"But what guid wad that du her?" said Malcolm.

"It's ill to say, but she wad hae him oot o' her sicht, ony gait."

"She can hae but little sicht o' him as 'tis," objected Malcolm.

"Ay; but she aye kens he's whaur she doesna ken, puttin' her to shame, a' aboot the coonty, wi' that hump o' his. Oot o' fowk's sicht wad be to her oot a'thegither."

A brief silence followed.

"Noo," said Malcolm, "we come to the question what the twa limmers could want wi' that door."

"Dear kens! It bude to be something wrang—that's a' 'at mortal can say; but

ye may be sure o' that.—I hae hard tell," she went on reflectingly—"o' some room or ither i' the hoose 'at there's a fearsome story aboot, an' 'at 's never opent on no account. I hae hard a' aboot it, but I canna min' upo' 't noo, for I paid little attention till 't at the time, an' it's mony a year sin' syne. But it wad be some deevilch ploy o' their ain they wad be efter: it's little the likes o' them wad heed sic auld warld tales."

"Wad ye hae me tell the markis?" asked Malcolm.

"Na, I wad no; an' yet ye maun du 't. Ye hae no business to ken o' anything wrang in a body's hoose an' no tell them—forbye 'at he pat ye in chairge. But it 'll du naething for the laird; for what cares the markis for anything or onybody but himsel'?"

"He cares for 's daughter," said Malcolm.

"Ow ay!—as sic fowk ca' carin'. There's no a bla'guard i' the haill queen-try he wadna sell her till, sae be he was o' an auld enuech faimly, and had rowth o' siller. Haith! noo-a-days the last 'ill come first, an' a fish-cadger wi' siller 'ill be coontit a better bargain nor a lord wantin' 't; only he maun hae a *heap* o' 't, to cower the stink o' the fish."

"Dinna ye scorn the fish, mem," said Malcolm: "they're innocent craturs, an' dinna smell waur nor they can help; an' that's mair nor ye can say for ilka lord ye come athort."

"Ay, or cadger aither," rejoined Miss Horn. "They're aft enuech jist sic like, the main differ lyin' in what they're de-filed wi'; an' 'deed whiles there's no differ there, or maist ony gait, maybe, but i' the set o' the shooters an' the wag o' the tongue."

"An' what 'll we du wi' the laird?" said Malcolm.

"We maun first see what we *can* du wi' him. I wad try to keep him mysel'—that is, gien he wad bide—but there's that jaud Jean! She's aye gabbin', an' claikin', an' cognostin' wi' the enemy, an' I canna lippen till her. I think it wad be better ye sud tak chairge o' 'm yersel', Ma'colm. I wad willin'ly beir ony expense—for ye wadna be able to

luik efter him an' du sae weel at the fishin', ye ken."

"Gien 't had been my ain line-fishin', I could aye ha' taen him i' the boat wi' me; but I dinna ken for the herrin'. Blue Peter wadna object, but it's some ouch wark, an' for a waikly body like the laird to be oot a' nicht some sleepless, sic weather as we hae to encounter whiles, micht be the deid o' 'im."

They came to no conclusion beyond this, that each would think it over, and Malcolm would call in the morning. Ere then, however, the laird had dismissed the question for them. When Miss Horn rose, after an all-but sleepless night, she found that he had taken affairs again into his own feeble hands, and vanished.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NOT AT CHURCH.

It being well known that Joseph Mair's cottage was one of the laird's resorts, Malcolm, as soon as he learned his flight, set out to inquire whether they knew anything of him there.

Scaurnose was perched almost on the point of the promontory, where the land made its final slope, ending in a precipitous descent to the shore. Beneath lay rocks of all sizes and of fantastic forms, some fallen from the cape in tempests perhaps, some softly separated from it by the slow action of the winds and waves of centuries. A few of them formed, by their broken defence seaward, the unsafe natural harbor which was all the place enjoyed.

If ever there was a place of one color, it was this village: everything was brown; the grass near it was covered with brown nets; at the doors were brown heaps of oak-bark, which, after dyeing the nets, was used for fuel; the cottages were roofed with old brown thatch; and the one street and the many *closes* were dark brown with the peaty earth which, well mixed with scattered bark, scantily covered the surface of its huge foundation-rock. There was no pavement, and it was the less needed that the ways were

rarely used by wheels of any description. The village was but a roost, like the dwellings of the sea-birds which also haunted the rocks.

It was a gray morning with a gray sky and a gray sea; all was brown and gray, peaceful and rather sad. Brown-haired, gray-eyed Phemy Mair sat on the threshold, intently rubbing in her hands a small object like a moonstone. That she should be doing so on a Sunday would have shocked few in Scaurnose at that time, for the fisher-folk then made but small pretensions to religion; and for his part Joseph Mair could not believe that the Almighty would be offended "at seein' a bairn sittin' douce wi' her playocks, though the day was *His*."

"Weel, Phemy, ye're busy!" said Malcolm.

"Ay," answered the child, without looking up. The manner was not courteous, but her voice was gentle and sweet.

"What are ye doin' there?" he asked.

"Makin' a string o' beads, to weir at aunty's marriage."

"What are ye makin' them o'?" he went on.

"Haddicks' een."

"Are they a' haddicks'."

"Na, there's some cods' amo' them; but they're maistly haddicks'. I pikes them oot afore they're sautit, an' biles them; an' syne I polish them i' my han's till they're rale bonny."

"Can ye tell me onything aboot the mad laird, Phemy?" asked Malcolm, in his anxiety too abruptly.

"Ye can gang an' speir at my father: he's oot aboot," she answered, with a sort of marked coolness, which, added to the fact that she had never looked him in the face, made him more than suspect something behind.

"Div ye ken onything aboot him?" he therefore insisted.

"Maybe I div, an' maybe I divna," answered the child, with an expression of determined mystery.

"Ye'll tell me whaur ye *think* he is, Phemy?"

"Na, I winna."

"What for no?"

"Ow, jist for fear ye sud ken."

"But I'm a freen' till him."

"Ye may think ay, an' the laird may think no."

"Does he think *you* a freen', Phemy?" asked Malcolm, in the hope of coming at something by widening the sweep of the conversation.

"Ay, he *kens* I'm a freen'," she replied.

"An' do ye aye ken whaur he is?"

"Na, no aye. He gangs here an' he gangs there—jist as he likes. It's whan *naeboddy* kens whaur he is that I ken, an' gang till him."

"Is he i' the hoose?"

"Na, he's no i' the hoose."

"Whaur is he, than, Phemy?" said Malcolm coaxingly. "There's ill fowk aboot 'at's efter deen' him an ill turn."

"The mair need no to tell!" retorted Phemy.

"But I want to tak care o' 'im. Tell me whaur he is, like a guid lassie, Phemy."

"I'm no sure. I may say I dinna ken."

"Ye say ye ken whan ither fowk dinna: noo naeboddy kens."

"Hoo ken ye that?"

"'Cause he's run awa'."

"Wha frae? His mither?"

"Na, na; frae Miss Horn."

"I ken naething aboot *her*; but gien naeboddy kens, I ken whaur he is weel eneuch."

"Whaur than? Ye 'll be duin' him a guid turn to tell me."

"Whaur I winna tell, an' whaur you nor nae ither body s' get him. An' ye needna speir, for it wadna be richt to tell; an' gien ye gang on speirin', you an' me winna be lang freen's."

As she spoke, the child looked straight up into his face with wide-opened blue eyes, as truthful as the heavens, and Malcolm dared not press her, for it would have been to press her to do wrong.

"Ye wad tell yer father, wadna ye?" he said kindly.

"My father wadna speir. My father's a guid man."

"Weel, Phemy, though ye winna trust *me*, supposin' I was to trust *you*?"

"Ye can du that gien ye like."

"An' ye winna tell?"

"I s' mak nae promises. It's no trust-in', to gar me promise."

"Weel, I wull trust ye.—Tell the laird to haud weel oot o' sicht for a while."

"He'll du that," said Phemy.

"An tell him gien anything befa' him, to sen' to Miss Horn, for Ma'colm MacPhail may be oot wi' the boats.—Ye winna forget that?"

"I'm no lickly to forget it," answered Phemy, apparently absorbed in boring a hole in a haddock's eye with a pin so bent as to act like a brace and bit.

"Ye'll no get yer string o' beads in time for the weddin', Phemy," remarked Malcolm, going on to talk from a desire to give the child a feeling of his friendliness.

"Ay will I—fine that," she rejoined.

"Whan is 't to be?"

"Ow, neist Setterday. Ye'll be comin' ower?"

"I haena gotten a call."

"Ye 'll be gettin' ane."

"Div ye think they'll gie me ane?"

"As sune 's onybody.—Maybe by that time I'll be able to gie ye some news o' the laird."

"There's a guid lassie!"

"Na, na; I'm makin' nae promises," said Phemy. Malcolm left her and went to find her father, who, although it was Sunday, was already "oot aboot," as she had said. He found him strolling in meditation along the cliffs. They had a little talk together, but Joseph knew nothing of the laird.

Malcolm took Lossie House on his way back, for he had not yet seen the marquis, to whom he must report his adventures of the night before. The signs of past reveling were plentifully visible as he approached the house. The marquis was not yet up, but Mrs. Courthope undertaking to send him word as soon as his lordship was to be seen, he threw himself on the grass and waited, his mind occupied with strange questions, started by the Sunday coming after such a Saturday—among the rest, how God could permit a creature to be born so distorted and helpless as the laird, and then permit him to be so abused in con-

sequence of his helplessness. The problems of life were beginning to *bite*. Everywhere things appeared uneven. He was not one to complain of mere external inequalities: if he *was* inclined to envy Lord Meikleham, it was not because of his social position: he was even now philosopher enough to know that the life of a fisherman was preferable to that of such a marquis as Lord Lossie—that the desirableness of a life is to be measured by the amount of interest and not by the amount of ease in it, for the more ease the more unrest. Neither was he inclined to complain of the gulf that yawned so wide between him and Lady Florimel. The difficulty lay deeper: such a gulf existing, by a social law only less inexorable than a natural one, why should he feel the rent invading his individual being? in a word, though Malcolm put it in no such definite shape, Why should a fisher-lad find himself in danger of falling in love with the daughter of a marquis? Why should such a thing, seeing the very constitution of things rendered it an absurdity, be yet a possibility?

The church-bell began, rang on and ceased. The sound of the psalms came, softly mellowed, and sweetly harmonized, across the churchyard through the gray Sabbath air, and he found himself, for the first time, a stray sheep from the fold. The service must have been half through before a lackey, to whom Mrs. Courthope had committed the matter when she went to church, brought him the message that the marquis would see him.

"Well, MacPhail, what do you want with me?" said his lordship as he entered.

"It's my duty to acquaint yer lordship wi' certain proceedin's 'at took place last night," answered Malcolm.

"Go on," said the marquis.

Thereupon Malcolm began at the beginning, and told of the men he had watched, and how, in the fancy of following them, he had found himself in the garret, and what he saw and did there.

"Did you recognize either of the women?" asked Lord Lossie.

"Ane o' them, my lord," answered Malcolm. "It was Mistress Catanach, the howdie."

"What sort of a woman is she?"

"Some fowk canna bide her, my lord. I ken no ill to lay till her chairge, but I wadna lippen till her. My gran'father—an' he's blin', ye ken,—jist trimles whan she comes near him."

The marquis smiled.

"What do you suppose she was about?" he asked.

"I ken no more than the bonnet I flang in her face, my lord; but it could hardly be guid she was efter. At ony rate, seein' yer lordship pat me in a mainer in chairge, I bude to haud her oot o' a closed room—an' her gaein' creepin' oboot yer lordship's hoose like a worm."

"Quite right. Will you pull the bell there for me?"

He told the man to send Mrs. Court-hope; but he said she had not yet come home from church.

"Could you take me to the room, Mac-Phail?" asked his lordship.

"I'll try, my lord," answered Malcolm.

As far as the proper quarter of the attics, he went straight as a pigeon; in that labyrinth he had to retrace his steps once or twice, but at length he stopped, and said confidently—

"This is the door, my lord."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure's death, my lord."

The marquis tried the door and found it immovable.

"You say she had the key?"

"No, my lord: I said she had keys, but whether she had *the* key, I doobt if she kent hersel'. It may ha' been ane o' the bundle yet to try."

"You're a sharp fellow," said the marquis. "I wish I had such a servant about me."

"I wad mak a some ouch one, I doobt," returned Malcolm laughing.

His lordship was of another mind, but pursued the subject no farther.

"I have a vague recollection," he said, "of some room in the house having an old story or legend connected with it. I must find out. I dare say Mrs. Court-

hope knows. Meantime you hold your tongue. We may get some amusement out of this."

"I wull, my lord, like a deid man an' beeryt."

"You can—can you?"

"I can, my lord."

"You are a rare one!" said the marquis.

Malcolm thought he was making game of him as heretofore, and held his peace.

"You can go home, now," said his lordship. "I will see to this affair."

"But jist be canny meddlin' wi' Mistress Catanach, my lord: she's no mowse."

"What! you're not afraid of an old woman?"

"Deil a bit, my lord!—that is, I'm no feart at a dogfish or a rottan, but I wad tak tent an' grip them the richt gait, for they hae teeth. Some fowk thinks Mistress Catanach has mair teeth nor she shaws."

"Well, if she's too much for me, I'll send for you," said the marquis good-humoredly.

"Ye canna get me sae easy, my lord: we're efter the herrin' noo."

"Well, well, we'll see."

"But I wantit to tell ye anither thing, my lord," said Malcolm, as he followed the marquis down the stairs.

"What is that?"

"I cam upo' anither plot—a mair serious ane, bein' against a man 'at can ill haud aff o' himsel', an' cud waur bide onything than yer lordship—the puir mad laird."

"Who's he?"

"Ilka body kens *him*, my lord! He's son to the leddy o' Kirkbyres."

"I remember *her*—an old flame of my brother's."

"I ken naething aboot that, my lord; but he's her son."

"What about him, then?"

They had now reached the hall, and, seeing the marquis impatient, Malcolm confined himself to the principal facts.

"I don't think you had any business to interfere, MacPhail," said his lordship seriously. "His mother must know best."

"I'm no sae sure o' that, my lord! To say naething o' the illguideship, which micht hae garred a minister sweer, it wad be a cruelty naething short o' deev'-lich to lock up a puir hairmless cratur like that, as innocent as he 's ill-shapit."

"He's as God made him," said the marquis.

"He 's no as God *wull* mak him," returned Malcolm.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the marquis.

"It stan's to rizzon, my lord," answered Malcolm, "that what's ill-made maun be made ower again. There's a day comin' whan a 'at's wrang 'ill be set richt, ye ken."

"And the crooked made straight," suggested the marquis, laughing.

"Doobtless, my lord. He'll be strauchtit oot bonny that day," said Malcolm with absolute seriousness.

"Bah! You don't think God cares

about a misshapen lump of flesh like that!" exclaimed his lordship with contempt.

"As muckle's aboot yersel' or my led-dy," said Malcolm. "Gien he didna, he wadna be nae God ava' (*at all*)."

The marquis laughed again: he heard the words with his ears, but his heart was deaf to the thought they clothed; hence he took Malcolm's earnestness for irreverence, and it amused him.

"*You've* not got to set things right, anyhow," he said. "You mind your own business."

"I'll try, my lord: it's the business o' ilka man, whaur he can, to lowse the weichty birns, an' lat the forfouchten gang free.*—Guid-day to ye, my lord."

So saying, the young fisherman turned, and left the marquis laughing in the hall.

* Isa. lviii. 6.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE period between 1814 and 1818 is one of the most obscure, though it was one of the busiest periods in the existence of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. His biography, as given to the world by his friend Dr. Gillman and by his whilom friend Mr. Cottle, while full of the details of the first thirty and the last ten years of his life, suffers almost a hiatus from his forty-second to his forty-sixth year; yet it was during this period that *Christabel*, written years before, was published, that his drama *Zapolya* was composed and given to the world, that the wonderful *Lay Sermons* were produced, and that the *Biographia Literaria* was written and issued. Two years before the beginning of this era his drama of *Remorse* had been produced, by Lord Byron's influence, at Drury Lane.

Some fresh light is shed not only on his literary labors, but on the conditions of his daily life, its miseries and vexa-

tions, during a part of this period, by the hitherto unpublished letters which are here presented to the reader. They were written to the members of a publishing firm with which Coleridge had intimate dealings, and relate directly to the projects and engagements which led to or grew out of the connection. They are not, however, confined to business arrangements, to literary perplexities and pecuniary difficulties, but contain many characteristic passages, throwing light on the personality of the writer, and exhibiting both the subtlety of intellect for which he was pre-eminently distinguished, and the fatal infirmity of purpose which was partly constitutional, partly the result of a pernicious habit.

Coleridge had now taken up his residence at the house of Mr. James Gillman, a surgeon who lived in the pleasant London suburb of Highgate, with the avowed object of withdrawing him-

self from the temptations of opium, and receiving the friendly and watchful care necessary to cure him of his terrible passion. His physician, in applying to Mr. Gillman to accept the poet as his guest, stated to him that "it is desirable that he should fix himself in the house of some medical gentleman, who will have the courage to refuse him any laudanum, and under whose assistance, should he be the worse for it, he may be relieved." On Mr. Gillman's compliance with the request, Coleridge addressed him a most touching letter, in which he says: "The stimulus of conversation suspends the terror that haunts my mind; but when I am alone, the horrors I have suffered from laudanum, the degradation, the blighted utility, almost overwhelm me." He found Mr. Gillman's house a cosily situated one, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, with windows affording a noble view of the vast metropolis, and ample comfort in every household arrangement; and in Mr. Gillman's family the most thoughtful attention, sympathy, and anxiety to wean him from the terrible habit to which he had so miserably yielded, and in which it is probable that he still at times surreptitiously indulged. Of this fact there seem to be some indications in the letters which follow. Some of these are undated, but all were written between July, 1816, and some time in 1818. The following is addressed to John Gale, the senior partner of his publishing-house:

"MONDAY, 8 July, 1816.
"J. Gillman's Esqr., Highgate.

"DEAR SIR, Under all the various weights, whether of my faults or my fortunes, which have of late years pressed so preventively on the mainspring of my powers, I have never forgotten the kindness and attentions which I received from yourself and Mr. C—, under circumstances both of body and mind very different from what, thank God, I at present enjoy. If I omitted this due acknowledgement, I should think myself less deserving of the fortunate state of convalescence, and tranquil yet active impulses, which, under Providence, I owe to the unrelaxed attentions, the professional skill,

and above all to the combined firmness and affectionateness of the medical friend whose housemate I have been for the last five months, and shall, I trust, continue to be indefinitely.

"From several causes my literary Reputation has been lately on the increase; and as two dramatic pieces of mine will be brought out at Drury Lane at or before Christmas, and as the *poems* of my maturer years, and my *literary life*, (which *are* printed and have passed the revision of the first Critics of this country, and of those who exert most influence in the higher circles from their rank, and on the Public by their connection with the most important of our works of periodical criticism) will appear at the same time, I have every reason to hope that the disposition to enquire after my works will become still more extended. In consequence of this, I suppose, I have been spoken to by an eminent publisher concerning the republication of the 'Friend.' My answer was: First, that it was my intention never to republish it except under such alterations of form and arrangement, of omissions and additions, as would almost amount to the re-writing of it. To which I added, that a work which was never in any proper sense of the word *published* could scarcely be said to be republished. Secondly, that I felt myself morally obliged to make the first offer to Mr. — and you. I intend, 1. to have it printed in two pocket volumes, of the same size as the most common editions of the Rambler, etc. 2. to divide it into short Essays, somewhat, but not much longer than those of the Rambler. 3. to bring together all that relates to the same subject, under separate heads, each series forming a section; to omit altogether what could not be rounded and made complete without extending the work beyond a generally saleable size; and, on the other hand, to add whatever is requisite to round and complete each distinct section of what is retained. 4. to entitle the work, The Friend, or Connected Essays on the importance of fundamental Principles, and the grounds of right Judgment, respecting Politics, Morality

and Taste, illustrated by Fictions and exemplified by biographical Sketches.

"The Life and Principles of Sir A. Ball will be among the articles retained and concluded, and I shall do my best to popularize the whole, as far as is consistent or compatible with the nature of the work itself and the vital importance of its object. The work I can go to the Press with *immediately*; and the *conditions* under which I would accede to any reasonable proposals for the copyright of the work are these: First, I make over to the purchaser in the first instance the entire property of the Friend, as it at present exists, under the limitation that, *when* the new and improved work is published, the parts excluded I may make use of in any other works; that, as it will be of equal advantage to the purchaser and to my own reputation that every opportunity should be afforded of improving the work, especially in point of general Intelligibility, which can in no way be so safely effected as by submitting the Essays sheet by sheet to the revision of disinterested Judges, and as I have reason to hope that one gentleman in particular, whom I hold the man of the correctest taste and soundest literary judgment in the country* will undertake this friendly office, I propose; Secondly, that a Time shall be agreed upon between me and the Purchaser for the publication of the work, such as will allow the printing to proceed at the rate of two sheets, or 32 pages of letterpress per week. For instance, suppose the work to consist of about 1000 pages (3 volumes of 300 to 400 each) to be put to the press by Monday morning, 15 July, 1816, it should be completed and delivered on the first of January 1816 (1817?), so as to permit it to be ready for general sale on or before the first of February. Thirdly, that one third of the Copyright Purchase shall be paid to the Author on the making over of the Friend, as it exists, by a Bill not exceeding four months—the remainder by a Bill of the same date on the delivery of the first sheet of the Manuscript—it being agreed on my part, that any delay of a month occasioned by

* This was John Hookham Frere.

me shall subject me to a forfeiture of one third of the remainder, and a delay of two months to a forfeiture of the whole.

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

The following letter to Rev. T. Curtis is on the same subject, and is dated July 12, 1816:

"FRIDAY MORNING, 6 o'clock.

"DEAR SIR: The deep and solemn interest (rendered additionally lively by its personal bearings on you)—the solemn attractions and peculiar interest of the subjects that occupied the first and larger half of our yester-morning's conversation, almost disqualified me for the business part that came laggingly up in the rear; if indeed a man can be *dis*-qualified, who was never qualified. There are, however, one or two points, which it is necessary I should reconsider, previous to any final arrangement. First, (as a mere generality, which I have no other object in introducing at present, but that of preventing the appearance of inconsistency) as to the question what are *equitable* terms between an *individual* author and an *individual* publisher, my answer was grounded on the consideration stated in my chapter of Exhortation to youthful writers, that individuals *find* the customs of trade, do not *make*, and oftentimes cannot *alter* them. For in an abstract view of the subject, as Authorship and Booksellership, I have very different feelings, I scarce dare call them convictions, because it is probable that I may be mistaken in the facts. For instance, in the case of sharing the profits; suppose that Mr. Murray sold as many works of other publishers, as other publishers sold of his—that if the country booksellers received *two-thirds* of the total number of any given book published by Mr. Murray from Longman & Co., Gale & Fenner, etc., and one third from the original publisher, yet, if Mr. Murray was sending off at the same time a *number* of books published by Longman & Co. equal to the two thirds aforesaid, it comes to the same point. We will suppose the gross results of the money paid by the reading Public for any small poem to be £100, and that Mr. Cole-

ridge, the author, and Mr. Murray, or (to drop all real names, in a case where no *persons* are really meant) that Cadaver, the Poet, had disposed of the said Poem to Corvus, the Bookseller, on the plan of sharing the profits—would not the account stand something like this? Paper, printing, and all other expenses, £50; allowances for publishing to country booksellers, £05: 25 per cent. to Corvus himself as London publisher, £25; profits, £20. The three Irish halves, therefore, would be £10 to Cadaver, £10 to Corvus, and £25 to the latter for the trouble of halving it—in other words, as £10 to £35 would be the Poet's profits to the Publisher's. But I am writing merely *forma pauperis*—*seeking* for more accurate information, not reasoning on the supposition that I am already in possession of it.

"But now for my own scruples. There is, I am fully persuaded, no respectable publisher in London who if he thought well of a work as a saleable commodity, and considered the author as a man well known in the literary world, would hesitate in acceding to the proposal of printing an edition at his own risk, on the condition of sharing the net profits in addition to all his gains as publisher, bookseller, etc., especially as it often happens that there has been no risk of real loss to the publisher, even when there have been few net profits, or none at all. . . . I cannot see the advantage, or even meaning of any medium, or middle thing, between a full and ultimate transfer of copyright and the disposal of a single edition on the plan of setting the half of the net profits against a risk, where of actual loss there is known to be little probability. At least, I should find not a moment's hesitation on the part of more than one publisher. The half copyright, therefore, I seem to myself to give away without any consideration in return; for surely to give a half copyright of all my present and future works for the mere advance of £200, for which the absolute copyright of the *Friend*, and the immediate possession of my *Life* and *Poems* (Volumes 3—Edition 750), with the *pro tempore* copy-

right of the same till the £200 shall have been liquidated, are to be pledged, would be to borrow money at an eating Interest indeed. I must adhere, therefore, to my original resolve, namely, to sell my works outright, should my reputation become such as to justify a prudent publisher in offering me a liberal price, and if that cannot be done, or *till* that can be done, to dispose of them by one or more editions to any respectable publisher who entertains such a degree of confidence in the existing quantum and progressive growth of my literary reputation as would induce him to advance the money I want, in return for the preference secured to him as my one and only publisher in the future. But I hope to see you on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. G. beg that you will come with the intention of taking a family dinner at 4 o'clock.

"Your obliged, S. T. COLERIDGE."

Of the next two letters, the first, to Mr. Curtis, is undated, but was evidently written some time in 1816. Both afford an insight not only into Coleridge's literary perplexities, but also into his personal habits and traits:

"DEAR SIR. First, with regard to the *Life* and *Opinions*—The moment any thing occurs which is of more interest to the House, and which it is imagined that I can do, the language is, 'We must suspend it—it will be but a few days.' Instantly after this delay is spoken of criminally. But I trust that no pain that I feel constitutionally in refusing a request made to me will hereafter prevail against my resolve, never on any occasion to undertake any work that is to be finished within a given time. The remuneration for the last was more than I expected or wished; but from the constant effect of a twofold fear—first, lest it should not be done within the time appointed, and second, lest I should be chargeable with having slurred the work, as those who labor by the *piece* are supposed to be under the temptation of doing—the consequence was that I became bewildered, wrote and wrote, and destroyed and erased, till I scarcely knew whether I was on my head or my heels;

and then the first accident, a cold joined to a vexatious unexpected incident, laid me prostrate, and at the end my miserable account stands thus :

"In my favor—

Honorarium= L. S. D.
X. Y. Z.

(put any sum you please from £10 to £50).

"Against me—

"1. The honorarium to be returned directly or by equivalent, in order to prevent its preying on my spirits, and in proof that it, however handsome the sum, was not my motive in undertaking the work.

"Secondly, the loss of all I should have done in the Interim, and the difficulties of which I had got over, and the skiff being under full sail at the time she brought to. Put this only at one column leaded of a newspaper a day, and this at two guineas per column.

"Thirdly The offence given to all parties, and the just complaints of the very persons whom I had been struggling to serve, and yet, N. B. *just* complaints notwithstanding.

"Fourthly, The interruption of my own works and your complaints.

"Fifthly, Misery, Sickness, Despondence, etc.

"Again and again I repeat, that I am not complaining of the complaints of others, but merely and exclusively attempting to explain the motives of my resolve never to make even a *conditional* promise for the future.

"The introductory pages wanting for the Life and Opinions I am now employed on, and if I can finish it before I go to bed I will. The remainder, should there be any, I will endeavor to finish in town to-morrow after eleven o'clock ; for from Seven to Eleven I shall be engaged in going to and having an interview with Mr. Southey. I think therefore, it would be better if you sent the boy on Thursday Morning, as, on second thoughts, I shall, if nothing unforeseen should make it impracticable, take the twelve o'clock stage and return to Highgate as soon as I have quitted Mr.

Southey. But should I have finished it by to-night, I will send off a porter with it before 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Second, with regard to the Friend. It was only with regard to the first half of the three volumes that I engaged to give the copy in large masses. Of the latter half, in which great part is original matter, I never made any other engagement than this ; that before this was required, all my other business would be put out of hand and I would give the main portion of my time to it ; but I expressly stated that I could not furnish more than three sheets per week. I have now sent from eight to nine sheets ; one sheet more will conclude the political section, and the second Landing Place will conclude the second volume. You had better therefore adjust the printing accordingly. If I receive three sheets a week, I shall be able by the time the matter which you will have now in hand shall have been worked up, to send you the remainder of the volume. But I cannot after this undertake to supply you with more than at the average of three sheets per week.

"You are in the habit, dear Sir, of confidential communication with your excellent Brother, and in speaking to you I know that I am speaking to him. Should it be in my power to be serviceable, the wish is as strong as ever ; but I am convinced that, in any thing to be done out of hand, it would be incomparably more to both our comforts if for the future he would converse with me, take down from my mouth whatever suited his ideas (just as you did when the placards were in question), put them together himself, of which I know no man more capable, together with his own thoughts — and I know enough of myself to be convinced, that after a morning so spent together there would be less to do than would appear probable at a first view — nay, often less than there is to do after I have been toiling for a month. For such is my *nature*, i. e. that which (?) from complex causes, partly constitutional, partly inflicted or acquired *ab extra* — to my own unhappiness and detriment — that I can do nothing well by *effort*. Hence it

is, that I often converse better than I can compose; and hence too it is, that a collection of my letters written before my mind was so much oppressed would, in the opinion of all who have ever seen any number of them, be thrice the value of my set publications. Take as a specimen —'s Letters, which never received a single correction, or that letter addressed to myself as from a friend, at the close of the first volume of the Literary Life, which was written without taking my pen off the paper except to dip it in the inkstand. You will *feel* how much more ease and felicity there are in these, compared with the more elaborate pages of the Sermon, etc.

"In short, Life is too short, the pangs which self-dissatisfaction inflicts too poignant, and the commands of Christianity too positive, the first to allow *time* for quarrelling, the second to render it necessary (for who would scourge a *raw* back, ulcerating from within?) and the third to make it consistent. Find out the best, and turn it to the best purposes—the rest belongs to Regret and a brotherly Prayer.

"Yours with sincere respect,

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"22 SEPT. 1816.

"DEAR SIR. I concluded my *prefatory* sheet, or letter of generalities, by observing and regretting that motives of a personal nature *never* help or strengthen me in the performance of any attempt, but often disqualify me from doing anything. So excessive Thirst has been known to induce Hydrophobia. So the more anxiously and eagerly we strive to recollect a name, the less chance we have to remember it. The Nisus, or sensation of effort, stands between us and the thing sought for, consumes the attention, and, as long as it continues, eclipses its own object with its shadow. Knowing that no *medical* aid would much profit me, I have endeavored to prevent Mr. Gillman from knowing the extent of my late illness. From his wife I could not conceal it; and she would have convinced you, first, how earnest and unremitting my efforts were in the

first instance to have sent you the sermon by the time wished for; 2nd, how severe have been the sufferings inflicted by the over exertion of that *unfortunate night*, under the goad of a disqualifying anxiety; and 3rd, how, spite of pain, of fluttering nerves, and of depression bordering on despondency, in spite of the most severely annoying disquietudes from other quarters—in short, of a confluence of vexations—I have nevertheless gone on, day after day, from 9 in the morning to 4, and often till 5, in the afternoon, *doing my best and utmost*.

"Forgive me, dear Sir, if I venture to suggest, that to construe my promise with regard to the *time* of delivery of the Lay Sermon as absolute and unconditional was to forget the natures both of the Object and of the Agent. I have for so many years rejected from my mind every shallow and commonplace thought and phrase, that I have induced a kind of *barrenness* on my faculties, that would sadly thin the ranks of our trading authors, and make Quartos shrink up into pamphlets,—so that, even if I wished it ever so earnestly, it is not in my *power* to write by mere dint of memory and volition. Upon one point only can I blame myself: that in my eagerness to oblige you (you must *know*, Sir! that in *this* business I could have no *personal* motive), and in the first vivid sensation of the inrush of thoughts concerning the subject proposed, I too hastily believed that I could do it within the time, because I had formerly done as much or more within the same period, and thus (which was the source of all the after vexation) consented to its being advertised.

"The knowledge of this, the agitating reflection, It must be done at that time, the personal considerations arising from the recent agreement with you, all filled my mind with fear and restlessness, and the more I wrote the less I did. Had I not given way and let my thoughts lead on to a different subject, and had I not consented to have finished that first, I am convinced that I might have been working to this hour to no purpose, instead of having to procure a frank to

send off the first sheet of the Tract originally intended.

"But yet it would be difficult for me to comprehend, with my natural dispositions, how such an *accident* in a work undertaken with such motives, and attempted with such persevering industry, could have so discolored your mind toward me, but that, to a degree that even four months ago I never had suspected, I now find myself to have been the victim of the most malignant slander.

"The scheme of my labors is this;—having despatched the Lay Sermon addressed to the higher and middle classes, to give three, or at the utmost four days to the Sermon addressed to the Laboring classes, and, if I do not succeed, to give it up, and, at all events, to commence the next week with the matter which I have been forced by the blunder and false assurance of the printer to add to the 'Literary Life,' in order to render the volumes of something like the same size. I not only shall not, but I cannot think of or do anything till the three volumes complete are in Mr. Gale's House. I could reprint the 'Remorse,' having secured that power by a special article, in any collection of my poems that I might choose to make. This done, I shall go to work with the *Friend*, which I look forward to as to a spot of sunshine. N. B. Mr. Gillman made a mistake; it was not the Report on Education that I sent for, but that on the *Police*, which I must have somehow or other. Mr. G. returns in a week, and will take back to you the Report on Education uncut, and you would oblige me by immediately sending me the Report on the Police, together with the sheets of my Life and Poems, and such papers as Mr. Gillman's assistant will send to Messrs. Gale and Fenner's for me. I was about to have desired a copy of my Juvenile Poems; but I must first explain what weighs on my mind.

"When I delivered the remaining copies of the *Friend*, with the Stamps, etc., to your house, it was my known intention to have entered into a similar engagement with it as I have lately done. How binding I felt this on my

conscience, you have had proof. Excepting the fragment of the *Christabel* (and even this was a bargain made for me during my illness), I have had no concern with any publisher; and in recurring to my former plan I had to conquer not only the dissuasions of my friends, but my own satisfaction in the literary connections and highly polished manners of the various men of rank and consequence that I was sure to meet with at Murray's. But I had one answer—I should not be easy in my mind; and I have a high opinion of Mr. Gale and Curtis's *principles*; and I prefer forming a connection with a religious house. But I most distinctly remember that there was nothing like a sale or a bargain with respect to the copies of the *Friend*. In consideration of the preference I had given to the house, and in part from friendly feeling, £50 was lent to me, and, as an additional kindness, Mr. Gale and yourself offered to endeavor at the disposal of the remaining *Friends*, not as publishers, but in the way of friendship, at 18 shillings a volume. Had they not been disposed of, or in whatever the sale had fallen short of the £50, I was bound to repay, or, as was then taken for granted, to have deducted from the profits of my after labors. It was from you that I was twice informed that, by means of the stamps, etc., the balance was in my favor; and that whatever had been received by the house above the £50 was my own.

Secondly, for the other works I had asked £200 in ready money, and ultimately half the profits, deducting that two hundred pounds. The sum was brought down to £150, and to be spread over a space of six months. Well, I agreed. But, Sir, this money was no *loan*. It was the produce of a direct sale, for which I signed over to the house the whole copyright of the three volumes of my latest poems and of the *Friend*, till such time as it should be repaid. That the former volumes have been delayed, has been for the benefit of the house; the whole work *is* complete, and if it were thought proper to

publish the 2d and 3rd volumes in one, it might be published within a week.

"The work is yours, not mine, and in writing from 150 to 200 pages additional, in order to set right the blunder of my printer, I am, under circumstances of much pecuniary perplexity, working for nothing—that is, for the time being; when, by devoting that time to temporary matters, I might relieve myself. In the same time, nay, less, I could compile a small volume of specimens of Rabbinical Wisdom, for which Murray offered me 200 guineas. But, Sir, I never yet suffered five times that sum to weigh as a grain of sand against even a point of delicacy. To make my *Life and Poems* as respectable and saleable for Messrs. Gale and Fenner was a motive far stronger than a sum of money, even wanting it. Assuredly, dear Sir, it cannot be said that *two* large volumes, the latter containing all my poems that I acknowledge, and corrected with all the force of my maturest judgment, with the copyright of the *Friend*, are not worth £150 in the market—even if I were not to add the quantity necessary to make it 3 volumes. And yet I have even offered the '*Remorse*,' which would settle the thing at once; and of this £150 I have received but £100.

"Judge then, Sir, what must have been my feelings, what my pain of surprise, when Mr. Gillman, on meeting me, said, 'Coleridge, have you not made some mistake? Are you sure, you have not misunderstood Mr. Curtis?' 'In what?' I replied. 'Why, I understood you to say that you had sold and signed over the copyrights of the "*Friend*" in its present state, and of your *Literary Life and Poems*, for £150, till such time as that £150 shall have been received by G. and F. from the sale-profits, and half the copyright afterwards, with a promise, binding on your honor at least, to publish whatever you may hereafter write through that house, as long as no breach of the contract appears on their parts.' *Well! and so I have.* 'Likewise that there was a balance in your favor on the score of the "*Friend*" from £25 to £30?' 'So Mr. Curtis assured me.' 'Then there

is a balance to you of £50 + £25 to £30?' 'Exactly so.' 'Nay, I cannot reconcile with all this what was said to me. As a friend, and as having called in your name and on your business, it would be weakness to spare your feelings as to what you must know some time or other. I have procured a "*Friend*" for you, but by having it put down on my own account. For Mr. Curtis plainly told me, that he could not desire or advise the house to put it down to yours!'

"Merciful heavens, Sir, what infamous calumnies must you have listened to concerning me? The affair between me and Messrs. Longman & Co. I explained to you, and waited only for the expected restoration of my health to have done what I told you it was my intention to do.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

"To MR. FENNER."

It would appear from the ensuing letter that Coleridge was the victim, or imagined himself to be the victim, of the designing trickery of dishonest men of business; and this was one of many troubles, financial, literary, physical and mental, which seemed to afflict him in these years. His letter bears no date, but the post-mark is February 28, 1817. It is addressed to Rev. T. Curtis:

"MY DEAR SIR: But for the enclosed letter from Mr. G—— I should have answered your very kind note in person this morning. But I had to write to him and to Mr. L——, the junction of whose name with that (I fear) bad man's affected me almost to strangling, and rendered me both in mind and body incapable of finishing the work in hand. But I shall, God permitting, wait on you tomorrow morning, with the remaining *Desideratum* for Mr. S. C. and £14 which I have borrowed in order to meet G——'s demand for his own person. I desired him to draw on you for the £14 due to him, but refused to acknowledge him as the agent of another, without any authority received by me from the latter! I never knew till lately that I owed either G—— or L—— this sum—it had never been communicated to me; but from L——, who was my schoolfellow, and who

sought me out at Bristol, I received many acts of kindness, not one of which was ever solicited by me, but all pressed upon me, and I cling to the belief, grievous as even that is, that G—— has—I can think of no more appropriate word—basely belied me to him. At all events, surely it can never be Law that a Printer, having been paid all his demands, should refuse to give up a work to the Proprietor, because he had discovered that the Author owed a sum of money to some one else? Every thing that the vindictive feelings of a low and sordid mind can realize I must expect from Mr. G——; from a man who, after having volunteered the printing, etc., of a work without any profits, at the bare prime cost to himself, and afterwards repeated this to me under his own hand, should then charge I know not what for paper which I myself had bargained for at 26 shillings the ream.

"I feel convinced that a great change is preparing for me—to the Grave, is the most probable. But neither in body, mind, or estate can I remain *such, where, and as* I am. The Almighty's visitations in this life are always *calls*. The cloud of griefs that have gathered of late thicker and gloomier around me, and the poisoned arrows of unprovoked malignity that have been shot thro' it—are these *urgencies* to some revolution—that I should be *entire, decisive*? Such, I know, is Mr. C——'s conviction. O what a dead palsy is Man unaided by Grace! The sacrifice of his will is demanded, and that not yielded, his very affections, his gratitude, will serve the same purposes as vices: if they cannot blind, they will entangle him!

"I feel your kindness deeply. If you are disengaged to-morrow, I shall have the advantage of passing any portion of it with you; if not, I will arrange for the next day or the day after.

"I remain, dear Sir, with unfeigned regard, your obliged

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

It would appear from the next letter, written soon afterward, that his present publishers had made a serious mistake

with reference to his drama of *Zapolya, a Christmas Tale*, the writing of which had occupied him during parts of the years 1813 and 1814, but which had not as yet been published:

"17 MARCH 1817.

"DEAR SIR. I could scarcely trust my eyes when I looked and looked again, and still saw it was a sheet of the ZAPOLYA! In order to prevent any further delay in the publication of the 'Biographia Literaria' and 'Sibylline Leaves,' I consented that the Zapolya should fill the gap—how reluctantly I myself best know. Accordingly, I waited on Mr. Murray, without whose consent it could not be done, and asked it on the express ground of my fear and dislike of having the Zapolya appear as a separate work. It *might* go down in a *collection*, I observed, but alone it would neither be profitable to him nor creditable to me. He gave his consent, on the strength of my opinion. When, however, as the result of the consultation at Highgate between us (yourself, to wit, and Mr. F., with me and Mr. Gillman), my German Letters were consigned to the purpose as in every respect more appropriate, Mr. F. *then* spoke of publishing the Zapolya as a separate Poem. I instantly interposed my veto. It was sufficient for me at that time to state that I could not do this without a fresh application to Mr. Murray, which application I could not make without giving the lie to the very grounds on which I had made the prayer. Again, for this purpose my friend put down the £50, in order that Zapolya might be reclaimed beyond dispute from any quarter. Since the conversation at Highgate, I have never heard one syllable said about the *publication* of it, or anything concerning it except as to the terms on which it originally came into Mr. Murray's possession.

"There must be some great mistake, which no doubt I shall hear when I see you. If I published the Zapolya *at all*, it should be with a dramatic essay prefixed, and two other tragedies, the 'Remorse,' greatly improved, as one. It is

late, and I will not detain the messenger further than to say, I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

"REV. T. CURTIS."

It would appear that Coleridge did, during his residence with Mr. Gillman, succeed, to a large degree, in restraining himself from the vice which had so long enfeebled his will and paralyzed his powers. Just before he went to Highgate it had been proposed by some of his friends that he should be placed in a private insane asylum: this was with his knowledge, and he seems to have acceded to the necessity, for he again and again declared that he considered the vice to proceed from "moral insanity." Happily, the care of Mr. Gillman and the influences of his household had the effect of diminishing, if they did not exterminate, the evil. Coleridge, always eager to confess, even to exaggeration, his frailty, opened mind and heart freely to his host, so that Mr. Gillman could from the start treat the poet, who was his patient, with something like medical precision. Mr. Gillman concluded that Coleridge's tendency to opium was "a necessity of disease," and his treatment seems to have been at least successful enough to enable Coleridge to perform more literary labor between 1814 and 1818 than in any other years of his life.

Among other projects of this period was the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, which was planned by his publishers in conjunction with Coleridge, was intended to be largely philosophical in character, and of which Coleridge was induced to undertake the chief management and editorship. He wrote a long prospectus, full of metaphysical and theological disquisition, and thus came into collision with other assisting minds, and, to his chagrin, much of the prospectus was stricken out. The following letters relate to the details of the *Encyclopædia* and his agreement with the publishers, which seems to have been afterward rescinded by mutual agreement:

"HIGHGATE.

"MY DEAR SIR, In reply to your letter stating as follows, that from July

1, 1817, I am to furnish complete for the press and to superintend the same thro' the press (which latter I understand to mean correcting the proof sheets)—

"1. 4 sheets of introduction, as per plan, on or before July 21, 1817;

"2. 4 sheets of Grammar by August 1817, and moreover to prepare by this date the entire *outline* of 32 sheets on the same subject for the satisfaction of the proprietors;

"3. Six sheets of the English Lexicon on the scale of 3 vol. quarto of the *Encyclopedia Metrop.* for the whole Lexicon by October 1, 1817;

"4. And finally, that I am to give to the superintendence of the work one entire morning every fortnight, from 10 to 5, if required, and that I am to receive on the presentation of the complete copy of each the appropriate portion of £500 a year;

"I assent to the above, it being however understood that for the interest of the proprietors, and as the necessary means of making it possible for me to devote my whole time to the *Encyclopædia*, an arrangement shall be forthwith made between me and Mr. Fenner, that he shall advance me £300, at bills of two months, the first £100 Bill from 25th of June to 25th of August, the second from 25th August to 25th of Oct., the third from 25th Oct. to 25th of December; I making over to him in pledge all my share of the copyright of the *Literary Life*, in 2 vols., of the *Sibylline Leaves*, in one vol., and of the *Friend* (new edition), in 3 vols. And likewise I have no objection to make over the copyright of my *Lay Sermons*, till such time as the profits that would have accrued to me from all the works above mentioned shall have liquidated the £300, when matters are to recur to the former agreement.

"Concerning the *outline* mentioned in article the second I can have no objection to comply with the article; but Mr. Fenner and Mr. Curtis will perhaps see reason to postpone the delivery of such *outline* till Oct. 1, for their own interest; as in the nature of things it cannot but be greatly improved and more likely to be serviceable to the proprietors in case

of my death or other disablement during the time I am devoted to the Lexicon.

"I sign my name to the above, adding that I am with sincere regard, my dear Sirs, your obliged S. T. COLERIDGE.

"18 JUNE, 1817."

"DEAR SIR, It is only for my own satisfaction that I have endeavored to develope and open out the undoubting conviction I have of my conversation with you, (Mr. Curtis present) concerning the advance of the £300 being posterior to the second and final negative as to my residing at Camberwell. This my absolute declining of that plan was communicated to Mr. Curtis in the small withdrawing-room on the right hand of the shop, when Mr. Curtis came down to me from the parlor up stairs, where he had left Dr. Gregory. From that time to this the question as to my residence was never again brought into discussion. Expressions of *regret* have been used; but the point of residence was settled finally, and so understood. Long after this, and when the share I was to take in the work was settling in detail, reference was made by me to the advance, which by the by had been originally suggested by Mr. Curtis, who by this suggestion prevented my having declined any concern in the Ency. Met., as I should have done otherwise; because I knew that *I could not*, as an honest man, immediately devote my whole mind and time to it, but must in some way or other first procure a sum sufficient to discharge all claims upon me; and I *should never, never* have, of myself, *thought* of proposing such a loan to you.

"The first reference made to it, after my agreement to take the part in the work now assigned to me, was in the earlier part of the conversation; and it was then that you asked me whether I did not include the Lay Sermons in the number of the works which were to be the redeemable pledge. The second reference was towards the close of this consultation, when Mr. Curtis proposed £400 instead of £500, which I resisted, and assigned as one of my reasons that with the latter sum I might hope by gradual

payments to accelerate the redemption of my literary property, so as to have liquidated the loan before I could hope to see this effected by my proportion of the profits from the sale of my works, but that with less than £500 a year this would be altogether impracticable. Now, my dear Sir! unless Mr. Curtis's or your recollections can enable you to show that this conversation took place *before* my first meeting with Dr. Gregory, it must have taken place *after* every thought of my leaving Highgate for Camberwell, for the present at least, had been finally negated and put to rest. In short, I knew that without such an advance it was quite out of my power to have made such an engagement with you, and I had every reason on earth to take for granted that Mr. Curtis was under the same impression. So had been his language (for instance, 'we would not, we could not, make any arrangement by which we were to rely on you for any essential assistance, until we were assured that you had no other claims on your time and thoughts'). I knew, indeed, very well that you would have greatly preferred the plan of my residing at Camberwell; but, that having been put out of the question, the next best was taken, agreeing however with the plan first proposed to me in the main point, that equally with the former it was to occupy *my whole time*, and to *begin immediately*, allowing one month only for the hurrying out of the Friend and the two other works. In Mr. Curtis's last letter it is made even imperative on me that this engagement should give you a *right* to my whole time, which I did not in my reply think it worth while to notice as an extension of the agreement, because I was certain that it was impossible for me to fulfil what I had undertaken in less than my whole time; otherwise, I should certainly have said, 'If I deliver in the appointed number of sheets, well and ably executed, and give you my best assistance and advice one day every fortnight, what right has any one to enquire whether I read, walk, sleep, or write in the remainder?' But it would have been laughable; it was on the face of things

too evident that nothing less than my whole time, even mental time as well as almanac time, could suffice.

"The whole *cause* therefore of the advance remaining unaltered, there being the very same reason and the same necessity for it, I should, tho' no conversation had passed, have taken for granted that the effect was to remain the same—the object of the advance being exclusively the removal of the known obstacle to the practicability of my devoting my *whole time*, and that too immediately, to the work in contemplation. But clear and irresistible as my recollections are, I make no use of them as obligatory on *you*, nor should I, even tho' I were in possession of your hand and seal. It would be sufficient for me that you wished to decline the engagement, and saw reason to believe that you could derive the same advantages at a less price. For assuredly a work, to which from 60 to £80,000 capital may be directed, and a very large sum at all events put in hazard, is not a case in which any feeling of personal friendship can be allowed to have any influence. You have awful duties to yourself and your co-proprietors, and if you engage me, it must and can only (*morally speaking*) be, because you believe that the engagement will on the whole be the most advantageous to them of all that had past under your consideration. For this reason, no withdrawing on your part would interfere with the respect and regard with which I subscribe myself, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"P. S. I hope that I think of the terms offered me with a due sense of their importance and what is called liberality relatively and proportionally to my fortunes and opportunities.

"If I have seemed resigned to the loss, or as Mr. C— said, 'took the missing of £500 a year in a very easy manner,' it is, first, because money does not act upon my mind as on men in general; 2nd, because the services to be performed and the moral responsibility incurred were exceedingly awful; and such things, too, act on my mind in a degree, if not in a kind, very different from what I have

observed them to act on the minds of men in general; and thirdly, perhaps, from human frailty, because Mr. C. appeared to speak of the terms relatively to myself in a somewhat humiliating tone, not the less painful from his acquaintance with my circumstances and from the former colours of his language, that had occasioned me to make myself *transparent* to him.

"If the publication of the *Zapolya*, the net proceeds to be appropriated entire to the liquidation of the loan (or if time could be *spared* for the writing of any popular work, as on the facts of animal magnetism, the divining rod, etc., in France, Italy and Germany at present), could conciliate this difference, no proof shall be wanting on my part of a wish to replace everything on the former footing. And in the meantime I entreat you to make some allowance for the bosom feeling which my vivid recollection of the *posteriority* of my conversations respecting the advance to the date of the first committee, and the *priority* of more than general professions, tho' certainly not positive promises, to the first mention of the *Encyc. Met.*, have spite of myself excited. But I am not now to learn for the first time, or to teach myself, that positiveness, or the sensation of being positive, is widely different from the sense of certainty."

"DEAR SIR, You left me in a state of uncertainty and consequent disquiet which you could not but be aware of; nay, you left on my mind the impression that you felt it strongly yourself, by your determination to proceed immediately to Mr. Fenner, instead of going straightway home, and the expectation you excited that I should see or at least hear from Mr. Fenner in the shortest possible time. If I had entered into engagements with a man who never professed to have other views than those of this world, I could have resigned myself more easily; but indeed, Sir! you have justified me in expecting from you a higher conduct or higher principles. On my part I have shown myself willing to do every thing, only not to deceive you. The £300 has

been regarded from the beginning but as the means of enabling me to pledge the whole devotion of my time to you. You were at least *equally* aware with myself that, with a load of anxiety on my mind, my time could not be my own in the first instance, and of course not capable of being pledged to another. Yet if the Encyc. could be delayed for six months, I should entertain hopes of coming to it a free man. But, Sir! I *know* that the application of every moment of my time would be barely sufficient to the fulfilment of my engagements with you, in a manner that I could look back upon with a satisfied conscience.

"Even now, the difference might be conciliated, if the original plan, so strongly urged by Dr. Gregory, were adopted—viz., that of publishing the 4th or Miscellaneous and Lexicographical part after the others, adding the Gazetteer to the former three.

"If there has been any fundamental difference of opinion between us, it has subsisted in this point: that you did not appear to entertain the same deep convictions, as I did and do, respecting 1, the literary, 2, the mercantile, importance of the English Lexicon; 3, respecting its difficulty, and the quantum of natural talent and acquired variety of learning requisite for bearing out the promise so distinctly and emphatically given to the public in your prospectus.

"I wrote to Mr. Fenner soon after you quitted me, and stated that, so far from giving up the engagement with cool indifference, I was ready to do every thing in my power to remove the obstacle—for instance, the immediate publication of the Zapolya—a bitter pill to my critical feelings, I assure you, tho' perhaps the poem might be more suited to the general reader in proportion as it is less suited (in its present state) to myself; not to mention that with a few easy alterations I had the word of the Drury Lane committee that it should be brought out, prior to my having withdrawn it, after the conversation with you on your second visit at Highgate. I mentioned likewise my willingness to write any other work which Mr. Fenner should think likely of

an immediate sale (as for instance, the present state of the obscurer operations of animate and inanimate nature, in the facts of the divining rod, animal magnetism, etc., on the continent, with the reports given to the several governments by committees of naturalists)—any thing in short but that of incurring the guilt of pledging myself on so very important a scheme to exertions not in my power. If however (as I have, pardon me, some reason to believe) you have some other plan or person in your eye, with which or with whom you expect to carry on the work more successfully, why not explain the matter to me at once? I have been ever *transparent* to YOU in every, the minutest circumstance, because I regarded you not as a mere tradesman, but as a convinced Christian, in whose mind the least insincerity, the least deviation from childlike singleness of heart, would be dearly and madly purchased by mountains of worldly treasure. And I have repeatedly said that the awful responsibility which you incur, in every step taken by your advice relative to an undertaking of so great risk, would justify you in preferring another to me, provided it was your conviction that the success of the work was interested in the transfer, and that you were *perfectly* open and precluded all injurious hope or expectations. Whether I am intelligible to you or not I cannot at present anticipate, but I will at all events hazard the assurance that my disappointment does not half as much annoy me as the necessity of looking forward to the triumphant exultation of a prophecy fulfilled on the part of those who believe the profession of religious motives a *caveto* for all who have learnt human nature experimentally. Why, Sir! after all what has passed between us, do you thus keep me in suspense? The most explicit declaration of your conviction that the interests of the Encyclopedia require you to decline my services would not disturb the feeling with which I have ever subscribed myself yours sincerely,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"MONDAY AFTERNOON.

"REV. T. CURTIS."

The remaining letter is of interest chiefly as showing Coleridge's views on the subject of animal magnetism :

"HIGHGATE DEC. 1 1818.

"DEAR SIR. Sometime ago, I ventured to recommend an article on Animal Magnetism, *purely historical*, for the Encyclopedia Metropolitana. Since then the celebrated Professor Blumenbach, for so many years the zealous antagonist of Animal Magnetism, has openly recanted his opinion in three separate paragraphs of his great work on Physiology, which is a text book in all the hospitals and Medical Universities of Europe; and this too happens to be in the edition from which Dr. Elliotson has recently translated the work into English. Cuvier had previously published his testimony, viz. that the facts were as undeniable as they were difficult to be explained on the present theory. The great names of Hufeland, Meckel, Reil, Autenrieth, Soemerring, Scarpa, etc., etc., appear as attestors of the facts, and their independence of the imagination of the patients. To these must be added the reports delivered in the Courts of Berlin and Vienna by the several committees appointed severally by the Prussian and Austrian governments, and composed of the most eminent physicians, anatomists and naturalists of the Prussian and Austrian States. In this country, the rising opinion of our first rate medical men is, that the subject must sooner or later be submitted to a similar trial in this country, in order that so dangerous an implement (if it should prove to be a new physical agent akin to the galvanic electricity) may be taken out of the hands of the ignorant and designing, as hath already been done on the Continent by very severe Laws. Putting the truth or falsehood of the theory wholly out of the question, still it is altogether unique, and such as no history of the present age dare omit. Nay, it may be truly

said that it becomes more interesting, more important, on the supposition of its falsehood than of its truth, from the great number and wide dispersion of celebrated individuals, of the highest rank in science, who have joined in attesting its truth; especially as the largest part of these great men were for a long time its open opponents, and all, with the single exception of Cuvier, its avowed disbelievers. Add to this that as an article of entertainment, and as throwing a new light on the oracles and mysteries of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian Paganism, it would not be easy to point out its rival. These are the grounds on which I rest my continued recommendation of such an article as well worthy the attention of the conductors of your great work. One other motive will not be without its weight in *your* mind. I have some grounds for believing that a work of this kind is in *contemplation* by persons from whose hands it ought, if possible, to be rescued by anticipation, as it will, I know, be a main object with them to use the facts in order to undermine the *divine* character of the Gospel history, and the superhuman powers of its great founder; a scheme which can be rendered plausible only by misstatements, exaggeration, and the confounding of testimonies,—those of fanatics and enthusiasts with the sober results of guarded experiment, given in by men of science and authority.

"I remain, Dear Sir,

"Yours Respectfully,

"S. T. COLERIDGE.

"REV. T. CURTIS."

It is only necessary to add that the originals of these letters, and of a few others of minor importance belonging to the same correspondence, are now in my possession. Their genuineness is sufficiently established by the internal evidence both of matter and style.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

DESHLER & DESHLER;

OR, MY LIFE AS A BOOK-AGENT.

TWO PARTS.—II.

AS soon as I had taken my tea I went out to work. This time I went up the street among the residences, thinking that the shops and offices would be, in the main, deserted. But I found poor fishing: almost invariably I was told that the ladies were riding. The day had been intolerably warm, and everybody was out for a breath of fresh air. At last I found a lady who was not out riding. She was very pretty and very affable. She heard all I had to say about the book, looked at all the engravings, and asked numberless questions about this general and that engagement. Were all the pictures good likenesses of the generals, or hadn't I ever seen all the generals? Didn't I think this one perfectly horrid-looking, and that one perfectly splendid? La! was that the way a battle looked? had I ever seen a battle? and didn't I think it must be perfectly splendid? Did I have to work for a living? Wasn't it awful tiresome this warm weather? But of course I didn't mind it, I was so used to it: it would just kill her, etc. She looked at the styles of binding—cloth, sheep, calf and Turkey morocco. "La!" she said, "I never knew before that they made leather out of turkey-hide." Then she handed me back the subscription-book, with the remark that it must be a real nice history. Would she subscribe for it? I asked.

"Oh dear! no. I never read histories, they're so awful stupid. It's terrifically warm." She yawned, rang a bell and ordered her fan and an ice.

A second lady whom I found was more encouraging. She asked just as many questions, but they were not so irrelevant—said she wanted the history, and when I thought she had fully determined to subscribe for it referred me to her husband, giving me his office address, and explaining that once she and

her husband both bought the same picture: if she should subscribe for the history, he might do the same thing at his office.

"I have only five names on my list: you can see if your husband's is there." No, it wasn't there.

I supposed of course she was satisfied, and would enter her name.

"If I were to subscribe, he might not think to look at the list, and might put his name down too."

"But you can tell him when he comes in this evening that you have ordered the book, and of course he will not."

"Oh, you might go to his office and get his name before he comes in: book-agents are up to all sorts of tricks."

"I assure you, madam," I said smiling, "I could never do such a thing. If by any possibility such a mistake should occur in any family, I should certainly release one subscriber."

"Everybody can promise. You're a stranger to me, and the best way for you to do is to go to his office and let him sign for the book. Then, if it isn't good, he'll have nobody to blame but himself. Just take the car and go right down this street to No. 120, and you'll be sure to catch him. There's a car now."

I rushed out of the house to catch it. When I reached No. 120 I found the door locked and all the business streets deserted. I took the car back to Mr. Bennett's boarding-house. I went up to my attic-room. It was directly under the roof, and, was stifling. I went to bed, though it was not yet dark, and tossed there all night without five minutes' sleep, as it seemed to me. I was up with the first gleam of the morning, unrefreshed and weary. I dressed and stole down stairs, for nobody was stirring. Unbolting the front door, I sat down on the steps. The twilight and hush of the

sleeping city were very impressive, and moved my spirit as its wild Babel never could. There came to me an intense realization of human weakness. Man can rear massive piles of masonry, he can make bold challenges and achieve splendid successes, but how soon is he wearied and worn! For hours these imposing streets which he has built pulsate with enterprise, passion and hope, the tide of life sweeps up in majestic strength, but God's law is over all. As surely as the tide of life rises, so surely it must ebb and drop back in the ocean of rest, while above, through the ages, watches the Eye that never slumbers.

This day proved one of considerable success. It was intensely warm, and the men kept to the shadow of their offices and shops, so that I had no trouble in securing interviews. "A woman who can work through this heat ought to be encouraged," was the sentiment expressed by more than one subscriber. On a certain door I encountered a dispiriting notice: "No insurance-agents or book-agents wanted here." I wondered if the poster of the card knew of something discreditable in the nature of the business of which I was ignorant. I might be forced to pursue a poor or shabby business—if, indeed, a woman can find any other—but I could never continue in any that was really wrong. I determined, if possible, to find out the nature of the objection to book-agents entertained by that bill-poster. I found the gentleman in: he was a broker.

"I am a book-agent," I said, "and I wish to ask you, in all courtesy, the nature of your objection to my business." He looked at me as if he wondered at me—my audacity or something else. "I am anxious to know, for I will not pursue any business that is intrinsically wrong. Will you tell me your objection?"

"It would be offensive to you."

"No, your objection must be to the business. You could have no objection to me if I came to contract for a thousand hogsheads of sugar. So pray tell me," I urged.

"Very well," he said. "Book-agents are peddlers, and peddlers are cheats.

Book-agents don't show their wares: they ask a man to buy in the dark."

"We show samples of everything that's to make up the book—printing, paper, engravings, bindings. When you sell coffee, what more do you show than a handful of berries?"

"But I warrant satisfaction to the buyer."

"And so does the publisher. In the obligation to which you subscribe it is stipulated that if the book does not prove as represented by the agent the subscriber is released from the obligation to take the book."

"Well, I don't want to be told what books I ought to buy. When I want a book I'll go to the book-store."

"If somebody didn't tell you in one way or another, you'd never know what books to buy. In the first place, you wouldn't know what was published, and of that which was published you wouldn't know what was good. Book-triers are as necessary as tea-triers."

"Well, I hate a peddler. If you want to sell books, why don't you open a book-store?"

"I haven't the capital."

"Well, go at something else—some indoor work. By Jove! I hate to see a woman pushing about among men for a living. By every woman there ought to stand a man."

"But you can't argue out of existence the women who have to push about among men for a living, neither can you talk men into places beside friendless women. Men don't want such women for wives. They want the nestling whose feathers have never been ruffled, the butterfly whose down is undisturbed."

"Well, I don't want any."

"And," I added, "there are a great many men who don't want any, and numberless women who prefer not to marry; so marriage is not, to every woman, the way out."

He went into the hall, and came back with the posted card which had attracted my attention, tore it in two and threw it into the waste-basket. "If all book-agents were like you, I'd put up a card inviting them to walk in," he said; and

then added, "I suppose to you the way out lies through a big subscription-list."

"As far as I can at present see it does,"

I answered.

"Well, I'm bound to help you out. Hand over your subscription-book."

In my next call I failed utterly. The gentleman interviewed was a cool, quiet man who replied to everything I had to say, "I shall not subscribe for the book." He wouldn't argue, he wouldn't state his objections; so I had no chance whatever. I commend his course to people wishing to get rid of book-agents and insurance-solicitors.

In the next office I found a man moving about in a petulant way, his face in a snarl. My impulse was to leave the room without making known my business, but he spoke before I had time to act: "I suppose you've got a book there that you want me to subscribe for?"

"Yes," I answered—"Greeley's *History of the Rebellion*."

"I wouldn't subscribe for the angel Gabriel's history of the rebellion in heaven, or Satan's either," he said.

"Then you'd miss a good thing, doubtless."

"I've got enough to do to read up the history of my own affairs. Everything has gone wrong to-day. Just look at that inkstand!"

It was on the carpet, broken to fragments and in a pool of ink, and the carpet was a pretty Brussels. The man got down on his knees and was going at the ink with his pocket handkerchief.

"Let me manage it," I said, arresting his operations.

With blotting-paper, a basin of water and an old towel I soon had almost every trace of the accident removed.

"I said I wouldn't subscribe for your book, and I won't," the man said when I had washed my hands and was preparing to take my departure; "but I'll tell you where you can get half a dozen subscribers." He wrote a line to "Dear Walton," gave me the address, and said, "Good luck to you!"

I went to "dear Walton:" he was in a telegraph office. "Of course I'll subscribe," said "dear Walton." "Any-

thing in the world to accommodate the ladies and Jim Wheeler!"

Then he asked me to wait, and he'd telegraph to a friend in another part of the State: said friend had been high private in the army, and was sure to want "a history of the war in which he had fought, bled and died." Click, click, went the busy wires, "dear Walton" wearing a smile meanwhile that looked as if it might any moment explode into roaring laughter. In a few moments the answer to his despatch came back.

"Hurrah! he'll subscribe!" and then the smile did explode into laughter, and the smile of a fellow-operator likewise exploded. "You'll have to go to another part of the State to get the subscription," said "dear Walton." "There's the high private, that handsome fellow with auburn hair over there;" and he pointed to the other smiler across the room. "Take him the subscription-book." So I went over and secured the high private's subscription, which had been solicited by telegraph, the despatch having made a circuit of eight hundred miles to reach an operator in the same room. This incident put everybody in a good humor, and in a few minutes I had left the office with seven new names on my list.

I had now orders for fifteen copies of the history. It was advisable that I should as soon as possible deliver the books. I hadn't any money, I was a stranger to the publishers, yet I should need over a hundred dollars in ordering the fifteen copies. I went to the office of Deshler & Deshler: it was all I could do. Both gentlemen were in: I wished the younger had not been.

"Dr. Deshler, it seems hard that I must come for help to a stranger, but you have made it as easy as possible for me. I must send to the publishers for books. I am a stranger to them: of course I must command some cash. I shall need over a hundred dollars. Now, may I, for just once, have the books expressed to you 'C. O. D.,' and delivered as you may direct, so that I can't run away with them? And will you lend me the hundred dollars for a few hours?

for I can deliver the books and collect all the money in a half day, I think."

"Certainly! certainly!" said Dr. Deshler cordially. "We'll have the books delivered right here—there's plenty of room—and we'll save time by telegraphing the order."

He sat down at a table and wrote while I dictated. In due time the books arrived, and I entered zealously upon the work of delivering them. But not a single copy did I succeed in delivering at the first trial. I called at Mr. Perkins's office four times before finding him in. And this is an illustration of how the matter went. It took more than a week of hard work to deliver those fifteen copies. Later, I learned how to manage better. But during this week I was running in and out of Deshler & Deshler's office, every hour growing more and more nervous and embarrassed about the way in which matters dragged, and more solicitous to escape from my annoying position.

I had expected to clear the office of the books in a few hours, and to reimburse Dr. Deshler in the same time: instead, I had been using the office and the money for a week. In this flitting in and out I of course frequently met both the brothers—the younger oftener, for he was the office-physician: the older did the outside work. When I did find the elder brother, William Deshler, in the office, he made things very comfortable for me; inquired in an interested way how I was getting along; urged me earnestly to rest; cautioned me against overwork, etc. He would help me get out my books, and would "load me up," as he expressed it, following me to the door with words of sympathy and encouragement. The work was too hard for me—I was delicate, and needed somebody to look after me, he would say. Dr. Deshler, Jr., never said a word about the hard work, and he never helped me about it. He would invariably turn his back and look out of the window when I was "loading up" and starting off.

There were times when I felt very sharply that I was in some way a griev-

ance to this gentleman; yet occasionally he would open a conversation with me, and pursue it persistently and exhaustively, with evident enjoyment of some nature. I used to think it was the enjoyment of the explorer and discoverer, for I always came from one of these interviews with the consciousness that he had found out something about me. Try ever so hard, I couldn't keep myself hid.

Well, the books were at length delivered. I settled with Dr. Deshler, and had nearly fifty dollars in my purse. The first pinching necessity was met. I had scarcely found time before to think of Baby. Now my heart began to cry for her. My pretty bud was unfolding and I was not there to see it. She was developing so rapidly, I felt I could not be from her a day without missing some sweetness that could never come again. In maturity, years come between friends and they meet unaltered, but in a child each day brings some pretty change. The mother-yearning grew so intolerable that I conceived the design of bringing my baby to the city, though my judgment warned me that the country was safer for the summer. So, while I worked I was on the lookout for a boarding-place where my child could be cared for during my absence, and also for a place to store my books.

Twenty-nine new names were on my list, but my purse was getting low, and it had become necessary that I should, as soon as possible, get on another supply of books. It seemed that I should be forced again to ask help of Dr. Deshler. I hadn't been in his office since I had moved out the last of my books, and I hadn't seen either of the brothers since that time. Indeed, I had avoided their locality, lest I might seem to be seeking some favor of them. About this time I learned, through a servant at my boarding-house, that a gentleman had called and inquired if I was sick. The next morning I found myself sick—not alarmingly so, but there were some symptoms that gave me serious solicitude. It had been an ever-present dread that I might fall sick in that great strange

city. I dressed myself, and after a fruitless attempt to swallow some breakfast took a car to Dr. Deshler's office. The younger brother, Gilbert Deshler, was in. He started up in a confused way at seeing me, and shook hands with me. "You haven't been here for nine days," he said. "My brother has feared you were sick."

Then it was he who had called at my boarding-house, I thought. "I am sick now," I answered, "and I have come to you to cure me."

"Ah!" and he looked at me in an earnest way, "tell me what the matter is." I stated my symptoms. He inquired about my sleeping-room and the boarding-house fare. "Of course you're sick with such living and with this confounded work you're at. I've seen you start out into the noon heat with six or eight of those great books, and I've wished sometimes that you'd—you'd—Never mind. Wait here, and I'll step into a drug-store and get something for you."

He came back with a liquid mixture in a bottle, which he set on the table. I handed him a five-dollar bill: he pretended not to see it. I called his attention to it.

"I don't want any money," he said.

"I accept the prescription from you, Dr. Deshler," I said, "and thank you, but not the medicine."

"Then you sha'n't have it, that's all."

"Well, if I die my blood will be on your head!" I returned, laughing.

"You must think me a graceless fellow if you can't accept this trifling favor at my hands."

"I can and do accept it," I answered, extending my hand for the medicine. "And now I want you to do me another favor. Do you know a Mr. Henchman at 79 Sycamore street?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Because I'm negotiating for storing-room for my books in his office."

"You aren't going there," said the gentleman bluntly—"that is," he added quickly, "if you'll take my advice."

"Why?"

"Because I know the man to be a scamp: he'd steal your books if he

could. Besides, it will be an unnecessary expense for you. Why can't you make this office your head-quarters?"

"I and my books might be in the way of your patients."

"We've two consultation-rooms besides this: a box of books couldn't be in the way; and as for you, you're such an outrageous worker you're never here but a minute at a time."

"Your brother has not invited me to make this my head-quarters," I suggested.

"He likes to have you here."

"But you don't."

"What makes you think so?" he asked.

The entrance of Dr. Deshler, Sr., prevented my reply. "I'm delighted to see you," he cried in a cheery way that was most comforting. "I've thought several times of calling at Bennett's to inquire about you, but I've been driven to death."

Then it wasn't he who had called, after all.

"Well, how are you getting along with the *Conflict*? How many subscribers have you caught? Good!" he said when I had told him. "Oughtn't you to be sending for more books? Have them delivered right here, and I'll pay for them just as before," he added, so cordially that my last scruple disappeared.

I escaped the threatened sickness, losing but that one day from my work.

Dr. Gilbert Deshler called that evening to inquire about his patient, and ordered me to change my room at whatever cost. So I took one on the second floor, for which I was to pay twelve dollars a week.

I was in the midst of delivering my second installment of books when I one day went into Deshler & Deshler's, very tired. While resting I employed myself in writing a letter to Baby full of mother-talk: I was so afraid she would forget me. As I finished the letter I looked up, and my eyes met Gilbert Deshler's.

"What made you think I didn't like to have you here?" he asked abruptly.

"Because you always turn your back on me when I come in for books."

"I hate to see you at this wretched work," he said vehemently. "I can't

see an Irishwoman bowed under her bag of shavings without feeling ashamed of myself that I don't take it on my own back."

"Do you expect me to credit all this chivalrous talk?" I said laughing. "You sit there, and look out of the window, and smoke your cigar, without ever offering to help me, as your brother does."

"I can't help you," he answered. "I could never stand and pile those great books in your arms, and see you go into the street for men to stare at and wonder at. If I started to help you I'd get a wheelbarrow and deliver the books for you; and when I had done that you wouldn't be helped: your greatest need wouldn't be met."

"And what is that greatest need?"

"Such shelter, such hedging, as preserves to woman the delicacy that is her supreme charm."

I felt my face flush. Did he think that I had lost or was losing this delicacy? He seemed to understand the application I had made of his words, for he added hastily, "I do not say that it is impossible for a woman to preserve this delicacy in a public life that brings her into intercourse with strange coarse men, but I do say that it is thus endangered."

"And is it not as really imperiled in the kind of intercourse maintained between men and women in fashionable life? Think of the drawing-room flirtations, the dances, the familiarities of watering-places, the freedom and license that mark every kind of travel in this country! Publicity is not necessarily demoralizing to a woman, nor is a legitimate intercourse with strange rough men. Many a hospital-nurse is witness to this. A woman may meet in a business way the roughest men in this city and receive no harm. It is half-loves—if I may coin a word—familiarities without esteem, that break down womanly delicacy. However, I am not quarreling with your words. No one can despise this scramble for money more than I, or more cordially hate a life that dispels the idealized atmosphere through which man should regard woman, and woman man.

I thank God for the illusions of my existence. I don't want to know human nature. I never want the romance taken from my idea of man: I want to believe him a hero, a knight—strong, brave and noble."

"Yes, yes," the gentleman answered, "let's keep all the halos. Now, I don't believe in educating girls and boys together: it does away with the glories. If these glories are moonshine, then moonshine is better than sunlight. If I'm enjoying a village landscape, I want to eat the fool alive who comes reminding me that the peaceful cemetery in the picture is overgrown with mayweed—that the cottages are squalid and the children ragged."

"One would scarcely take this for a physician's talk. Doctors deal so much with the material, we scarcely expect to find the ideal in them," I said.

"It is because I deal with the material and know its nothingness that I try to believe in the glory elsewhere. Man is happy in worship."

He had come up to the table where I was sitting, and where my letter was lying ready for mailing, addressed, "Mrs. Caroline Shepherd. For my Baby." I saw him glance at the letter inadvertently, as it were, then he looked with arrested interest, and raised his eyes to my face in a quick surprised way. He saw that I knew he had read the address.

"Have you a baby?" and he regarded me with steadfast eyes. "Then you're a married woman?"

"What's the matter?" said Dr. Deshler, Sr., entering the office. "Why, Gil, you look as though you'd been struck by lightning." The gentleman appealed to looked flushed and confused.

"He's surprised to hear that I have a baby, as if there could be any other reason why I am here at this work."

Deshler & Deshler were both looking at me now, as though they meant to look me through.

"Is your husband dead?" asked the elder.

"He was killed in the war," I answered, coloring with alarm as they approached the grave of my secret.

"Then you have a pension," persisted the elder doctor.

I was ready to sink through the floor, and I was conscious of showing the embarrassment I felt. I did not reply.

"You're entitled to a pension," the speaker continued. "Have you ever applied for one?"

I had to answer him. "No," I said.

"Well, you must have a pension. I'll take you right up to my lawyer's now. Come along."

"No," I answered evasively, "I must go to work now: there's a subscriber near by that I want to catch."

"Never mind the subscriber. I have leisure now to see my lawyer: he's just overhead, and he's in now. It won't take but a few minutes for him to tell you what you'll have to do."

"I can't go now," I said, growing momentarily more embarrassed, and seizing my subscription-book I hurried from the office. Again I walked blindly along the street with the familiar hunted feeling. I wished that I needed never go back to Deshler & Deshler's office, but I had two hundred dollars' worth of books there. Perhaps that inquisitor might never think of the pension-matter again, or at least might never mention it.

But he did mention it again the following morning, and both the brothers were present.

"Well, shall we go for the pension this morning?" is what he said.

"I shall not apply for a pension, and I beg that you will not allude to the subject again." This was certainly not a speech to allay suspicion. I knew that both gentlemen were scanning my face, but I "loaded up" and went away, wondering what they were thinking and saying about me. "It's no matter what they think," I decided. "I'll work hard and make all the money I can here; then I'll go away with Baby into a retreat where I shall not bother people nor be bothered by them."

After this talk about the pension with the brother-doctors, when my burning cheek, evasive manner and faltering tongue warned them away from the forbidden ground, I perceived, even at our

next meeting, a change in the manner of the two gentlemen, and the change grew more evident as the days went by. The younger, who had ever been reticent with me, became still more reticent. He rarely looked at me, and more rarely spoke to me, though when he did it was gently. He never asked about my work, he never gave me a word of sympathy or encouragement. He seemed every day to be getting farther away from me. Dr. Deshler, Sr., on the contrary, drew nearer to me—each day drew nearer in spite of my effort to keep my distance. He inquired daily how I was getting along with my work, often looked over my subscription-list, telling me something about this man and warning me against that one. He frequently gave me a line to the head of some establishment that would lead, perhaps, to my securing ten or a dozen subscriptions. "Which way are you going this morning?" he would ask. "I've got a call off that way," he would probably add, "and I can take you right along in my buggy, and any books that you wish to deliver;" and thus he often lightened my way. As the acquaintance progressed he became communicative, telling me, at one time and another, considerable about himself and his brother. He acknowledged one day that he was a rich man—had always been rich: he practiced medicine because he liked an active life; his practice was worth twelve thousand dollars a year; his brother was a third partner; meant to give him a full partnership in January, and make him work more.

"Gil doesn't take as well with people as I do, but he's a better doctor. There's no half-knowledge with him: he knows things to the very bottom. He's the best anatomist I ever knew; there's a splendid surgeon in him; he has just the prudence and the pluck that a surgeon needs. But people don't know him, and they do know me, and so they run after me and let him sit in the office. But I mean to bring him out, and then I shall be laid on the shelf."

"That's my house," he said to me another day, as we passed a handsome residence with all those attractive surround-

ings that wealth and culture can procure. "I keep bachelor's hall there." These last words quickened my heart-beatings.

I had never known before whether or not he was married. "I'm looking for a housekeeper now: mine hasn't a single home-instinct. What kind of a housekeeper are you?"

"I'm no housekeeper at all," I answered, coloring, though trying hard not to. "I can't make bread, and bread-making stands at the head of the rudiments."

"Oh, the cook can make the bread. I mean, what kind of a home-maker are you? There are some women who make a man's home a rest, a very haven, while others, just as neat and orderly and provident, render his house more fatiguing than the tumultuous street. Which kind are you?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I'm not very quiescent, and I like to talk. I don't think I am very resting."

"The resting woman is not necessarily quiescent or silent. A dumb woman would be very fatiguing. The resting woman says and looks appreciation: she is suggestive—a picturesque talker, perhaps. She is— Well, I can't paint her portrait, but I recognize it whenever I see it. She isn't necessarily very wise or very learned or very handsome, but she is very refreshing. I think you are a resting woman. I like to hear you talk: I like to watch your movements. A man could no more tire of you than of a live book. I think you could make a home." He turned himself on the seat and looked in my face, and I looked in his. I don't know what he saw in my eyes. I was conscious that they were telling something of what was in my heart, but I didn't know then, and I don't know now, just what was in my heart.

"I am sure I don't know," I answered because I had to say something: "I never tried to make a home."

"What do you mean by that speech?" he demanded a little sharply. "You made a home for some happy man, though you may not have had a roof over your head. Many a gypsy-tent has doubtless been a true home."

"I must stop here," I said, glad and sorry to leave him.

This conversation was a bitter-sweet one to me: I wished it ended and wanted it continued. The past, with its brief joy and long heartache, was growing more and more misty, and the shadows were gathering about the man to whom was linked the supreme happiness and the supreme anguish of that past life. I was beginning to live in the present, not alone in my work—this engaged me—but something else was come into my life. The realities to me in that teeming city were Deshler & Deshler. The scores of other people whom I encountered were so many automatons grinding out bread and weaving clothing for Baby and me. Deshler & Deshler, I have said, were the only realities. They were both in my thoughts; and one was not pre-eminent. Yes, one was pre-eminent, and it was the reticent, inscrutable, evasive younger brother. He shut himself from me, and this kept him in my thoughts. Once I had snatched a view of his spirit—had seen that it was knightly, and then the trail was lost to me. I own I was greatly bewildered by the attitudes of the two brothers in regard to me—both very pronounced and in marked contrast. I cannot convey in words what I felt those attitudes to be. Were I a painter I think I could sketch a picture that would exactly tell the story, for, all appearances to the contrary, I felt—But what is the use of trying? I never can tell anybody what I felt. I never would have asked Gilbert Deshler to carry a book for me, but I knew that I could trust him to peril his life for mine, and that any other woman might so trust him. Yet I felt, more than ever, that I was a grievance to him.

So things came to be very uncomfortable and embarrassing for me at Deshler & Deshler's. I could not go freely in and out when one brother was turning his back on me, and the other seemed each day to be getting nearer. I cannot tell you how I knew this. Friendship, affection, love grow insensibly as a flower grows. You do not see the change from day to day, but when you think

back to the dry seed, and then turn to the swollen bud, you feel that soon there will be a blossom of some nature. I could not continue about that dear room, which had come to be a kind of home, a rest to me, after the words and looks I had received from William Deshler. Yet how I hated to go, to break the only tie I had in the great city! How my heart begged to stay!

One morning, however, when they were both in, I gathered courage and spoke: "I have engaged storing room for my books elsewhere." My voice was very shaky, and a baby could have wrung tears out of it with the least little squeeze. I was ashamed and so vexed at the betrayal of my feelings that I went on in a savage tone: "You gentleman have been very kind: I thank you." Then I forgot to be fierce, and said, "I can never forget your—" and then I broke down.

The younger Deshler picked up his hat and went out of the office without a word. The elder brother came up to me with hands outstretched. I suppose I put mine in his: I found them there. I was feeling so utterly lonely, so ineffably wretched, that I was ready to catch at a straw. His face was beaming, his eyes overflowing with passionate light. "Oh, I love you!" he cried, kissing my hands. "Come and make my home." He opened his arms.

I sat down in a chair beside a desk: "You don't mean what you say: I am a stranger to you."

"No," he answered eagerly, drawing a chair beside mine. "I know your story: I have guessed your secret. I hold you guiltless. You trampled on man's laws, it is true, but the laws of a nature which God implanted in you are above man's legislation, as the growth of the oak is above it. You are innocent, while I am guilty. You were a wife, though unbound by man's laws: I am bound by man's laws, yet I am no husband."

Now, Dr. Deshler, Sr., was no fool: he was a leading physician in a large city, yet those are the very words he spoke to me. In one of those flashes that come to women, and I suppose to men, I saw how it all was. I did not

rise up in indignant scorn and say to Dr. Deshler that he had wronged and insulted me. He had put together some suspicious, inexplicable things in the life of a strange woman, had misconstrued them, and made erroneous deductions. That was all.

I put my head down on the desk beside me. I was so disappointed in him! A friendship, or affection, or something—I know not precisely what the feeling was, but it was a warm and grateful interest in him—had received a blow. I grieved as for the dead. I lifted my head, but I could not look at him: I feared to find the face which had been generous and manly to me changed, with something ignoble in it.

"Dr. Deshler," I said, "you have misinterpreted the reserve and embarrassment with which I have received your inquiries in reference to my past life. You could not understand why I did not apply for a pension. I will tell you, painful as it may prove to me: My husband was in the rebel army, and was executed as a spy. That is all. I shall endeavor to forget everything but the many, many kindnesses you have done me. God bless you!"

Then I went out into the street, and walked on, block after block, going over this new unhappiness and relieving the old agony, my veil drawn to shut out the world, but too utterly wretched this time for tears. It was not simply my disappointment in William Deshler. Grievous as this was, I knew that something else had befallen me.

I made my way back to my little room, and sat down on the carpet with my arms and face on the solitary wooden chair. Now, again, my little shallop was drifting in mid-ocean. Not a sail could I signal, be the storm ever so pitiless.

This is how it all came about. Until seventeen years of age I had been reared at the South, and life had been so easy, so delicious, so dreamy, that I had never thought of slavery as a wrong. The relation of master and slave was as unquestioned, seemed as natural, as that of parent and child. I was sent to New England, where I spent two years at

school. There I received my first suggestion of the sin in slavery. There I took my first lessons in life's realities. There, indeed, I began to live: before I had been dreaming. I came to hate slavery as the most abominable lie that man ever invented. I returned to the South in the midst of the war, and married a man to whom I had been three years promised. He was with the rebel soldiers. I knew they were fighting for a lie: I pitied them as I pitied the blind, for I remembered how ignorant I had once been, and how ignorant I should have remained but for those two years in New Haven. I married a rebel, for I loved the man, and I could not let politics have anything to do with it. He believed so in his cause! He gave his all and his wife's all, even to his dear life, to prop a lie, and that made it so much the harder for me. The friends whom I had made in New England could never understand how if I hated slavery I could marry one who was fighting for it. They brought out in evidence against me the apologies I had made for my dear native land, and the words of love they had heard me speak for it when their denunciations would grow unbearable. They decided that I was two-faced, and so I lost those friends. I found my Southern friends so blinded, so intoxicated with their zeal, so bitter, so unfair to the North, that I could not always maintain a prudent silence. I had to speak for the North sometimes: surely the very stones would have cried out if I had held my peace. Then I was taunted as traitor, abolitionist, spy! When my husband met his untimely death he was exalted to martyrdom. Then more than ever unpardonable seemed my apostasy. And so I lost my Southern friends. I was crushed between the upper and nether millstones. We were all of us made penniless by the war. I remembered the busy, free North, where people dared to work. I ran the blockade. To my surprise and joy, I found almost immediately a teacher's place in a seminary, and I turned the key on my past life. But my secret was discovered and my place lost.

And now again my place was lost. Once more I was nobody to all the world except Baby; but, said my heart, I am all the world to her. My pretty bird! my sweet darling! God helping me, I will serve you to the death! I can make money for us at this work: I have demonstrated this. I have money in bank. We shall have comfort yet, my pretty one! If I can make three thousand dollars by this year's work, we can live on the interest, and perhaps I may find some womanly work that will not come between us, and which will add something for a rainy day.

"You must make three thousand dollars this year," I said to myself. "You must let no day pass over your head without getting three subscriptions: that will give you twelve dollars a day, and a margin for the time to be taken out in delivering the books. You must lay aside all feeling, and, as Mr. Perkins advised you, put on a hard face. You've got to stop crying. If people say hard things to you, remember that you will perhaps never meet them again in this world. You are never to be sick, and there are to be no rainy days in your life. But first you must get your baby."

I got up from the floor, washed my face with a will, brushed my hair neatly, put on my little black hat and veil, went down to the sitting-room and ran over the advertisements in the morning paper. I started straight out to answer one. And I was in luck. I found a place for Baby and myself together with a motherly widow-woman, who would undertake the care of Baby during the day. So I took the first train into the country to get her, and returned the same day in triumph with my treasure. It was a very humble house I had engaged. Our bed-room was small, but it was airy and neat: we ate at a little square table with a patched tablecloth. But how juicy and tender our little steaks were! how mealy the smoking potatoes! how white and sweet the homemade bread! and what fragrant amber coffee was poured from that bright little tin pot! And oh what sweetness it was to wake with my darling's sunny head on my bosom and her soft little

hands on my cheek! She had learned to talk in the weeks she had been from me, and that made me cry because I had not been there to catch her first word.

The next day I entered upon a line of such uncompromising work as few women have ever pursued. It was the middle of August, and the city was intolerably warm, for it was envired by hills. But I never stopped for the noon heat. I worked straight through it, eating my lunch in the street-car or on a pile of lumber or on church steps, wherever the dinner-hour might overtake me. I took my breakfast early, and went among the residences to catch the gentlemen before they could start for their offices and shops. And such expeditions seldom proved fruitless. I remember one morning a gentleman opening the front door, his eyes sleepy, his hair uncombed, in slippers, without coat or vest. He stood in the hall while I made known my business. I knew my ring had called him out of bed, and I expected he would resent it.

"You're an early bird," he said, "and you shall have your worm." I handed him a pencil, and he wrote his name in the subscription-book. I had a copy of the history with me: I delivered it on the spot, and received the cash. I one morning made twelve dollars before seven o'clock. And I worked late into the night. The gentlemen sitting on their porches and doorsteps made a hearing certain. In spite of all resolutions not to care what people thought and said, I found it like crucifixion to walk up a flight of steps in the face of gentlemen and fine ladies fresh from their baths and toilets, and I so dusty and worn. Then would come a reminder of the days when I had sat on some cool verandah, in attire dainty and chaste and picturesque, and watched some poor creature climb the steps as I had now to do. I could remember how all such creatures, all who worked, had seemed—God forgive me!—to belong to a race and a world with which I had nothing to do. How shadowy, how like a dream, all that now seemed!

After a few trials among the ladies I

ceased trying to accomplish anything with them. It was seldom I could get an interview with one. They were lying down, or canning fruit, or pickling, or riding, or had a dressmaker or a sick headache. And when I did secure an interview, the lady was no judge of books, or she had no money, or she never encouraged peddlers, or she'd ask her husband. Women showed me little sympathy—nothing like what men manifested. I do not think it was because the women had less kindness or were of less sympathetic natures; but the men knew what down-town life meant, knew what it was to be in the whirl of business, and they pitied the woman who was forced into it, as a soldier who knows the hardships of war would compassionate a woman in camp. The ladies were not unkind: they did not know.

Well, I did not lose a single day from my work—nay, not a single hour. No weather was ever so unkind that I did not face it. I have been out in storms when the streets were deserted, not a woman to be seen for the day perhaps, while occasionally, at intervals of hours, I encountered a solitary man, who stared at me as if wondering what the emergency could be to bring out a woman in such a storm. Indeed, I learned to welcome these stormy days as my harvest-seasons. The men kept to the shelter of their shops and offices, and I was sure to find them in, with leisure to give me a hearing, welcoming perhaps the diversion I created. One day, when there was a persistent soaking drizzle from dawn to bedtime, I obtained fourteen subscriptions and delivered eight copies of the history. My commission on that day's work was over sixty dollars, thirty-eight of which I carried home in my purse. But I hadn't a dry thread on me.

"Yes, I'll subscribe for the book because you're so plucky;" "I'll help you along if I never help another mortal while the world turns round;" "I'll give you a lift if it bursts me,"—such were some of the things that were said to me.

"I've seen you pass our store about a thousand times," said a young man in a wholesale establishment opposite the

room where I stored my books, "and we boys have wondered and wondered what in the world you're working so hard for." Baby and I knew for what.

And I went everywhere—to factories, and foundries, and mills, and lumberyards, and pork-houses, and court-rooms, and dockyards. I have passed day after day without the sight of a woman's face in all my work. Indeed, I think no other woman's foot had ever trod some of the places I visited. And yet through it all would ring the words Gilbert Deshler had said about sheltering and hedging a woman's delicacy. I felt that the men who applauded my pluck and industry, and who called me brave, would have liked me better in a sheltered life—that while they said Bravo! they held as out of place the woman who was pushing her way among men. But I kept on, pushing as for my life, though I often walked the streets with eyes streaming behind my black veil, to be dried and cleared up as I turned on a venture into some strange door. I gave myself no quarter. Three subscriptions a day I pitilessly exacted. I seldom failed of four, and often ran up in the neighborhood of ten. It was very hard—too hard to be ever told—but I made money—for a woman, a great deal of money. I was in a work in which courage and industry won, and not sex. As September was approaching its close I found myself square with all the world, seven hundred and twenty dollars in the savings bank, and over two hundred dollars in books. At teaching it would have taken me about seven hundred and twenty years to lay up that amount. I was bound to make the three thousand by the year's end, provided Baby and I could keep well. The fear of Baby's falling ill while I was away from her was a ceaseless anxiety to me, for I was away all day, never going home to dinner. I knew Mrs. Allerton to be careful, but whose eyes can watch as a mother's? In particular, I feared the croup, to which Baby had all her life seemed disposed. I became especially nervous as the damp, chill autumn advanced. So I arranged that if she should ever be taken sick during my absence, a

boy next door should bring word to the room where I was receiving my books, and where all my letters were addressed. This office, which I made my business head-quarters, was down town, and I went in and out there every day.

October was now half gone, and I had not seen either of the Deshler brothers, or heard one word from them. Though I was so busy, I had moments of heart-ache and longing and dreaming. I had often a yearning to go by the office, and yet had my way led by it beyond escape, I know I should have hurried past it as by a haunted graveyard. There was one thing that gave me a start when I heard it, and frequently recurred to my mind: Mrs. Allerton showed me one day a letter advertised for me, but it was in a paper five weeks old. I had no correspondents except my publishers, and their letters were always delivered at my business-place. I inquired immediately at the post-office for the advertised letter, but of course did not get it. I thought often about this letter. I did not believe it was from my publishers, and nobody else that could have any interest in me knew I was in the city—nobody except the Deshlers.

Of course, from what I have said, you are prepared to hear that Baby did fall ill. One afternoon I went into my office for some books and found a note from Mrs. Allerton: "Baby seems very sick with something like croup. She ought to have a doctor. Let me know if I must send for one, or if you will bring one." The boy was waiting to take back my answer. I sat down and wrote a line to Dr. Gilbert Deshler, and sent the boy off with it while I took a car home.

I had scarcely got Baby in my arms before I knew that this was very different from any previous attack. She tried to say "Mamma," but could only whisper it. Her face was flushed, her breathing hard, and she coughed in a tight, struggling way. I was greatly alarmed, and, feeling the need of immediate help, I had just asked Mrs. Allerton to run for some physician in the neighborhood when a carriage stopped at the door and there

were swift steps on the stairs. Mrs. Allerton's rooms were on the second floor. I laid Baby on the bed, opened the door into the hall, and my eyes met Gilbert Deshler's.

"My baby!" I said: "you must not let her die."

He walked immediately to the bed, felt her pulse and put his ear down to hear her breathing. He did not show any anxiety in his face when he lifted it, neither did he speak any alarming words. He didn't say anything, but his silence was sufficiently alarming, for I felt that he would have said something reassuring if he could. I knew too, by the prompt, decided way in which he worked, that there was danger. And I worked with him as only a mother can whose love is the strongest thing about her.

When the doctor had applied his remedies, and I was dreading to see him leave, he sat down by the bed. "I will watch the child to-night," he said.

Shall I confess it? I wanted to put my arms about his neck: I longed to kiss the hand interposed to avert from me this threatened woe. So he and I watched together through the silent hours—I with a restful, grateful feeling that, poor and alone as I was in the world, I was to have all the help of science and skill which riches and friends could bring to any woman. There was supreme comfort in the thought, yet I never forgot that the contest was very unequal—Man against impassive Nature.

It was about two o'clock in the morning when I knew, from the way the doctor fought, that Baby was worse. I was hanging over her, aching with every breath she drew, and trembling with each lest she might never be able to draw another. I lifted her, thinking if she must die she should die in my arms. I sat down on a low chair, feeling that if she went I could not stay. Suddenly she threw up her little hands in a way that yet haunts my dreams. I thought I must die with the anguish in my darling's face: "Oh, doctor! help!"

He was kneeling beside us: "Keep quiet! don't be alarmed! Don't touch me," he answered in firm, calm tones.

I saw the gleam of a knife, and the next moment it was crimsoned with her blood. I don't know how I kept on living, I was so frightened, but Baby was immediately relieved. The doctor quietly wiped away the blood, adjusted a silver tube, watched till breakfast-time, and then went away. But he came again that morning, and again at six o'clock.

Of course Baby got well, though she was full two weeks about it. And how shall I ever tell about all the bliss that was crowded into those two weeks as we were coaxing back the bloom to her cheek and the radiance to her eyes? It was such happiness to tend Baby; to watch for Gilbert Deshler's coming; to see her go into his arms; to watch him lay her in his bosom and caress her with womanly tenderness; to hear his strong words with an undertone that puzzled and thrilled; to look into his eyes, that always made mine waver! Ah! it was all so sweet that I dreaded the day when the witchery must be broken. I almost trembled to see Baby getting well so fast. It seemed to me that I could never go back to my life of drudgery and toil: the burden seemed too heavy for me ever again to take it up. I didn't argue against the imprudence of giving my soul this feast. What if it must some day starve? Let it now, at least, take its fill of joy.

We hadn't much chance for private conversation during the doctor's visits, for Mrs. Allerton was generally running in and out. But he told me one day that he had written to me soon after I left Deshler & Deshler's, and that the letter came back to him from the Dead-letter Office, and he thought then that he had lost me.

"What was the letter about?" I asked.

"Oh, I wrote because I was conscience-stricken. I had been such a bear to you, and you our guest! I had just heard your story from my brother. I would have given a great deal then if I could have gone down on my knees to you, and I am bound yet to confess it—the infernal interpretation I had put upon things. You know the matter about the pension; and then there was this blessed

baby, and everything had such a strange look, so suspicious, that— Oh, perdition! I can't tell you what."

"You need not tell me—I know: I gathered it from your brother. The circumstances warranted all your suspicions. I was a stranger—there was no life-record, as with an acquaintance, that you were bound to respect. You were not to blame: I was simply unfortunate."

"I was bound to respect my intuitions and the magnetism of spirit and spirit."

Another day he told me that his brother was married—that his wife was a good woman and a handsome woman. "But they couldn't adjust themselves to each other, and they separated by mutual consent."

The dreaded day at length came. Dr. Deshler pronounced Baby entirely cured. I knew this already. There was not the shadow of an excuse for his coming again and for my shirking my drudgery. Yet I heard the doctor's decision with a stifled heart. This delicious intercourse must end. He kissed Baby good-bye. If he had been starting for Kamtchatka, I couldn't have felt more like death.

He shook hands with me. "I'm glad I've found you," he said. "Promise me that you won't go away without letting me know. I shall want you to settle my bill as soon as you think you can meet it."

This was a very strange, coarse speech, that came to me like a stab.

"I can pay it at any moment," I said hotly, throwing a haughty look at his impassive face.

"Are you sure?" he asked. "I shall demand a large fee."

"What is your bill?" I asked. "I will give you an order on the bank where I make my deposits."

I was conscious of having made a sounding speech, yet I trembled for my few hundreds that I had worked so hard for: the whole might go at one sweep.

He had performed a surgical operation, and I knew that city surgeons made large charges.

"But I'll pay his bill if I have to work all the rest of my life for it," I thought.

He sat down beside me, took out his pocket memorandum-book and a pencil: "Let me see: there's the operation and twenty-six visits. Well, you must give me that blessed baby: I saved her life, and I ought to have her. Then I shall want you to take care of her; so you must give me yourself. And you will: I've read my happiness in your sweet eyes—the sweetest eyes man ever kissed."

He had us both in his arms, Baby and me, kissing by turns her bright head and my lips and eyes. Baby crowed and cooed, and I—of course I cried.

"You bad doctor," I said when I could speak, "to scare me so! I thought you were going to take all my money and Baby's. Of course Baby's life is worth it a thousand times, and I could have paid it to anybody else and not been hurt, but it would have killed me to feel that you could be willing to spend it for your comfort. That money, somehow, seems to have my tears and my heart's blood in it."

"Poor little woman! And what are you ever going to do with it? There's no use good enough for it," said the doctor.

"Yes, I know a use for it. I mean to keep it on interest as a book-agents' fund," I said laughing. "I shall subscribe for every book that is brought along, if it's a good book: if not, I'll give the agent his forty per cent. There now! You see I know how one suffers."

"All book-agents are not like you. I saw the glories about you that first day you came into our office, and the halo is yet here."

He smoothed my hair and kissed it softly. SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

A CALL ON A BONZE.

I HAD been one month in the city of Fukui, the capital of the daimio of Echizen, and in that time I had been the recipient of hospitalities from prince, officer and merchant, and of kindness, honor and attention from all classes. The title which all bestowed on me of *sensei* ("teacher" or "eldest born") was sufficient guarantee to these people that their hospitality and the little gifts with which they daily loaded my table were not ill bestowed. From having been, through excess of patriotism, haters of all foreigners, their ways and works, they had become as gentle as children and as kind as mothers to their friend whom they had brought from over sea and land to teach the strange sciences of the West. Even the Booddhist priests, who were very numerous in the city, were polite and hospitable to one whom they could not but regard with suspicion. One of them had even visited me to thank me for my offer to instruct a few of his pupils in Western science and language. I was teaching a class of students in the school established by the daimio for the benefit of the sons of his two-sworded retainers, and the prospect of having the wearers and representatives both of the sword and the gown before me daily was novel and agreeable. After arranging to send six of his most promising prospective bonzes, he pressed me to visit him, bowed his forehead to the floor, said his *sayonara*, thrust his fan in his girdle, gathered himself up and retired.

The next day six lads in priestly robes and brocade stoles, all with rice-fed faces, rosy cheeks and shaven heads, bashfully entered the school and listened to the strange sounds of the foreigner's voice, while their countenances beamed with wonder or intelligence as the meaning filtered through the interpreter's language. At the end of a few weeks I found that four of them were very bright lads, whose continuance in foreign studies would be beneficial, while the other two

might shine as lights in the study of Chinese, Sanscrit and Booddhistic lore, but not of Western wisdom. Having made known the fact to their guardian, his Reverence Kun, he professed himself satisfied, and again pressed me to visit him, naming the day and hour. I resolved to go.

On the appointed day I prepared to make my call upon the bonze with all dignity. A visitor on foot, in those days of Japan, was nobody; a visitor in a *norimon* (a Japanese palanquin) *might* be somebody; a visitor on horseback *must* be a born nabob, since none but the samurai or gentry of Japan were entitled to bestride that noble animal. It was in the days of feudal Japan, though in the year of our Lord 1871. We repaired to the daimio's stable to select our horses. Every feudal daimio and his clan kept a stud of horses, though none but samurai could ride them, and even they only on special occasions. We mounted in the presence of half a score of grooms or running footmen, clad in their usual summer uniform—a suit of bronze-colored cuticle. Those who were to run with our horses wore in addition blue cotton-cloth socks. All, however, had on a narrow white breech-cloth, while a few had their backs tattooed with bright blue-and-red dragons and war-heroes. One evidently carried his sweetheart on his back, for a female beauty of the ultra-Japanese type, with roundest nose, oblique eyes, smallest mouth and fairest skin, blushed and pouted on his left shoulder, and lifted her round arm to adjust her blossom-garnished hair on his right. When a human face is painted on a living human skin, the effect is peculiarly life-like.

The daimio's stable being at my service, after viewing the fifty or more horses belonging to the clan, each one named and numbered, I had chosen a horse having a good reputation for speed and kindness, and black enough to deserve

his name of "Ink-stone." My interpreter aspired to ride a hard-mouthed animal dubbed "Dragon-jaws." My guard, who appeared in all the glory of silk, swords, helmet and new sandals, mounted, to the admiration of all the grooms, the fiery, spiteful "Devil-head." All was ready, and we started off on our ten-mile ride. The Japanese ponies, fresh from feed and confinement, were full of spirit. No one was unseated, however, and we passed out of the castle circuit and through the gates into the city without accident.

Of my two companions, one was a samurai, Miyoshi by name, a retainer of the prince of Echizen. His ancestor had followed Iyeyasu, the great unifier of Japan, to those wars in which he reduced every fractious daimio to submission and brought lasting peace to the land. As a reward for his valor he was made an hereditary retainer or vassal to the house of Echizen, and was entitled to a perpetual pension of fifty koku (two hundred and fifty-six bushels) of rice per annum. His undegenerate scion was Miyoshi, my companion, who had been detailed by the prince's high officers to guard the foreigner to the priest's residence. Such a guard was one of honor rather than of necessity, since, although the day of the patriotic assassins called "foreigner-haters"—a sort of murderous Japanese Know-Nothing party—was not yet over, yet among the peaceful villagers and farmers no harm could possibly befall a quiet American citizen who, unlike certain highly-civilized foreigners in Japan, kept his boots, fists and temper under control. By night and day, for over a year, the only foreigner in the province, I lived and moved in this inland Japanese city, most of the time without guards or companions, yet was never injured or even insulted by any one, though usually followed in my daily walks by a crowd as large as hung round the first Japanese who in 1860 sallied out from the Continental to make purchases and acquaintances in Chestnut street.

Miyoshi ("thrice good" or "three times in luck") had been so named because he was the third male child of his parents.

Tall, muscular, finely-formed, ever flush of health and bubbling over with fun and good-humor, Miyoshi neither belied his name nor failed in duty or courtesy to the foreigner with whom he daily walked as guard and companion. During the many months of voluntary exile, in which I never saw a Caucasian face, Miyoshi was my trusty friend. He alternated his duties with three other *yak-unin* or clansmen, to the longest, lankest and leanest of whom I had given the name of Don Quixote, and who gave themselves the collective title of "Company G," which they had picked up while on a visit to Yokohama. To-day, Miyoshi wore the usual picturesque dress so becoming to the Japanese samurai, which, to the horror and grief of civilized people, they have in many cases doffed for frock-coats, tight boots and that "plug" hat which not only makes unmalignant natives of Nippon look like members of Captain Jack's band, but which demonstrates that the extremes of barbarism and civilization may easily meet. Miyoshi wore a hat (or rather helmet) of heavily-lacquered paper or thin wood, red within, black without and emblazoned with the gilt crest of the Echizen clan. It flashed in the sun like burnished metal, and was bound under and over the chin by two thickly padded fastenings of white. Like all the Japanese head-coverings, which are called "shades" or "roofs," the helmet in no-wise fitted the skull, but simply rested upon it by two pads, between which, untouched, in splendor of shaven scalp and made into a rod by pomatum, lay the sacred top-knot. His dress consisted of the usual long cotton under-garment, and over this a graceful silk garment about the length of a frock-coat, open in front, having square flowing sleeves, and slit up behind so as to allow the polished scabbard of his long sword to project genteely behind. On each breast and on the back was his embroidered family crest. Around his waist and reaching to his ankles were the *hakama* or long loose trousers made of stiff silk, which indicated the social grade of the samurai. (The lower classes of the peo-

ple were, at that time, prohibited, on pain of death, from wearing this garment except at funerals.) Projecting from his silken girdle were the traditional two swords, their handles gold-inlaid and covered with shark skin wound with silk. One, the long blade, was for enemies, and one, the dirk, to be sheathed in no body but his own. Both swords were cased in lacquered wooden scabbards. As I have known of a score of instances of genuine *hara-kiri* since I came to Japan, and as I have seen the loyal devotion of the Echizen clan to their lord proved, I doubt not that Miyoshi would have buried his dirk in his bowels in a moment if ordered so to do by his idolized prince.

My second companion was named Iwabuchi ("Rock-edge"). Although a samurai of lesser rank than Miyoshi, he was far better educated, and proved his equal right to belong to the samurai class, since the real meaning of that term is "military literati," arms and letters being almost exclusively their property. Iwabuchi served no prince, and was therefore a *ronin** or "wave-man." His history had been somewhat chequered. His father having been a writing-master in the province of a petty daimio near Yeddo, he had received an unusually good education for a citizen of a country in which calligraphy was the first necessity and the last accomplishment, and the writing and reading of the most difficult written language on earth were thought to be the end and aim of all instruction. Of delicate frame and with a face lighted by intellect, softened by meekness, and only prevented from being noble by a twinkle of slyness, Iwabuchi seemed the type of the Oriental man of letters. He had left his home in boyhood to taste the new civilization, to brush against the hairy foreigners in Yokohama, and to learn their language. He had mixed with the Briton, the Yankee, the Frenchman and the Russian.

* Some writers on Japan have erroneously used the word *ronin* as synonymous with "rough" or "bully." The word means simply "wave" or "floating man," and is applied to any one leaving the service of his master. Some of the *ronins* I have met in Japan are perfect gentlemen, and as harmless as doves.

When found by the writer, who immediately made a note of him, he was a teacher in the English department of the Imperial College in Yeddo. In his merry moods he would occasionally astonish me, and recall a whole chapter of home-memories, by humming odd bits of tunes picked up from his American friends. I had scarcely been in Fukui a week before I heard some Japanese boys attempting to sing "Shoo Fly," which they evidently supposed to be the national hymn of America.

We rode out from the city over the "Happy Bridge," made of stone and wood, five hundred and ninety-four feet long, which crosses the "Winged-Foot" River, and soon emerged from the city limits into the world of blue and fleece above and of azure and verdure beneath. Broad leagues of young rice, like prairies, stretched away to the base of the hills. Out of the irrigated squares rose, like islands, spurs and knolls, on which darkened the deep green of the tea-plants above the tenderer hues of the sprouting rice. Afar off, in cool distance, clustered the solemn pines, stately cedars and feathery bamboos. Here and there rose the massive gable of a Boodhist temple or the sacred red portals which invited worshipers to some Shinto shrine in the deep recesses of the grove. Scattered about were the rude thatched dwellings of the villagers, occasionally relieved by the white fireproof storehouse of the well-to-do landowner. Crops of corn, sorghum, tobacco, cotton and indigo varied the scene. Beneath us the hoofs of our horses crushed the wild pink or way-side morning-glory, or "morning face," as the Japanese say. It was a lovely spring afternoon, and ever-beautiful Japan was in her robes of sun-glorified green, while the mountains seemed banked-up masses of heaven. Dotting the fields like animated white clouds, walked unharmed at the side of the laborer the spotless heron and the stately crane. Every draught of air was medicinal. Our horses shared the joy of their riders, and dashed on, caring naught for their burdens.

Japanese horses are surefooted except

on pebbles. A rolling stone may gather no moss, but it sometimes wins nobler spoil. Nearly all Japanese roads are more or less pebbly, and are flanked on either side by the irrigated rice-fields, in which the rich black mud is of the consistence of thickened milk. While dashing at full speed, Miyoshi's horse slipped on a loose stone and fell. Being behind him, the first thing I saw was the flash of his long sword, which had left its sheath and was flying before him into the mud, where it stuck, point upright. The next spectacle resembled a gigantic flying squirrel moving through the air, apparently with the object of self-impalement upon the upright sword. By a miracle, as it seemed, Miyoshi fell to one side of the naked weapon into the rice-ditch, thereby hopelessly flattening two dozen sprouts of rice, to the loss of the owner thereof, ruining his coat and silk trousers, put on so lovingly by Mrs. Miyoshi that very morning, demolishing his helmet, getting a mouthful of the muddy coagulum, and looking, when fished up, like an exaggerated sweet potato just grubbed up from Mother Earth.

We dismounted and scraped off our unfortunate knight, who, after an hour's stay in the inn of the nearest village, and being literally washed and ironed, was in tolerable good trim, and gave way to despondency no not for a moment. Indeed, in the height of his hilarity over a cup of saké (rice-beer), Miyoshi happened to be reminded of a little story of two deaf men, which he told with an evident expectation that it would provoke the hilarity of his hearers, as—under the circumstances—it did. Here it is: Two men who were stone-deaf, but not mutes, met in the street one day. *Post No. 1*: "Good-morning: are you going to buy beer?"—*Post No. 2*: "No, I am going to buy beer."—*Post No. 3*: "Oh, excuse me: I thought you were going to buy beer."

We mounted again, and rode through several villages, called "streets." As in Eastern France, there are in Japan no solitary houses, but all the farmers live clustered together in hamlets. The country-folk at this time were busy in thresh-

ing wheat by striking it in bundles over a gridiron-shaped frame like a table, into which flat bamboo bars, sharpened and set edgewise, were fastened. After the chaff has been fanned from the grain, either by letting it fall to the ground while a breeze is blowing, or by a machine nearly identical in structure and principle with our wheat-fan, the grain is spread out in the sun on mats laid in the street in front of the shanties. The natives do not make bread of it, however, but only such trifles as dumplings, vermicelli, etc. The Japanese have no word for bread, but use the Portuguese word "pan." For sponge-cake, of which they are very fond, and which they make very well, they use the word "castira," a corruption of *Castile*, the cake having been first made in Japan by the Spaniards.

The honji or ecclesiastical residence of the chief priest of the Nichiren sect in Echizen was a temple-like structure of the kind peculiar to Japan, and so well fitted for a country in which the chief concern is rather about subterranean "probabilities" than those in regard to the weather. The first duty of a good house in Japan is not so much to look beautiful as to keep on its legs. I have seen some poorly-built houses made giddy, reel and fall into a flatness that makes a flounder round by comparison. In a well-built Japanese house, however, one is as safe during an earthquake as on a Cunarder in an Atlantic gale. My clerical friend's house was evidently earthquake-proof. From one massive crest swept down on either side the heavy roof of black tiles, making two colossal gables on each side. To support this awful weight of tiles, the roof timbers are whole trunks of trees, so joined together as to rock easily in an earthquake. The uprights rest in sockets in boulders set in the earth, so that when an earthquake comes, the continuity of the shock is broken by the joints and not too tight transoms, while the inertia of the heavy roof preserves stability until the shock has passed. That the Japanese understand the science of earthquake-proof architecture is most evident, since scores of their pagodas, temples

and towers have withstood the shocks of hundreds of years. Any one knows how he can balance a gold-headed cane on his finger-tip, and move the base a foot or more from the perpendicular while the heavy head scarcely changes position. The supports of a Japanese house seem frail and the roof dangerously heavy, but the house is a gold-headed cane, and the earth the moving hands. In the earthquakes which we have in Yeddo about twice or oftener a month, the foreigner prefers to be in a Japanese house.

Our host meets us in the soft-matted room, with glistening skull freshly shaven, and clad in new robes of finest Quaker-colored silk and gorgeous collar of gold-embroidered brocade, but having bare feet. The mutual salutations consume several minutes. An acolyte brings us cups of tea, then conversation for an hour or more ensues, during which the dinner is served. Though in a priest's and abbot's dwelling, it was no anchorite's fare that was set before us. I would not insinuate that all Japanese bonzes* live as luxuriantly as his Reverence Kun, but I doubt whether any class of men in Japan will average heavier in the scales, or illustrate better the laws of gravity if they should happen to fall outside a vacuum. Fasting is, of course, often practiced, and some of the young bonzes look as pale and spiritual as those among our own students of theology who cultivate dyspepsia as a means of grace. Indeed, there is a very pale and handsome, dark-eyed young bonze, who performs the part of warden to the tombs of the taikuns at Uyeno in Yeddo, and acts as cicerone to visitors, of whom one of a party of young missionary ladies that visited the tombs a short time ago naively remarked, "What a splendid convert he would make!"

Whoever, in examining a map of a Japanese city, notices the great number

of red spaces indicative of temple property and real estate owned by Buddhist monasteries, may obtain an idea of the enormous revenues arising from the rents collected by the bonzes or their agents. To see the immense number of priests and nuns who are supported on these endowments, and to compare the style and quality of their dress and food with that of the poor mite-payers, is to understand why so many make voluntary choice of the monastic life. The recent trustworthy census of Japan gives the number of Buddhist priests at 211,486, which is scarcely more than half of the number prior to the diminution of their revenues.

It is perhaps too trite to be a witticism that the shortest way to a man's heart is over his palate. At any rate, his Reverence seemed to open his heart wider as successive courses of soups, fish, fruits, vegetables, rice, etc. disappeared from view from the lacquered bowls on the tiny tables. His priestly dignity melted into friendly garrulity. He had promised to answer any questions which I, an inquisitive foreigner, should put to him, but I had not even hoped to get the story of his life as he gave it to me that night. Something else helped the fluent utterance of the human heart that lay under those priestly robes. It was the universal alcoholic beverage of Japan called *saké*, which being brewed from rice, and therefore really beer, looks so much like sherry and so little like barley beer, and holds such a high social and sentimental place on festal occasions, that the Japanese like to translate the word *saké* by wine. The various brews from the different provinces, named according to color, quality, time of brewing, etc., would fill a volume, but it is very certain that his Reverence could tolerate none but the best brew. To me, the "Target-Centre," "Unrivaled," "Leaping Carp," etc., and most of the other brands which are quaffed with such reverential gusto by native *saké*-bibbers, taste like a mixture of alcohol and hot water, for the Japanese always drink *saké* hot. My companion, Miyoshi, who was a connoisseur, after every

*The word "bonze" is a corruption of the Japanese word *bōdai* (long o, short u), which means a Buddhist priest or shaven-headed person. The term is used to distinguish the Buddhist priests from the *kanushi* or keepers of the Shintō (long o, never u) shrines. These latter wear their hair cut short, and without queue, curls or pomatum.

successive smack of his rather lusty lips declared the drink to be "as smooth as velvet, and fit for the greatest daimio in the land." The three virtues of saké usually set forth on the signboards pendent before the door are, that "it keeps out the cold, appeases hunger, and wraps in sleep him that drinketh thereof." Of the first virtue there was no need, it being spring and the evening warm, and by reason of his having emptied many bowls of rice and choicer viands, the second could not be tested; but that the third existed in potency was evident. Miyoshi soon careened over like a stranded ship, and was peacefully beached on the shores of Dreamland. His Reverence, though he had drained full many of the tiny cups, was still sprightly, and the saké served only to oil the hinges of his speech. Iwabuchi, always abstemious, acted like a porous partition for the diffusion of gases, and the bonze, becoming communicative beyond even my curiosity, gave me the story of his life, which I must condense in very few words.

His Reverence was born in the province of Nagato. His father was one of the retainers of the prince of that province, and an influential householder of the clan. Having no children by his true wife during the first five years of his married life, he availed himself of the expedient so common in Japan—which is lawful and against which there is no social ban—of taking to himself a handmaid in hopes of having an heir. Accordingly, he chose for his concubine one of the beautiful and well-educated *get-sha* (singing- and dancing-girls), such as are found in every city of the empire, and who, though of humble birth, are rather better educated than the daughters even of the higher classes. By this woman he had a son, who grew up as the prospective heir of his father's house and fortunes, and received the education befitting a samurai's son. Mother and child were happy together until the boy was seventeen years old, when blight and frost fell on their hopes. The true wife bore a male child.

By law and custom this child became the heir, but the Japanese Hagar and

Ishmael were not sent away. It was expected that the handmaid would remain with her lord, and her son act the part of younger brother to the heir. Such a position, however, in a country where the law of entail obtains, is not always pleasant, and in this case of disappointed ambition it was too galling to be endured. So the natural son, mortified at first, submitted to destiny and became a priest. Having shaved his head and hung up his queue as a votive offering in the temple, he left his native city of Shimonoseki, and walking on foot to Kioto, visiting and praying at all the celebrated shrines on the way, he arrived in the sacred city and entered one of the monasteries of the Nichiren sect in that great city of temples. Here he studied and waited on the priest for twelve years, and was then sent to Echizen, where, after five years of zealous service, he was chosen chief priest or bishop of the province, a post he had now held for three years.

"But did nothing ever tempt you to leave the priesthood?" I asked, wishing to get his own account of certain things rumored about him.

"Hai, *saiyo de gozarimasu*," said the bonze, laying his right ear down on his shoulder and meditating. "It will be just eighteen years this summer since the news came as quick as an earthquake that a fleet of black ships had arrived opposite Kanagawa, and that the 'hairy barbarians,' as we called them then, had landed on the soil of Japan. The excitement was great. Every one's liver burst, and all the priests were summoned to the temples to offer up prayers to the gods to sweep away the barbarians. My first ambition when a boy had been to be a soldier, and I wanted at once to take off my collar and robes, let my hair grow again, stick my swords in my belt, and go and kill the American commodore Perry. I thought if I could but kill him, and thus save my land from pollution and ensure my own salvation, I would gladly die. I borrowed two swords from the armorer who lives on Pure Water street, and sold my bedding, which was all the personal property I

possessed. I expected to hide the swords in my robes and beg my way to Yokohama. I was just about to start when the daimio's officer, hearing of my purpose, forbade me, and so I had time to cool off a little. Dr. Kasawara, the oldest and most skillful doctor in Fukui, who had been secretly studying the Dutch language for years, persuaded me to wait and see whether the barbarians were really bad men. In a month or so word came that Perry and his ships had been driven away."

"My friend has greatly changed, since to-day he entertains a hairy barbarian and a countryman of Commodore Perry. How came the change?"

"Well, Dr. Kasawara removed many of my prejudices, but I never entirely changed my opinions until I saw you; and I can only say that now I do not believe the foreigners came to Japan either to conquer the country or to corrupt or kill the people; nor are they at all like beasts in their manners, as I supposed; nor do they eat earth-worms or snakes, as I had heard, and as many of my parishioners really suppose. Indeed, our old proverb, 'Hearing is Paradise, seeing is Hell,' seems to be reversed in this case. I heard of devils and saw a man. Hontoni (truly), I do not know what the mothers of Fukui will frighten their babies with. They will have to fall back on the Tengu* again. Forgive me for having been so stupid. Dozo o negaimasu" ("Please may it be your wish to do so").

The bonze had made a clean breast of it, and I did not press him further in regard to his first impressions of the foreigners—a point on which I have questioned so many Japanese. In friendly retaliation his Reverence questioned me concerning my first impressions of the Japanese. They were easily told, and doubtless they are the same as those of the crowds who saw the carriage-loads of shaven crowns proceeding up Walnut street in the summer of 1860. When further pressed to tell him what seemed strangest to a foreign eye in Fukui, I gave him the fullest inventory of won-

* A long-nosed imp supposed to kidnap children.

ders and incongruities I could extemporize. They were: houses without chimneys; hills without cattle; fields without fences; the wearing of loose clothes by men, and of tight ones by women; children's heads shaved in all fanciful ways and men with top-knots; the great age of the civilization of Japan, yet so little accumulated wealth and so few durable edifices; the poverty of the people, invariably joined with gentleness and politeness; the strange mixture of skepticism and superstition; the rigid chastity of wives and the moral laxity of husbands; indecency on every side existing with great refinement and modesty; the indulgence of parents and the perfect obedience of children. I wondered at birds without song; so many flowers, so few perfumes; so many blossoms and so little fruit; so much saké, so few persons drunk; mutual kindness, yet so little regard for human life; such rigid discipline of grade and rank and caste, mingled with frequent instances of freedom, and even of familiarity; so much moral teaching, yet such disregard for truth; so many swords worn, yet so seldom used. All these in their order gave rise to many expressions of surprise, very many *naru hodos* and *so desu kas?* and kept Iwabuchi's ears and tongue busy until the great temple bell boomed out the hour of ten, when all good bonzes should be on their quilts.

Miyoshi awoke at this time, and the two samurai, taking their swords from the rack and thrusting them in their girdles, were ready. At the door the running footmen were holding our horses, and after many a "Please come again" and *sayonara* we were off on the moonlit road. It was toward midnight when we passed over Happy Bridge and entered the city gates. Riding past the long mirror of the moats and the transfigured towers and castle walls, we reached our place of parting for the night. When I was within my paper-walled room the great bell of the temple of Kuanon boomed out the hour of midnight, and the sweet quiver which the air so lovingly prolonged wooed me to dreams of home.

WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

BOUNCE.

SHE was christened *Benedicta*. During the two months included between the day of her birth and the performance of the ceremony which made this name her own, little else was spoken of by the gossips of Twaddleton. In thus departing from the customs of those who preceded and surrounded her, the mother implied a tacit disapproval of their taste and opinions, and how could a chit of eighteen presume to know better than her grandmothers and great-grandmothers? How dared she attempt to overthrow the existing order of Twaddleton? and how could she expect her child to grow up sensible with such an outlandish name, when the grave respectability of those ordinary cognomens, Catherine, Prudence, Sarah and Martha, was scarcely sufficient to repress the giddiness of their young possessors? The innovation was absurd, it was wicked: no natural person could ever have thought of such a thing. It certainly should not have the sanction of Twaddleton. Thus, like all pioneers, *Selina Terry* had to suffer for her audacity.

It was indeed a singular name to appear in this out-of-the-way village, but who can tell whither the spirit of poesy will stray in its erratic course, or how it enters minds to kindle therein the fire at whose flickering the unpossessed shake grave heads and predict strange issues? Sometimes it leaves but a spark, that, emitting a glare of mock brilliancy, is then extinct for ever; sometimes it sets a beacon-light to guide those surrounded by darkness; sometimes an untamable flame that consumes the recipient; sometimes a faint glow that warms only near friends and the home-circle. However its advent, it had lighted for a moment the dim recesses of *Selina's* heart, and for that moment she rose above the narrow limits of herself, of her surroundings and of Twaddleton, and became—was it a prophet or poet, or was the idea but an impulse of mother-love?

The generosity of small towns in devoting their best energies to straighten and settle the affairs of their neighbors has been frequently admired. *Miss Fische* was a woman whom the world, by repeated hard lessons, had taught how to administer reproof. By a fitness of things seldom found in our disjointed personalities, she was possessed of a strong voice, a rapid utterance, indefatigable perseverance, an analytic mind and a robust constitution, with very little business of her own, and plenty of spare time to bestow on those who needed her ministrations. This chosen instrument spoke not only to the young mother, but also to the young minister of the village, telling the former that the child would grow up a reprobate, that she could see a snare of Satan in her irregular act and bold self-dependence; while to the latter she hinted that she should strongly suspect his doctrine if he did not refuse to baptize the little one by such a name.

But the remarks of *Miss Fische* do not particularly concern us, since *Mrs. Terry, née Doubs*—a young wife developed from a spoiled child—though very ill and scarcely able to speak, held her own. Perhaps it was from that very fact that she was able to do so, for *Miss Fische* had never been known to be routed in fair argument, but having no opposition to feed upon, and the lecture form of speech not having yet found its way to that locality, she had perforce to retire. And *Selina* clung to her purpose with the same sweet self-will that had always guided her during her short life in any unusually profitless pursuit.

The baptism took place in her own little parlor: the bowl that held the water was a family piece, regarded as a title to supergentility. It is pleasant to think that so slight an act as the purchase of a bit of china or a silver spoon may give us a claim to the remembrance of posterity. The slim minister was pale on

the occasion, but as that was his inviolable habit, it might be referred to the chronic state of depletion in his salary, which afforded small opportunity for indulgence in blood-making food. John Terry stood by, big, good-humored and smiling, with an opinion on the name question quite coinciding with that of our great poet.

In time the gossip died out from pure surfeit, for at short intervals came, almost treading on each other's heels, a Percy, a Claude, a Manfred—the latter could happily be shortened into Fred—and two more whom the tired mother refused to name, for in these years life had become a sad reality to Selina: she now only exerted her will to protest, not desire.

The father had already acquired a habit of referring much to his little daughter, whose wonderful surname he had ingeniously changed into Bounce, as being more homelike and convenient, as well as suggestive of her fat figure and active spirit. When this difficulty presented itself he turned to her and asked, "What shall we call the babies, Bounce?"

She thought a little, as one should who suddenly has a responsibility thrust upon him; then said, "I think the boy should be Johnny, after you, papa; and the girl should be Lucy, because, you know, she had a little lamb in my primer."

Whether for this weighty reason or for lack of better, the children did receive these names, and Miss Fische was heard to remark that "Trouble does some people good: Selina Terry has finally come to her senses."

For trouble there had been—trouble that will sometimes settle down on a devoted family without evident cause or conscious mismanagement, as if evil stars had an influence, or the usually impartial Fates had a spell of megrim, and were venting their surplus ill-humor on the first mortal that happened under their eyes.

It was thus with John, only that irrepressibly cheerful man was not aware of it. When he married his salary seemed amply sufficient for two, but in five years

the two had increased to eight and the salary remained stationary. But John still worked on contentedly: when there was not much, he did with little, and though the whole village spoke of his misfortunes, he was too busy to pay that attention to them which many thought they deserved. In fact, John had but few opinions and fewer speculations, and having once made up his mind on a subject, he never took the necessary trouble to unmake it. Having thought himself fortunate when he married the girl he loved, he considered that a settled point, and blindly continued to think himself fortunate until the day of his death.

Mrs. Terry's mind was capable of a wider range, and her fine sensibilities discovered many inconveniences in the world which ruder people are not supposed to feel. Her discontent had been of a remittent kind even while still a girl, and as a wife circumstances had tended to aggravate the disorder. She had been a fair, blue-eyed beauty, such as Time's rough fingers sadly mar in touching; and she had many kittenish ways in her youth that caused much havoc among the hearts of men. One of her sources of regret was that she "might have done better." She often told John that he had dragged her down to his own level, but this bitter fact did not annoy him any more than his other misfortunes. The truth is, he did not know where his own level was, but, like a cork in water, he rose and fell according as new weights were added or old ones removed, and was ready to come to the surface whenever chance permitted. John was obtuse.

On some one suggesting to Mrs. Terry that, in regard to her husband, she had chosen for better and for worse, she replied decidedly that she had "never taken John for anything like as bad as he was—that she had been utterly deceived. Could a woman imagine that any man would stay in the same office on the same salary for five years?"

But it was not for five years only, but for ten and longer, that Terry still stayed, and Selina's little ways ended in resem-

bling the felines only in metaphoric scratching, spitting and miauing. How seldom their admirers realize the natural development of kittens!

With the perversity of things in general, little beings still continued to arrive at this house, which was already too small to hold them, and little souls came to the care and training of this uncared, untrained person. Whether it was from being in contact with this newly-created innocence, or whether peremptory duties compel a pliant nature into a finer mould, or whether continual appeals for help cause sympathy to grow and selfishness to fade, I cannot tell, but certainly some more than usually subtle influence formed the character of Benedicta.

From the day of her birth she had been a centre of confusion—calm from the very force of the whirlwind about her. At an age when children receive care she was called upon to care for others. It seemed as if her voice grew soft in hushing the wailing of infants, and her patience became more liberal as the demands upon it increased. What persuasive power it required to quiet the nervous storms of her mother! what gentle decision to control that army of boys! what clear sense to meet the perplexities of a household where two and two invariably had to be forced into making five!

Her education at the public school was intermingled with rocking the never-absent cradle and amusing the small Terrys. As she grew older and more capable of usefulness, book-lessons ceased altogether until later, when she took up the primer again as teacher for her brothers and sisters too young to walk to school. She was never popular among girls of her own age: they could not understand why she was always absent from the playground or why she never joined in their recreations. How could they suspect that time, which was to them so free a gift that they forgot to reckon it, was one of her privations?—that the very air she breathed was in the service of others? Since she could walk she had never had a moment of her own. Or stop! Now I think of it, when she

was about three years old she did indulge herself by stealing off to a ditch near the house to make mud-cakes, but the arrival of a new baby put an end to that pastime. And games soon lost their charm for her from the too frequent use she had to make of them to beguile that interesting family at home. As to those imaginative imitations of work, such as building fire in the woods, cooking, washing dolls' clothes or play-dishes, that children delight in, Bounce had been behind the scenes and the illusion had vanished. Dolls and their owners she looked upon with a wondering surprise, as if to say, Strange that the girls should so delude themselves as to call *such* things babies! Indeed, the only pleasure she cared for, and one that she rarely enjoyed, was to find a quiet corner and sit down to rest.

During her school-days she made two friends in her own characteristic way, or, rather, circumstances happened to bring certain of her qualities under the eyes of two of her school-mates, and they loved her.

Fanny Phillips, a girl of her own age, had a fall from a high swing, cutting her head and hands severely: Bounce knew just how to bind up the wounds and soothe the frightened child. Afterward she took her home, repeating a wonderful story on the way to make her forget her hurt; and Fanny's warm heart ever remembered the incident. Benedicta's tenderness to any one in pain was a revelation not easily forgotten.

On another occasion, as she walked late to school—and this her numerous duties often obliged her to do—in passing through a fragment of woodland that lay in her way she came suddenly upon two boys. The larger one, a malicious, impudent, low-browed, heavy-limbed fellow, the plague of the village and the terror of the school, was punishing the smaller for some imaginary offence—making him hold out his hand that he might strike it with a ruler.

Without a moment's hesitation the girl stepped between them: there was neither fear, indignation nor bravado in her calm face as she gave the little boy

her hand and said, "Dry your eyes, Peter, and come to school: you will be late;" and as they moved on, seeing that he was too frightened to obey, and that his cheeks were tear-stained and soiled, she stooped and wiped them with her apron.

This gave the other time to recover his assurance. He joined them with an oath: "See here! will you let that freckle-nosed boy alone, I say?"

The little fellow pressed to her side for protection as she asked, "What do you want with him?"

"I've not finished him, that's all," he answered roughly. "Here, you Pete, hold out your hand."

"Will not mine do as well?" said Bounce serenely, at the same time offering it in such evident good faith that the young savage was puzzled. He paused a moment and looked at her. There she stood waiting, meeting his eyes clearly, just as if she had been asking the most simple question in the world, one little hard-worked hand extended toward him, the other giving confidence to the trembling Peter half hidden by her side. She was not thinking that he, Sam Boggs, was a brute, nor that his conduct was extraordinary, nor even that the little boy was much wronged, nor yet of herself. She was merely acting from the conviction that in the case it was the only thing to be done.

It was a sort of justice Sam Boggs could understand. His rights were not infringed upon, his conduct had not been assailed. He was in nowise daunted, but he was satisfied, and finally said, "You can go on. If you had been afraid or had preached, I would have struck you." Then the three proceeded amicably along the road together. After walking a few rods, Sam asked abruptly, "Why weren't you afraid?"

"I don't know," was the response after a moment's thought.

"Did you think I wouldn't hit you?"

"No, I thought you would."

"You know I am a very bad boy," he went on boastfully. "It's a wonder you weren't afraid: people always are afraid of me."

"Are they?"

"Yes: you see I'm such a dreadful feller. Why, I once pisoned a dog with strike-nine." This with the tone of an Ajax recounting his exploits.

"It was a pity, wasn't it?"

"Well, mebbly it was, but you see I am one of them sort of chaps that I don't care a bit when I does them things."

"But I am afraid the dog cared," said the girl meditatively. "I hope he did not suffer much."

"I don't know: I didn't think of the dog. It was to bother old Stack that I did it. I'm a terrible boy, I am: the whole town thinks I'm the baddest boy here. Why, I swear more than a man, I do; and I'm so strong I could do—I could do—*anything*; and I'm not afraid to do it, neither. Are you ever afraid?"

"I have not been yet—not that I remember," she answered simply.

"Well, now, I thought you goody people were always afraid of something or other; but if you ain't afraid of *me*, why you won't be of anything. If I was you, now," he continued persuasively, "I'd be just a little bad: it's awful fun, and I'll tell you no end of tricks if you want to know."

"I shouldn't like to kill a dog," she answered decidedly, but with no tone of reproach in her voice: she was speaking for herself, not for him.

"Well, not just that," said Sam deprecatingly, feeling for the first time in his life a dawning respect for public opinion, with Bounce for its representative. "But on your way home you might let down the bars in old Stack's pasture-field: it wouldn't hurt the cows to come out and have a holiday. The things must get tired being milked all the time, anyhow, and wouldn't it make old Stack mad? Gosh!"

To this inviting offer the girl shook her head, which so incensed Sam that, concentrating all the scorn he was master of into four words, he exclaimed emphatically, "You are too good!" Then, after casting this terrible slur, and giving it sufficient time to take effect, he at-

tempted to reason. "What's the use, now," he said remonstratively—"what's the use of not being afraid if you never do nothing wrong? You might as well be like that sniveling Pete in your hand." But their arrival at the school-house put an end to further eloquence from Sam.

However, Bounce had made an impression on the rough lad, and one refusal did not deter him from planning many of his amusements so that she could share them with him, feeling sure that she could not long resist their alluring influence. One day he overtook her as she was going home, and without preface accosted her thus: "Say! do you like apples?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Then," he continued, lowering his voice confidentially, "meet me here to-morrow afternoon. I know where we can steal a sight. I wouldn't ask a boy in school to join me, but you're such a plucky one!"

"I can't come out to-morrow."

"Yes you can. Sneak off through the back gate, and when they find you are gone let 'em call and call. It's fun to give 'em the slip; and won't that old mother o' yours be mad? Oh gosh!"

"I don't care to make her angry: there would be no fun in that."

"Well, now, what *would* be fun for you?"

At this abrupt question Bounce was perplexed: it was a subject she had never thought about. She could only reply, "I don't know."

Sam looked thoughtfully on the ground, encouraging his brain to unusual activity by kicking a hole in the brown path with his heel. His hands rested lymphatically in his hip-pockets, his lips wore a determined pucker and his forehead a frown: he was mustering up all his faculties to fathom the problem of Bounce's peculiar tastes. Suddenly, the tension relaxed: he withdrew his hands from their resting-place, took from his head the wisp of straw that did duty for a hat, ran his fingers through his bushy hair, as if to fling off the weight of thought, then shut one eye and gave a satisfied chuckle as he announced his success: "I have it

now! I bet a quarter you'll laugh when you see it—that is, if you can laugh. Can you?"

"Oh yes!" said Bounce, good-humorably smiling.

"Just come along with me, then: it won't take you any longer to go home this way."

In a few minutes he brought her to a clearing in the woods from which the underbrush had been burnt, and where not even a blade of grass had yet grown. In the centre of the bare spot stood a large wooden rabbit-trap, to which he pointed triumphantly, saying, "What do you think of that 'ere trap, now?"

"I think it is too long," replied Bounce, critically regarding it.

"That's just it," said the boy, cutting a pigeon-wing in his delight, and laughing vociferously. "Did you ever see a longer trap in your life? Hold two dozen rabbits, wouldn't it? Nice big one, ain't it?" He jerked out these questions between the paroxysms, holding his aching sides and acting as if demented.

"But why did you make it that way?" asked Bounce, wondering at his grotesque movements: "you can't catch anything in it."

"Oh you! It isn't *my* trap: it's Bill Mason's."

"Why did he make it so large?"

"'Cause I told him to," said Sam with a consequential air. "I guess he thought I know'd."

"And you told him wrong?"

"Well, you know, every boy ketching rabbits makes rabbits skeerce," he remarked slyly.

"But this is no place for rabbits, anyway," said the girl, looking about her with the acute eyes of one who was country bred and born. "There is not a bush nor a bit of grass near; and, I declare, if there isn't a fox-hole! A rabbit won't come near a fox-hole, surely."

"That's just it!" and Sam slapped his knees and again exploded. "I told him to set it here. I'll tell you all about it," he continued, recovering his equanimity by clapping his hand over his capacious mouth, and holding it there until the laugh gurgled itself out of hearing like

a covered brook: "Last Saturday I was over at Mason's, an' says Bill to me, says he, 'Sam, how do you make your rabbit-traps?' Then says I, 'As I'm here I'll show you;' an' we went to the woodshed to choose the boards—purty thick ones, you see. An' says Bill, a-layin' it off on one of the boards with his hand, like, 'About how long shall I saw it?' An' then says I, 'Give it a good yard: they likes 'em to be roomy.' An' when he measured it off, says he, 'That looks mighty long;' and I stands back to examine it out of one eye, very wise. Then says I, 'You might make it a *lee-tle* shorter, but not more nor an inch, else you'll spile the whole thing.' An' he says, 'The thing 'll be monstrous heavy.' I says, 'Heavy ain't the question: it's whether it 'll ketch much rabbits.' Then says Bill, 'So it is.'

"When the trap was about half made, he axes me, 'How will I get the rabbits out of it? My arm won't be long enough to reach 'em?' 'Oh,' says I, careless like, 'you don't take 'em with your hand. You must carry a bag with you, an' cover the mouth of the trap with it: behind here you make a little hole for the trapstick to go through. Now, when you come an' see the trap shut, an' you think you have an animile all safe, and no guessin' about it, you can just peep in there, an' if one is in you take a willow switch, put it through that 'ere hole, tickle the rabbit, an' in he goes to the bag straight, an' you can just pick him up and carry him home, easy like.' 'Fact?' says Bill. An' now the *narr* will bring his bag, an' if a rabbit should happen to get into the trap, while he is at the other end a-ticklin' it the critter 'll push by the bag an' off."

At this climax Sam Boggs could contain his laughter no longer, and once more he doubled himself up and gave vent to extravagant mirth. But soon noticing that Bounce was not joining in his merriment—that, on the contrary, she was looking at the trap with the most sober expression possible—he hastily straightened himself and remarked, "Well, now, I believe you don't think it's funny."

"Poor Bill will be so disappointed!" said Bounce in her soft voice.

"But the rabbit won't be," replied the wily Sam, quick to turn the situation of affairs in his favor. "I guess now rabbits don't like to be ketched, neither."

This bit of Machiavellism was beyond reproof, and Bounce could say nothing more, her tender heart being about equally divided between the rabbit and the boy. As for Sam, he was as much at a loss as ever to know how to amuse her.

Knowing they would not be refused, the villagers frequently called upon Benedicta for neighborly acts of good-will. She might not find time to attend the wedding, but she would spare a few moments to assist at the toilette of the bride or at the spreading of the feast; she might not join the dancers of an evening, but she would be the one whom the hostess would ask to decorate the room or to hang the lamps for the festival. In the course of time people forgot to ask her to take part in their gayeties, but in periods of distress she was always remembered, and mourners believed that somehow their dead rejoiced in her touch.

With the exception of Sam Boggs, who in his rough way did try to gratify her, it seemed never to dawn on any mind, her own not excepted, that Bounce herself might have, hidden away, capabilities for enjoyment, or that any other life than the one she was leading could be possible for her; although, had it been otherwise, it would scarcely have availed. I can imagine Mrs. Terry's reply to a proposition for Bounce to waste time at "those silly entertainments," and picture good-natured John rubbing his brow and saying, "I don't see how we can do without Bounce this evening: everything goes wrong when she is not here." Indifference and love equally condemned her to the same fate.

But in telling of Benedicta's life I must not forget her one ball. It was when she was about eighteen that a party was given by the rich banker's wife, Mrs. Phillips, to which Bounce was invited. Not after the usual form, but with Fanny's warm arms around her neck, and Fanny's glib tongue describing the delights

of quadrilles and the intricacies of the polka; for chattering Fanny thought that no place on earth could equal her own father's house on the night of such a festivity. She was one of the ablest little women in town in ministering to the happiness of others, while Benedicta excelled in ministering to their pain. And Joy that day, in the person of Fanny, took Pity captive in the person of Bounce, and would hear of no release; for when Joy said that it would be depriving her of a pleasure if Pity did not put on a smile and come, the latter, who had never refused sacrificing herself in any cause whatsoever, had to consent. The indefatigable Fanny fluttered in and out of the Terry house daily to see that her friend did not change her mind in the interval before the feast; and she was so bright and gay that Mrs. Terry was delighted with her, and took the occasion to give a private scolding to Bounce—as she was accustomed to do when unduly moved, either pleasurably or otherwise—telling her that she ought to be more like Miss Phillips, and not “mope” as she did. As if it was possible for the eldest child of that numerous family and the petted daughter of the wealthy Phillips to resemble each other!

So Bounce went to the party, and, owing to the mysterious charm that poets, snowflakes and moonlight have given to white of whatever fabric or style, she looked well. All the members of the house of Terry were gathered together to look at her apotheosis. At her exit two or three of the youngest set up an inhuman yell to accompany her, and the mother as a speedwell said querulously, “You are leaving me in all this muss, and the children to put to bed, and the house to red up, and you a-pleasuring!”

Then Bounce made a rush back from the door to take one child in her arms and quiet it, when her mother put her out of the house bodily, saying, “Yes, that's right—spoil your dress that your father has spent his hard-earned money for!” and Bounce so far thought of herself as to feel conscious of a dawning sense of wickedness in her departure from common habits.

It was as if some good little planet, after traveling for thousands of years around the universe with an untiring and unthinking haste, should suddenly stand still some fine day and see the universe traveling around it. There was her father, hat in hand, ready to escort her; and her mother, though she did scold, straightening her dress and smoothing her hair; and that unmanageable trio, Claude, Percy and Fred, awed into boundless respect. At the party also a new world opened upon her. To go and greet Mrs. Phillips, whom she had known all her life, as formally as if she was a stranger, was a pleasant novelty; to hear people making inquiries about the weather, the state of your health or other indifferent topics, instead of putting those homely, troublesome questions that require discussion and provoke contention, such as she was only too well accustomed to hear and answer; to see familiar faces lose their careworn lines and look pleased and happy from under new cap-frills or smart ribbons, or above stiff neckties or bare dimpling shoulders,—all this made Bounce think that parties are delightful affairs, which serve to make us acquainted with what is most lovely in every one—a sort of meeting together to celebrate the rites of thanksgiving and contentment.

Sam Boggs was there too. He had now become a respectable farmer on his paternal estate, and, in spite of the mischievous promise of his youth, was neither feared nor hated by his neighbors; in fact, rather the contrary. When the dancing commenced he made his way in an awkward manner to where Bounce was sitting, and speaking with his usual abruptness accosted her with, “Say! will you dance?”

“I don't know how.”

“You're afraid.”

“No, I am not.”

“Well, come on, then: I don't know how neither, but I ain't afraid. Suppose we do tramp on some feller's heels—make him mad, good fun. Gosh!”

“You must behave here,” remarked Bounce severely.

“Well, ain't I behaving? Tell you

what," he went on, moved as of old to be confidential with Bounce, "I've put on a tight pair of boots to-night, and they're hurting me awful. If that ain't behaving, I would like to know what is?"

"If you sit down they won't hurt you so much," said Bounce sympathizingly.

"No, indeed," answered the still undaunted Sam. "I came here to have fun, and I am going to dance."

Here Miss Fische bore down and interrupted the conversation. This lady had now reached an age which a well-bred arithmetic refuses to count, and algebra would kindly veil under the sign for an unknown quantity. She was very fond of gatherings of this kind, but, contrary to Benedicta's opinion, she thought they promoted a knowledge of our neighbors' shortcomings and defects. Probably the two regarded them from different points of view.

Her greeting to Bounce was the exclamation, "How on earth could you be spared from home?"

"I was not spared—I just came," was the truthful reply.

"Just like the girls!—they think of nothing but themselves. I dare say now your mother is fretting herself to death with the children."

"Do you think so? Perhaps I had better go home," said Benedicta nervously.

"No, you can't do that now: you should have thought of it before you came. There, they are going to sing—a girl and a man: it will be good singing. I am a judge: I always know, when they get up so spunky-like, that the singing is going to be fine. They don't sit back in a corner, like you. I suppose this is the first party you have ever been at?—you act as if it was. Do you sing? I never see you sing in church. You ought to. I consider idleness a great sin. Why don't you try to be useful?—teach Sunday-school and make pin-cushions for the poor; elevate your mind above mere pleasure; join the Dorcas society: it is well conducted—I am president—and none but the worthy get help from me, I can tell you. I told you the

music would be good: don't they draw it along pleasantly?"

Fanny's bright face was just then seen peering about in search of some one: when she spied her friend she carried her off before she could give an opinion on the music.

"There is a gentleman who wants to be introduced to you," whispered Fanny as she drew her away. He asked me, 'Who is that young girl with a child's face?'—meaning you, my dear. I believe he meant it as a compliment. You have made a conquest, Bennie, and you must become acquainted with him. He is very nice too, but—" In the midst of this breathless prattle Bounce found herself standing before a tall gentleman, and heard Fanny's voice saying, "Mr. Macy, Miss Terry."

It was the first time in her life she had been addressed thus. She hardly recognized herself; and then he offered her his arm—another new experience. What was happening that she should receive so much consideration? She felt more like the little planet than ever. For the first few moments she was confused, but her old habit of thinking that what others expected from her must be the proper thing for her to do, was now of service; and as the gentleman seemed to expect that she would walk, and also talk, she did so. It appeared as if it was all a dream, as if reality had vanished, as if the charm she had felt from the beginning of the evening had deepened and settled. The two silver candlesticks on the mantelpiece seemed to represent untold wealth; the small band of Twaddleton performed the music of the spheres; the ball-room, with its primitive decorations of evergreens and tissue-paper flowers, was magnificent; and even Miss Fische, as seen through the glamour, became pleasant to look upon.

He spoke in tones so different from those about her, and behaved toward her in some way like—like— Well, she could only compare it to her own manner when she spoke to the little sick Daisy, her youngest sister. She did not dare look in his face, he was so tall above her, and besides, it was enjoyment

enough just to walk by his side, her hand on his arm, and listen to his voice, which sometimes, although she was so happy, made her feel like weeping.

After a few turns and squeaks and groans, the fiddles—in Twaddleton they were not called violins—struck the preliminary notes of a new quadrille.

"Will you dance?" asked Mr. Macy.

"Oh, I cannot."

"Yes, you can," answered the harmonious tenor. "I will hold your hand: you need not be afraid."

These were the very words she had often used to Daisy when the child hesitated about doing something that she was anxious for her to do. Bounce smiled at the recollection, and, reassured by the voice, replied, "I will try."

And so they danced, her hand receiving courage from his hand as they touched in the figures of the quadrille, her steps guided by the impulse given by that meeting, and her smiles blossoming into shy laughter under the enchantment of his regard. He was more successful in his efforts to please her than poor Sam Boggs had been.

After the dance they walked again, and in due time and in proper order all the usual accompaniments of a ball went on—mirth and noise and supper—but, as it were, at a great distance from them. Once, as they were leaning near a window, a spray of lilac heavy with bloom bent forward, and he broke a branch and placed it in her hair, and each hour of the happy night seemed more beautiful than the last to Benedicta, for he never left her side, and they talked to each other as if they had been friends who had met after long waiting.

And Ronald Macy, what did he think?

What would you think if, being a lover of flowers, you perceived in some unlooked-for place, some beaten track or dusty roadside, a rare sweet bud just opening, fresh, dewy, unperceived by the loiterers up and down the highway? You would pluck it.

Well, he did not. There are some men who are obliged to content themselves with looking at the flowers in other men's gardens, or with enjoying the sight of

wayside blossoms; and Ronald was one. He had no plot of his own wherein to remove an uprooted plant. Possession would have been cruelty. But he could admire it there where it stood in its loveliness; he could rest his eyes gazing on its beauty; he could refresh his heart by a glimpse of its innocence, and leave it no whit less perfect. This he did. To him also it was a white night.

Often yet, when he sees a low moon setting at the end of a dusky village street, and perceives the scent of lilacs on the air, he seems to feel again her light touch on his arm, and he looks down with a pathetic smile at the place where her hand had lain.

In her own little room, after taking off her white robe and unbraiding her hair, Benedicta sat down to think over the events of the evening. Perhaps the self-consciousness that was struggling into light might have been recognized by her then, but Daisy moaned and cried, she also having been disturbed by a dream. Benedicta forgot herself in soothing the child, and then they slept.

On the next day the willing hands again took up their tasks, and the chance for thought went by. Afterward she remembered that evening only as the time when the universe had become disordered and the world had done her homage in mistake. Thus her busy days passed by, one after the other, just as our idle ones pass, until finally came the last.

They say it was a fever that took her, but I have always thought it was an angel that was sent. It is true there was an epidemic in town that year, and while the people were in trouble Benedicta's compassionate heart suffered for all, and she scarcely ate or slept, that she might be with the mourners and nurse the sick. It was chiefly among the children that the fever ran; the house of Terry was much afflicted, but all were recovering, even the youngest, Daisy, when *she* suddenly failed and sank. During the seven days that she lay between life and death nothing but the cry of a child could wake her. There was a short interval of hope, but the physician said she had no hold on life: she could not seize and

grapple with it as others might. If it were possible to rouse her will to action, she might do well. But you see how it was. She had never desired anything for herself; she could not even wish to live; and so the life so little cared for, so slightly cherished, went out, and she was dead.

The full development of creatures that comes through self-knowledge and the

power of introspection never came to her in this world, but was reserved for one of the joys of her reward. When the voices of the seraphim salute her by name, a welcome, a blessing and a title in one, with exultant surprise she will see that she is like unto them; and one of the sweet delights of her heaven will be the first consciousness of her own soul's whiteness. ITA ANIOL PROKOP.

TO LESLIE, SINGING.

MY soul is an enchanted boat
 Upon the river of thy voice,
 That evermore doth float and float;
 And still it hath no other choice,
 But followeth thy airy singing

Into the pale blue sky of-noon,
 Up to the gateways of the sun;
 Or where, with ever-changing tune,
 Beneath the boughs the streamlets run,
 Their music echoed by thy singing;

Or where the glory of the night
 Shines slow above the silent hills,
 And with her cold and misty light
 The world with ling'ring radiance fills,
 Held breathless by thy wondrous singing.

Moonlight and music mingle there,
 And down that bright enchanted stream,
 Borne upon waves of golden air,
 I glide into a happy dream,
 Lost in the rapture of thy singing.

I slip from sorrow heavenly-sweet
 Into an aching bliss again;
 Nor know, so tenderly they meet,
 Whether it most be joy or pain
 That lends such magic to thy singing.

My soul is an enchanted boat,
 And wills this ever for its choice—
 Into the heaven of heavens to float
 Upon the waves of thy dear voice,
 And pass away to thy sweet singing.

KATE HILLARD.

SOCIAL LIFE IN ROME AT THE PRESENT DAY.

THE most remarkable change in the social aspects of the Eternal City which has resulted from the new order of things in the political world is the separation of its society into two portions. It is not only the change which most strikes those who knew Rome under its old régime, but it is to those who are making their first acquaintance with continental society the most peculiar and novel feature in it. Certainly the state of things which now prevails in this respect in Rome cannot be supposed to be as strange to Italians as it would be to Americans or English. For the time has been when every city in the Peninsula was divided between two parties, whose feelings toward each other it would be a libel on the animal creation to liken to those of cats and dogs. The genius of one whose every word has the privilege of conferring deathless fame has made the quarrels and the hatreds of the Montagues and Capulets proverbial throughout the world. But every city in Italy was divided and torn by party spirit as fierce and unforgiving as that which divided Verona, and Rome had its Orsini and Colonnas, not to speak of the innumerable partisanships and jealousies which arose from the intrigues bred in the bosom of the Sacred College. More recently, however, the society at Rome was marked rather by a special unity. The men who were sighing and secretly plotting for the new order of things, which has come at last, were not "in society" at Rome at all. Society consisted exclusively of princes, cardinals and their hangers-on, and foreigners; and, save in the meetings where the foreign visitors made their own society for themselves, dreadfully dull that very select and dignified society used to be—dull beyond the power of Transalpine minds to conceive.

It was at the princely houses, for the most part, that these indescribably sad and festive throngs used to assemble.

I am speaking, it must be remembered, of the old days when Gregory XVI. was pope, when all social matters were very different at Rome from what they have been since or ever will be again—when, for example, the number of visitors from the United States was very small in comparison with what it is now. The English were also fewer; and I think I may pay both those nations the compliment of saying that if their members had thronged those vast and dreary drawing-rooms in such numbers as they are now seen in at Rome, it would have been impossible that the gatherings should have been so deadly dull. However, there was at least the advantage that everybody knew everybody; and though everybody had very little to say to anybody, bows and greetings were at least good-humored, and there were no sour looks—no *looking* of daggers, though more might occasionally have been used in the streets than was usual in other civilized communities. There were sure to be from half a dozen to half a score or so of cardinals, magnificent in their scarlet stockings and coats bound with scarlet edging. They generally used to gather together, and very frequently on a cold evening on the hearth-rug, looking like a covey of some sort of huge red-legged fowls. The present writer, then a youngster, well remembers how, his curiosity having been excited by such a group, he gradually edged himself into the immediate neighborhood of these specimens of a class of humanity then quite new to him, speculating much on the nature of the words of wisdom which must have been passing from such lips to such ears. Presently he was able to catch the following utterances enunciated with much deliberation, and in those pure and well-articulated accents which have made the "*lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*" famous: "*È molto male, sai, di mangiare troppo la sera.*" ("It is very bad, you know, to eat too much of an evening.")

The speaker was a tall, meagre old man with a retreating forehead and parrot-like beak, whose long nether limbs exhibited a magnificent expanse of scarlet stocking. Then there followed a chorus of assenting "Gias" and nods and grunts, which seemed to indicate that sundry of his hearers could testify to the truth of that profound dictum from the depths of their own sad experiences.

The drawing-room in which this occurred was that of one of the princely houses, and its mistress was one of the leaders of Roman fashion. It was a very long room, and all the ladies sat in rows against the walls. Every now and then one of the "porporati"—as their Eminences the members of the Sacred College are called, from the prevailing color of their dress—would march up to one of this long file of noble dames and address a few words to her. Whenever this happened not only the lady addressed, but all those in her immediate neighborhood, rose and remained standing as long as that gracious presence shone on her, whilst any layman who might have been speaking to her fell back.

These princely entertainments (?) of the good old times were conducted, *au reste*, in a very simple and unostentatious fashion. Of the vulgarities of wealth it must be owned one saw less in days when no class had any cause to fear the possibility of the class beneath it treading on its kibes, than may be witnessed in more progressive times. The only manifestations of wealth consisted in the grandeur of the locale, the superb show of diamonds on the heads and necks of the ladies, and the great number and gorgeous liveries of the servants. The rooms were not very profusely lighted, and the refreshments offered to the guests were of the simplest kind—a glass of lemonade, with possibly a biscuit, or the like. Nor was there ever the smallest attempt at amusement of any kind beyond the sparing exchange of a few words of the very flattest and most *banale* description conceivable. Most of the ladies present, the old not at all less than the young—all of them probably save a few who were understood to be going in

for a quite special and almost conventional degree of sanctity and perfection of life—had "cavalieri serventi," who were invited quite as a matter of course wherever the ladies they *served* were invited. But no mistake would be greater than to suppose that this circumstance derogated in any degree from the severe and almost austere proprieties of the assembly. The conduct of the "serving gentlemen" to their respective ladies would be that of a somewhat specially attentive husband who has been married a dozen years. As for any "scandal" or remark of any kind, the only possibility would have been that if any one of the *cavalieri* thus bound to service had been observed on any number of occasions to neglect his due "service," some grave word of disapprobation might have been whispered by the princess of This into the ear of the duchess of That, in much the same tone as the neglect of a husband might be censured in communities on the other side of the Alps.

Since the new order of things has fallen upon these scarlet priests and priest-descended princes and noble dames with the crushing sense of a world falling into ruin around them, there has been an end to such gatherings as have been described, and the state-rooms in the magnificent palaces have been shut up, or opened only to very much smaller and yet more select coteries of near friends meeting to groan together over the appalling cataclysm that has happened. Larger assemblies, however select and confined to approved members of their own party, would have the appearance of festivity and pleasure, which is held to be quite out of keeping with the present mournful condition of circumstances. When the Holy Father is in sorrow and in eclipse, how should his children join in revelry? Mournfulness and abstinence from anything like gayety or amusement is therefore the mark of the highest "ton" and nicest attention to the "convenances" among the faithful adherents of the old order of things. It is, considered *de mise* too, among the members of the great *papalini* houses, to affect an increased degree of sim-

plicity, and even of poverty, as marking the period of eclipse through which they are passing. We hear of a duchess being received by a princess with a "Cara Maria, how well that silk of yours looks since it was turned!" It is understood to be made manifest by such means as these how utterly and fatally prosperity, happiness, good order, and the very framework of society itself, have been smashed and overturned by Victor Emmanuel and his godless usurpation.

The effect produced by this condition of social aspects, as regards the foreign residents and visitors, is peculiar, and often to the observant bystander amusing enough. It is hardly in the nature of English or Americans to remain long in the vicinity of a contest without taking part in it on one side or the other; and of course individual opinions and temperaments predispose different people to opposite sides in a quarrel which involves all the most important issues, both in the sphere of politics and in that of religion, which can present themselves to a man's mind. But as a general rule it might be expected that the great majority of both Americans and English would find themselves more in sympathy with the new than with the old order of things in Rome. The great bulk of our people are Protestant; they are citizens of free communities; they cannot but think that the great change which Italy has succeeded in bringing about in her destinies and fortunes is for her own happiness and to the advantage of the world in general. And doubtless the majority, the large majority, of both Americans and English are anti-papal and well-wishers to the new order of things in Italy. But such is not universally the case. The causes which operate to produce a select body of papal sympathizers among the American and English visitors at Rome are twofold. In the first place, there are some Catholics, either such from their birth or "perverts," as it has become the fashion to call them in England, though we, not presuming to pronounce theological judgments, may be content to call them converts. Of this class of sympathizers with the pope

we will not consider the present court competent to make any further remark. Our attention shall be directed to those whose papal proclivities arise from the second of the two causes above alluded to. It is not altogether easy to make this cause and its operation, which are palpable and intelligible enough to dwellers in the Eternal City, quite equally intelligible to those who have never been so. Perhaps the shortest phrase which can be used to convey my meaning is to say that papal leanings are a specially "genteel" thing in Rome. There are various causes which tend to produce this result. In the first place, "distinction" is of course the aim of all the socially ambitious. But distinction achieved by personal excellence or eminence is not within the reach of us all. How, then, shall plain Mrs. Tomkins, with her three daughters, attain the social distinction for which her soul pants? She is more or less dimly conscious that none of them are specially beautiful or witty or endowed with that nameless quality of manner which has the gift to charm. Perhaps she is not even very rich. What shall Mrs. Tomkins and Miss Mary, Miss Margaret and Miss Lucy Tomkins do to "distinguish" themselves—to draw some hedging line around them which shall mark them as not mere common creatures of the "undistinguished" crowd? Mrs. Tomkins has already had her cards printed as "Madame Lespinasse Tomkynnes," and the young ladies write themselves respectively Miss Marie, Miss Marguerite and Miss Lucie Lespinasse Tomkynnes. (The "Lespinasse" is a brilliant invention of Miss Marie, who was at a Parisian school conducted by a lady of that name.) This judicious modification of orthography has done much, but not enough. The question still arises, What shall Mrs.—we beg her pardon, Madame—Tomkynnes do to show forth to all men that she and her daughters are not as other dowagers and daughters of dowagers are? Turn Catholic? It is decidedly *bon genre* at Rome. But that is a serious step. Some reminiscences of the sturdy Protestantism of the dear departed John Tomkins

still oppose themselves to such a measure. Then, too, the thing cannot be done without a certain amount of trouble and inconvenience. Above all, it is not necessary to the end in view. It will serve the purpose equally well—indeed, in some respects, better—to have a leaning toward Catholic doctrine with strong papal sympathies, and a fund of tender regrets for the "good old times," when, in vulgar fact, Mrs. Tomkins was the joy of Tomkins's life in London or New York, but when, according to the views of life which now rule the family fancies, she was basking in the smiles of cardinals and bishops, and life at Rome was "Oh! so different, my dear, from what it is now!" So Mrs. Lespinasse Tomkynnes becomes "very high" (theologically speaking), talks about monsignori, and affects to have special and private information from the Vatican; and Miss Marie, Miss Marguerite and Miss Lucie have silver crosses on their prayer-books and carry gold crosses as big as a bishop's on their fair bosoms. That in some respects such a position as that assumed by the Tomkynnes family has even greater advantages than those belonging to a declared convert is as true as that a fish lying on the bank engages less of the fisherman's attention than one which is nibbling at the bait.

But there are, as has been said, other reasons why Romanizing proclivities are a useful aid to social ambition in Rome. Of course, all the social *sommités* in Rome when Rome belonged to the pope were intensely papal. In the days before the advent of the king of Italy and the new order of things the middle and professional classes were those which were hostile to the papal government. Almost all those of the Roman Upper Ten who were not cardinals or bishops or prelates of one sort or another were princes or otherwise titled nobles of families, while almost all of them have sprung and dated their wealth and greatness from some one of the popes. The representatives of these families are great and magnificent in tolerably accurate proportion to the degree in which the pope their founder was grasping and

shameless in the prostitution of his office to the worldly aggrandizement of his family. To all these men, and to their families and friends and hangers-on, of course the new order of things and the deposition of the pope from his position as a sovereign prince are gall and wormwood. The time will infallibly come when the legislation of the new kingdom of Italy will put an end to the social primacy of these noble families. The law which compels the division of the immense properties which have descended in unbroken masses from generation to generation for so many centuries will in the course of a few years destroy these great houses, or at least their predominance. This enforced division of property among all a man's children at his death has been by far the hardest blow of all which the great Roman families have had to bear. It is the utter and inevitable destruction of all that was dearest to them. Meantime, while the glory yet remains to them, they are, as may be easily understood, violently and bitterly papal; and, as is always the case with a small and beaten party, while affecting exclusiveness they are well pleased to welcome within their pale sympathizers and adherents whom in the days of their prosperity they would not have cared to admit.

I once knew a little girl who, having been naughty, was sent to sit by herself in a back room, from whence she was presently heard, calling out at the top of her little voice to those who had exiled her, "You sha'n't come into *my* parlor! I send you all out of *this* parlor!" Now, the adherents of the old régime at Rome conduct their social lives very much on the principle of this naughty little girl. Finding that their opinions and sympathies condemn them to isolation, they would fain persuade themselves and others that they are forbidding all the world outside their own circle from coming into *their* parlor. Yet they are all the time very much pleased by applications for admission to it, and very ready to welcome the applicants. The Mrs. Tomkynneses of the world therefore find that the affectation of papal sympathies ex-

pressed with sufficient warmth may entitle them to the much-coveted reward of being admitted to a social circle which is at the same time restricted and marked as a specialty, and which consists mainly of those who lately were, and would still fain consider themselves, the apex of the social pyramid.

The Tomkynes transformed into Tomkynnes and the Wigrams transformed into Fitzwygrammes are not called upon to make any sacrifice whatever to their convictions and opinions. For the outer world is by no means intolerant in the matter, at least so far as the foreign visitors and residents, with whom we are here chiefly concerned, have anything to say in the matter. None of the American or English Romans would in any degree reject Mrs. Tomkynnes or her daughters, especially if pretty, because of their papalistic *velleités*. A smile perhaps, or a word of gentle quizzing, may mark their sense of the peculiarities of those ladies behind their backs. And if such occurred even before their faces, it would only be attributed by the objects of it to the natural jealousy excited by their own privileged position.

It is a position which affords endless opportunities for little social passages indicating that the occupiers of it belong to a sphere apart, a very select and exalted sphere, with the ways and manners of which the world around them is wholly unacquainted. Take, for example, a little scene sketched from the life as it occurred not many days after the "meet" at the tomb of Cæcilia Metella which was described lately in these pages.

The time is five o'clock in the afternoon: the scene is Mrs. Atkins's drawing-room on the third floor of a house in the Corso, on the best—i. e., the left-hand—side of the way as you go toward the Piazza di Venezia. A long, steep and rather dark stair conducts to Mrs. Atkins's apartment. But nobody makes any objection to that in Rome. On a third floor you are farther out of the noise of the Corso and farther from any suspicion of *malaria*. Besides, first floors could not be found in favored situations for a quarter of those who

wish to spend their winter at Rome. Mrs. Atkins's apartment is pretty, nicely furnished, and filled with all those little elegances and knick-knacks that give a homelike look to a room; for she has passed many seasons in Rome—is, indeed, as the longer residents love to style themselves, an "old Roman." Mrs. Atkins is a sensible woman, and has not transmogrified herself into Atkynnes; and Marian and Nora Atkins are cleverish, well-educated girls, with more brains in each of their little brown heads than are located under all the abundant blond locks of all the Tomkynnes family. It is Mrs. Atkins's "day." Every dog has his day, the proverb tells us; and at Rome as much or very near it may be said of every lady. It is the day of the week on which visitors know that they will find her "at home," and will also find tea and cakes on the table and a knot of common acquaintances assembled. On the present occasion there are Mrs. Tomkynnes and her two younger daughters, besides the Rev. Athanasius Abbott, who is generally to be met wherever there is a possibility of getting speech of Marian Atkins. The pretty Marian is rather disposed to use him as a quizzing-block, while Lucie Tomkynnes decidedly sets her cap at him; and he, with the usual perversity of human nature, and despite what ought to be the attraction of common principles, very evidently prefers the gibes of Miss Marian to the blandishments of Miss Lucie. There are also present little Reginald Courtney Smith, good-natured, self-satisfied and vulgar as ever; an American artist, famous for knowing everybody and everything in Rome, and for being the prince of good fellows; old Miss Alderney, an English old maid of good family resident in Rome from a time when the "memory of men runneth not to the contrary"—one of those persons who, for some inexplicable reason, are permitted by society to do and say whatever they please with perfect social impunity; and one or two others. Miss Marie Tomkynnes has not accompanied her mother. She is less frequently seen in general society, and is

vaguely understood to be very much occupied by some still more vaguely-conceived operations, the ultimate result of which is to be that the pope shall "enjoy his own again."

Miss Nora Atkins is busy at the tea-table in a farther corner of the room, and scheming to get rid of Courtney Smith, who hovers about her ready to carry tea-cups and cream-jugs at her behest, and torments her by his continual iteration of "Miss Norar" in accents of the purest Cockney tongue; while the American artist tempts her to laugh, and yet vexes her, by gravely addressing her with an exaggeration of a similar pronunciation, of which imitation, happily, Mr. Smith remains wholly unconscious. Near the fire Mrs. Atkins, Mrs. Tomkynnes and Miss Alderney are sitting together. And near the window are Marian Atkins, the two Miss Tomkynnes and the Rev. Athanasius Abbott.

Miss Marguerite Tomkynnes is enlarging to her friend Miss Atkins on the angelic sweetness and other saintly virtues of the Principessa Clorinda Pereviggini, at whose house she and her mother had been on the previous evening. None of the other persons present, except Mr. Athanasius Abbott (and he but slightly), have the honor and glory of knowing any of the members of that princely house; and Miss Tomkynnes feels keenly the triumph of knowing that fact, and of being able to discourse from her own experience of persons, things and places to which the mere outside world cannot penetrate.

"Was it a hop?" inquires jovial little Courtney Smith, who has just brought a cup of tea to Miss Marguerite Tomkynnes.

That young lady rewards him with an annihilating glance, in which contempt and astonishment struggle for the mastery. Miss Lucie and the Rev. Athanasius exchange glances.

"The balls at the Palazzo Pereviggini, which those who remember them know were among the most splendid in Rome, have not been given since the robber-troops of the usurper entered the walls of Rome," says Miss Marguerite with

freezing dignity as soon as she is able to recover herself. "I thought," she adds with a withering sneer, "that everybody knew *that*, although there may be persons incapable of comprehending the lofty sentiments which force the prince and princess to feel that such doings would be inconsistent with either propriety or delicacy of feeling under present circumstances."

"But the receptions, I suppose, continue in a quiet way?" asks Marian Atkins.

"Receptions? Well, the word seems perhaps to imply something of a more general and miscellaneous character than the very small gatherings at the Palazzo Pereviggini. We are never above a dozen—more often not above half that number. Last night there was nobody but the prince and princess themselves, the dear old cardinal and ourselves."

(N. B. Miss Marguerite is perfectly well aware that Miss Atkins has not the smallest idea *what* cardinal is intended, and expresses herself in these indefinite terms for the twofold purpose of indicating her own intimacy with the "dear" individual in scarlet stockings referred to, and of enjoying the sense of superiority afforded to her by her friend's ignorance. Miss Marian, on the other hand, is equally well aware of the existence of these motives in the mind of Miss Tomkynnes, and would not for the world gratify her by asking which member of the Sacred College graced the Pereviggini salons on the occasion in question.)

After pausing a while in vain for the expected inquiry, Miss Marguerite resumes: "It is impossible to *imagine*, my dear, the charm of those little réunions—the absence of formality, the *abandon*, the simplicity. As for Clorinda—for the princess, I mean," continues Miss Marguerite, pretending to pull herself up abruptly and to be confused at making such a slip outside of the pale of the select—"I cannot tell you *what* she is—her grace, her sweetness, her angelic patience, her refined intimacy of manner."

"Ah, yes. Well, I *can* tell you, my dears, what the Princess Pereviggini is—

or was, rather," screams old Miss Alderney, who, with her usual sharpness of ear, has heard all that was passing from the other side of the room: "I know all about her. She was the daughter of the old Cavaliere Vacca, who had been the late pope's barber! His Holiness made him a cavaliere, and the Pereviggini man made the daughter a princess."

"The stupid old thing is confounding the late princess dowager with the present princess," says Miss Marguerite very much under her breath, for she does not wish to be again overheard. "There was, I am aware, some story of a misalliance. But that was not even the mother of the present princess. What should that spiteful old maid know about it? I assure you the Princess Clorinda is one of the most elegant women you ever saw."

"I should think, from your description, that the evenings at the Palazzo Pereviggini might be perhaps a little dull," says Miss Marian with a sly look at the artist, who has just stalked across the room from the tea-table to the window where the group of people are sitting.

"Dull! My dear girl, how little do you know of the ways of that sort of people! Dull! I never enjoy an evening anywhere else so much. There is such a refinement, such a— I hardly know how to make you understand what I mean."

"I can't say I do quite understand it," says Miss Marian, again exchanging glances with the young artist; "but what do you talk about—last night, now, for instance?"

"Oh, there are so many things! When people have subjects of common interest you know there can never be any lack of conversation. Then there is always news from the Vatican. To us it is a matter of the deepest interest to hear from day to day how the Holy Sufferer bears his martyrdom. And there is hardly a day that the cardinal has not been at the Vatican. He was telling us last night that there never was anything equal to the angelic resignation and patience with which that martyred prince

endures his sufferings. It is one of the most touching things I ever heard. And I have reason to know— I am hardly sure that I am at liberty to mention this—one hears so many things in the set we frequent that it would be the *blackest* treason to repeat—but I *think* I may say this much—and I am sure you won't repeat it—that the intention is that His Holiness shall be canonized after his death."

"Indeed! I shall be sure not to mention it," replies Miss Marian; "but tell me, is the prince brilliant in conversation? I must say he does not look like it."

"I was not aware, my dear, that you had any acquaintance with the Pereviggini," cries Miss Marguerite with the sharp and snappish accent of one who feels that his special and peculiar property is being invaded and encroached on.

"Nor have I, my dear Miss Tomkynnes, the least in the world. But I saw an old gentleman all alone in a carriage once on the Pincian, and was told that it was the Prince Pereviggini," returns Miss Marian.

"He is the most dignified of men! the most thorough gentleman! a prince, every inch of him!" exclaims Miss Marguerite with gushing enthusiasm.

"And that is not saying much for him, Miss Marg'ret, for there's not so very many inches of him, all told," puts in Mr. Courtney Smith. "I saw the old boy once," he goes on, unheeding and unconscious of the look of horror and disgust on the Tomkynnes' faces—"I saw him down on his marrow-bones in the *Gee-soo* church—old fellow with a sugarloaf head and a snout like a weasel."

"Mr. Courtney Smith is more accurate in description than elegant in phrase," laughs Miss Alderney from the other side of the room.

"Vulgar wretches!" hisses Miss Marguerite in a fierce whisper. "It is generally supposed," she adds aloud with crushingly cold sarcasm, "by those who are accustomed to the society of such circles, that Prince Giulio Cesara Pereviggini is a complete specimen of the finished gentleman."

"Well, he does look pretty nearly finished, poor old fellow! and no mistake," returns the elegant Mr. Courtney Smith.

Miss Marguerite does not consent to give any answer to this speech save a superb toss of the head.

"As for the shape of his head and the shape of his nose, they are not his fault, poor old gentleman!" says Miss Marian Atkins, anxious in her own house to smooth matters between her guests; "and I declare, for my own part," she continues, with another shy glance at her friend the artist, "that as far as my own limited opportunities of observation have gone, the type of head and nose which Mr. Smith has so graphically described are very far from being unaristocratic."

"Of course, my dear. Nobody would suspect *you* of talking such vulgar nonsense," says Miss Marguerite, wholly unconscious of the satire lurking in her friend's little speech. "How I do wish that it could be managed for you to know the Pereviggini!" she adds in a grateful gush.

"Oh, thank you," replies Miss Marian, rather alarmed; "but it would be quite out of our line, you know. We are *d'un altro mondo*; and then, you know, though

I have no doubt your friends are very distinguished people and all that sort of thing, *tutti i gusti son' gusti*, and I am afraid that we should find the evenings at the Pereviggini palace just a little dull. We are worldlings, you know, my dear Miss Tomkynnes, and to introduce us to the princess would be a mere casting of pearls before swine."

"Oh, my dear, you must not say that. But to imagine that such society can be dull! Of course if you refuse to interest yourself in the important matters—in the hopes and fears, I may say, without, I hope, breaking confidences which are sacred—which occupy our thoughts—But why should you not feel an interest in them?" pleads Miss Marguerite, who has conceived the sudden idea of making a convert of her friend.

"I am afraid we are not the right sort for that kind of thing," says Miss Marian, rising to break off a conversation which is showing a tendency to become troublesome.

And here we may drop the curtain upon a little scene which may serve to illustrate one of the phases of social life in Rome as it exists at the present day.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

THE PALACE OF TEARS.

RISE, rainbow-arched and cloud-embraced,
Pale palace of my dream,
Whose misty outline once I traced
Afar, by night's chill gleam,
And, by some spirit earthward strayed,
Whose home the moon enspheres,
Was drawn a shade through halls of shade,
Where glistened only tears.

The dripping dome like silver glowed;
The walls with briny pearls
Were crusted o'er; the floor I strode
With countless eddying whirls
Of diamond-water-drops spun round:
I moved a ghost, unheard—
Not freer from pursuit of sound
The shadow of a bird.

And moving on, an open court
Appeared, where tossed and caught
Their molten gems in sullen sport
Dark fountains, jewel-fraught:
I stooped—my lips recoiled in haste:
The Lethean flow of years
Can never wash away that taste,
That bitter taste of tears.

As if by that one draught of dole,
My vision cleared, and lo!
The iron entered in my soul,
While in a wizard show
The weary, weary weeping train
Of mortal miseries,
The pilgrimage of human pain,
Defiled before my eyes.

And I, who grief had known in name
And sympathy in form,
Now trembled through my inmost frame,
A shaken reed in storm.
But, fascinated, in my fear
I saw each pallid face,
Where sorrow's burning, branding tear
Had left its ashen trace.

And, drawn resistless to the throng
By answering chords of pain,
I joined my minor to the song,
My trouble to the train;
And still from hall to hall we trod,
And still our numbers swelled
The wild, weird labyrinth; yet, O God,
Thy clue our fingers held.

At last a chapel door arched wide,
And, drawn by sense of sin,
Our restless-heaving human tide
Its weary wave rolled in,
And down the mighty aisle was lost,
Where light, through pillars hoar
And silver-edged shadows, crost
The consecrated floor.

A lambent light, a mystic moon,
Seemed brightening all the air:
'Twas like a dream in summer noon,
A peaceful dream and fair.
Our pain-wrought nerves relaxed to rest,
We sank upon the pave,
As lulled as children at the breast,
Or good men in the grave.

And kneeling in the tender gloom,
 A Presence seemed to grow
 From out the chancel's shadowing room,
 All luminous as snow—
 A Man, most human, most divine,
 Whose wondrous eyes down shone,
 Fully bright and searching, into mine,
 Twin-stars in twilight grown.

O gaze of healing! balm-rayed eyes!
 My heart was sweetly stirred,
 Then nestled down with restful sighs,
 As sinks to rest a bird:
 Around me knelt a tearful throng
 Of burdened brothers, yet
 A subtle radiance, pure and strong,
 Illumed their faces wet.

And still those Eyes, whose depths were clear
 As heaven's pure ether, drew
 Our hearts, as draws the moon's bright sphere
 The ocean's surging blue;
 Till yearning, grown within our gaze,
 Looked out in thirsting pain,
 When lo! those living Eyes o'erhaze,
 And break in blessed rain.

He weeps! He weeps!—a cross fire-rayed
 Flames near Him, and He leans
 The sacred Head by man betrayed,
 Upon it. Intervenes
 'Twixt us and our deserved woe
 That strong God-sorrow white—
 High Heaven's melted mountain-snow—
 Till self is washed from sight;

And broken-hearted for each tear
 Our crimes have made Him shed,
 Repentant love that casts out fear
 Would fain abase its head
 In dust, where those pure feet have been,
 And hear in silver flow
 The words, "Though scarlet is your sin,
 Yet ye shall be as snow."

* * * *

O Love! whose palace-heights arise
 Oft dim in mortal sight,
 For ever blessed be the eyes
 That catch their heavenly light.
 Though sadly still, while Time rolls on
 His sorrow-burdened years,
 Hope sees, in fleeting rainbow-light,
 Such vision through her tears.

LATIENNE.

A MODERN CRESSIDA.

CHAPTER XI.

THREE months had gone by since Geoffrey Marston parted with Edith Penrhyn, and he stood again on the steps of her house waiting to enter. He had been brave and cheerful, and played his part like a man through the hardships and labors of a scientific expedition in which he had borne a responsible and arduous part; he had not allowed himself to be diverted from the work he had undertaken by any thoughts of Edith; he had, indeed, scorned delights and lived laborious days; but deep in his heart burned a flame before her image which never flickered or waned. She was the one woman of the world to him, and as he stood before her closed door on this autumn evening every nerve was tense with expectation.

The door opened, and in reply to his quiet "Is Mrs. Penrhyn at home?" the answer came: "Mrs. Penrhyn is at a dinner-party, and will not be home till late, sir."

Marston stood motionless, and as if waiting for something more: he did not speak, but there was no mistaking his manner. It was a voiceless demand: the man instinctively added, "Will you give me your name, sir?"

"Mr. Marston."

"I thought it must be you, sir. Mrs. Penrhyn told me last week that if you came when she was out you were to wait till she came in, if you please."

"When will she be back?"

"About ten o'clock, I think, sir."

"I cannot wait," said Geoffrey hastily, "but I will come back at ten o'clock. Tell Mrs. Penrhyn this."

"Yes, sir, I will not forget," said the servant respectfully; and Marston turned away from the door, which closed behind him with an ominous clang. He could not wait quietly for the next two hours: he had calculated his powers to such a nicety that when this unexpected lengthening of his suspense came, he

had no steady strength with which to meet it. His restlessness and impatience would be lessened, he thought, if he were not alone; and with this idea he strode away toward the club of which he was a member, and where he could pass away these few hours, that were more intolerable in contemplation than weeks had often seemed to him. He found, as usual, a crowd of men talking, laughing and drinking—light, noise, bustle and distraction everywhere. He was greeted cordially by some, courteously by all, and plunged into a knot of smokers, who were chatting together, as the first refuge that offered from his own society. As he lay back in an arm-chair, half abstracted from the current of talk, and yet finding an amusement in watching the faces of the men about him and noting what they said, Thornton Raymond joined the group. As his eyes rested on Marston, he colored and started as if at some memory connected with him and suddenly called up, but in an instant had recovered himself, and shook hands heartily with Geoffrey, who was quite ready to meet him halfway. Marston could not but observe a change in Raymond's appearance since he had last marked his handsome face in the same club-room. He looked worn and haggard, and there was a dash of feverish excitement about his manner, like that of a man who was habitually under the influence of liquor. The talk went on, and Raymond, perceiving that Marston seemed rather in a silent mood, gradually made one with the two or three men of the party who were doing the talking for the others.

Marston fell back into his lounging, contemplative attitude, and smoked hard, trying to keep quiet, trying to be amused, and all the while wondering when the hour for which he was waiting would come.

By and by he rose, too nervous to sit still, and crossed the hall to the door—

way of an opposite room. He stopped there and leant against the door, while he watched some men playing cards at a table not far from him, and as he watched them he fell into another reverie. It had lasted about ten minutes when he was roused by hearing a voice say beside him, "I beg your pardon. I am almost a stranger here: can you tell me if that gentleman leaning with his elbows on the table over there is Mr. Raymond?"

Geoffrey looked across the hall and through the open door of the room he had just left, and which the stranger indicated by a gesture. "Yes," he said, "that is Mr. Raymond leaning on the table." As he spoke he looked curiously at his questioner. He saw a young man of about twenty-three, with a handsome open face—not distinguished-looking perhaps, but one that it was pleasant to look at. As Marston looked the young fellow grew white to his lips and half staggered. Geoffrey caught him by the arm, saying kindly, "You are ill: let me call Raymond for you."

Max—for it was he—recovered himself by a strong effort, and said, "Thank you, I am all right now: I've been subject to slight attacks of giddiness lately. I'll go across and speak to Mr. Raymond;" and, declining Marston's proffered arm, he walked quickly to the other room. Some sudden unaccountable impulse drew Geoffrey after him: he resisted it for the space of a minute, and then yielded to it. But in that minute the stranger had accosted Raymond, and something had passed between them which brought every man of the party to his feet; so that when Marston penetrated the circle about the two men the first words he heard were, "Clergyman or not, I won't let any man insult me with impunity." They were spoken by Thornton.

"I am not a clergyman, and never shall be. I stand on the same footing as yourself, and you owe me satisfaction for an insult."

"So you came to settle old scores? Well, you are right there, and I like you the better for having a good memory for such matters. But see here, Mr. Floyd

—and I say it openly—I'll never quarrel with any man for the sake of a heartless jade who is no better than she should be. I've sworn that, and never will; and if you'll accept my apology for my rudeness that night at dinner, I'll beg your pardon here before every man present, and drink your health afterward with them in a glass of champagne. I'll not balk you if you want to quarrel with me, be sure of that; but it must be about something better worth a man's blood than that worthless gypsy Edith Penrhyn. I'll never fight for her nor about her."

There was a silence of a few moments as Thornton ceased to speak. Max was so astonished by this sudden turn of affairs that he did not for a moment grasp the fact that he had received ample apology, and must accept it. He had come there with the fixed purpose of resenting Raymond's insolence, which had rankled in him ever since its infliction; and Thornton's contempt toward Edith and courtesy to himself, albeit of a coarse kind, effected a total revulsion of feeling within him. Geoffrey Marston was paralyzed: he stood listening still, but speechless and motionless, a little behind Max.

Max spoke frankly but awkwardly: "I accept your apology, Mr. Raymond. No gentleman could ask for more than you have said. I quite agree with you that the subject of our quarrel was a most unworthy one;" and he held out his hand to Raymond, who grasped it with a boisterous exclamation of "That's right! Come, gentlemen, we will drink Mr. Floyd's health in Roederer;" and in five minutes the whole party was drinking Maxwell Floyd's health in a series of bumpers, and following it up by toast after toast proposed by Thornton, who meant to get drunk himself, and rather enjoyed the prospect of companions in the indulgence.

Raymond did not hesitate to introduce Edith's name into his sallies: he had determined to be open and outspoken in his expressions of contempt for her, and he rarely missed a chance of saying a light or disrespectful word of her. She

was not the woman he had loved, but the woman who had made a fool of him, and he conceived he had ample cause for resentment, and owed her neither gallantry nor forbearance. Although a high-spirited and quick-tempered man, he would on no account have let Maxwell Floyd fix a quarrel upon him which should have Mrs. Penrhyn as its cause, however remote. He took a curious satisfaction in proclaiming to the world that Mrs. Penrhyn was in his eyes a woman who could claim no respect from men. The wound that most men hide studiously from all eyes seemed to heal best with him when exposed to all men's gaze. He knew that Edith would feel his contemptuous treatment of her name; he knew that he possessed the power to injure her; and he took his revenge as he best found it.

Max had broken loose from all moorings since he had been disillusionized by Edith; he had pushed aside the prospect of his profession as an irksome and distasteful future; and coming across some wild associates, the autumn had found him in New York, embarked in a career of dissipation which had for its motive and cause not the superabundant life of youth, so much as the restlessness of an embittered spirit. He had gained admittance to the — Club with the intention of meeting and quarreling with Raymond, and his first words to him had been of an unmistakable rudeness. But Thornton's apology had disarmed him, and the utter contempt with which he had spoken of Edith was grateful to Max, who longed for every one to trample her image under his feet. It never would have come to Max of his own prompting to introduce Mrs. Penrhyn's name into conversation with any disrespectful allusion, nor did he nourish any purpose of injuring her in the eyes of others, but he was easily led, and his youth and wounded vanity played directly into Raymond's hands.

Geoffrey Marston had remained standing alone when the others trooped off at Raymond's bidding. The words he had heard struck him dumb for the time, but as they kept on repeating themselves in

his brain with a damnable iteration, he began to be capable of thought and action once more. What did this fellow mean by the way in which he spoke of Edith? There was a positiveness, an assumption of authority, in Raymond's manner that spoke terribly to Marston. Had he had no reason to speak so he would never have dared to do it. But the matter must be sifted: he would find out, whatever torture it cost him, how much cause Edith Penrhyn had given any man to speak of her in a club-room as a woman too worthless to quarrel about. The resolution once taken, he lost no time in executing it, but, without giving himself time to recoil from the effort, walked into another room, where he was sure to find some lounge to tell him the truth. As he crossed the threshold the very man to serve his purpose came in sight—a comrade of Raymond's and "a man about town." "If this fellow's words mean more than the low insolence of a man stung by rejection of his suit," thought Marston, "I can soon find it out from Lorimer." Accordingly he linked his arm through Mr. Lorimer's, saying as he did so, "Can you spare me five minutes alone?"

"An hour if you want it, my dear fellow. What can I do for you?" replied Lorimer, who was a genial, kindly man, with plenty of idle time on his hands.

Marston led him into a small private room which happened to be empty, closed the door, and then, motioning him to be seated, said, "I want you to tell me what ground Mr. Raymond had for what he said about Mrs. Penrhyn to-night."

"Oh, well, I didn't hear what he said to-night, but I suppose it's what he says now-a-days whenever he gets a chance."

"I will tell you just what it was," said Geoffrey, very still and quiet: "he said that he would fight neither for nor about a worthless gypsy like Mrs. Penrhyn, and added other words, such as a man speaks only of a woman who has forfeited his respect."

"Marston," said Lorimer, looking at Geoffrey's face, which was set like death, and moving uneasily in his chair, "you

seem to care about it, and I don't want to give you pain, but—"

"Go on," said Geoffrey.

"Well, I fancy Raymond isn't far out in what he says of Mrs. Penrhyn. She's no end of a flirt, and not very circum-spect, you know, about her relations to men. She and Thornton were very intimate, and now she has thrown him over—for another man, he says, a young divinity student up in the country. I don't mean to say that I think it very generous in Raymond to come down on her now, but he was dreadfully cut up by it, and he takes his revenge by boasting of his intimacy with her and sneering at her in every way: he never misses a chance."

"And you think that this man has the power to injure Mrs. Penrhyn's reputation, and that no one has the right to stop him?"

"I think any one who may choose to constitute himself Mrs. Penrhyn's champion has a perfect *right* to do so—the place is vacant, certainly," replied Lorimer coolly—"but I don't believe any one has the *power*, which is more to the point. People are always ready to believe evil rather than good, especially about a pretty and attractive woman; and besides, my dear Marston, Raymond has truth on his side, and half the men in New York know that he has, while the other half take their word for it."

"*What* do they know?" said Geoffrey hoarsely.

"Nothing, perhaps, that would be considered conclusive testimony in a court of justice, but enough to make them let Raymond have his say and not contradict him."

Geoffrey groaned aloud: "It is hopeless, then?"

"Quite so. You may kill Raymond if you like, Marston—and you look as if you would—but, believe me, it won't do Mrs. Penrhyn any good. When a woman once gives any man a right to speak disrespectfully of her, there's no use in trying to gag him."

"Thank you for telling me the truth, Lorimer," said Marston after a few moments of agitated silence. "I don't at-

tempt to disguise my feelings from you, but I will ask one more favor of you: speak to no one of this conversation."

"Not a word," said Lorimer, putting his hand kindly on Geoffrey's shoulder. "On my soul, Marston, I'm sorry. Hang it, man! women are all alike—not one of them good enough to give an honest heart like yours an ache."

Marston returned Lorimer's grip with a silent pressure, and turned away with an abrupt "Good-night."

CHAPTER XII.

As Mrs. Penrhyn tripped up the steps of her own house that night the servant opened the door with the announcement, "Mr. Marston was here, madam, and said he would be back at ten o'clock."

"Very well: show him up to the library when he comes," was Edith's reply. As she entered the room the clock on the mantel struck ten. "He will not be very unpunctual," she thought with a slight smile of proud pleasure, and seated herself with a book which she picked up at random from the table, that she might have some apparent occupation when he entered.

Her feeling for Marston was a mixture of attraction and a sense of rebellion against his demand upon her. She felt that the love he gave her and asked in return was different both in kind and degree from the feeling she had given to and received from other men; and although it charmed her, she struggled against it. She was in twenty minds as to how she would receive him, and ended at the close of a five minutes' meditation with the intention of following the impulse that should be born of the moment of his entrance. Long did she sit there waiting that moment, but it did not come: the clock had struck midnight when she at last rose with an impatient gesture, and ringing the bell ordered the house to be shut up, and desired her maid's attendance. She was disappointed, annoyed and irritated. She could not imagine herself the subject of a caprice with any man, least of all with

Marston, and yet, think as she would, no other reason for his absence suggested itself.

The next day brought no explanation of Marston's failure to keep his engagement, nor the next. On the third evening Mrs. Penrhyn went to a small party: she had been half inclined to refuse the invitation, but on second thoughts decided to go, with a half-acknowledged hope of hearing something of the truant. She had settled in her own mind that she would forgive him on his return, but not without inflicting due penance. Never had Edith's beauty been more brilliant than on that evening and she shone the admitted queen of all the women present. After several hours spent in receiving the easy homage of the world, and skimming over the surface of people's minds and hearts as an accomplished skater does over thin ice, she turned to go. At the door she met Mr. Lorimer, and as she paused heard him say over his shoulder, to a man behind him, "The last time I saw Marston was on Tuesday evening at the club."

Here was her clue, and she seized it at once, saying to Lorimer, "Is that Mr. Geoffrey Marston, the scientific man, you mean? Then he has got back from South America?"

"Oh yes," said Lorimer, with a scrutinizing look at her, "he got back on Monday night. He was at the club on Tuesday about ten: I haven't laid my eyes on him since;" and then, "You might spare me ten minutes, Mrs. Penrhyn."

"Not possible, Mr. Lorimer," said Edith, moving on—"I am too sleepy."

At the foot of the stairs she brushed against a gentleman coming down. She looked up quickly, and met Maxwell Floyd's eyes fixed upon her. He looked so like and yet so unlike himself that she could scarcely help uttering an exclamation. He had colored when their eyes met, but did not attempt to speak to her, only bowed stiffly and stood aside for her to pass him. As she entered the dressing-room a lively conversation was going on between Mrs. Willis and Mrs. Chadwick, both women of society, both gossips and both bright creatures enough.

It was easy for Edith to overhear them as she was being cloaked, and what she heard was this:

"He is certainly handsome, and rather interesting."

"One cannot help being more excited about a backslider than a penitent."

"Is he very dissipated?"

"They say so—at least he is hand and glove with Raymond and all of that set, and that's a sort of certificate of profligacy, you know."

"Mr. Floyd won't be able to stand the pace at which these men live. Isn't there some story about his having studied for the ministry?"

"It may be so: if so, he is in a fair way to be a practical illustration of the saying, '*Les extrêmes se touchent*.'"

Edith heard no more, but broke away from the maid who was wrapping her up, and hurried down stairs and into her carriage, pursued by the remembrance of Max's pale face and scornful mouth. Her sleep was not tranquil that night. For the first time a realization of what part she had played in the lives of these two men came over her fully and clearly, and it did not seem as easy to her to thrust it aside as it had done at Glenwood. Strive as she would against it, she could not but feel a shadow hung over her—a shadow of remorse.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER the first shock of the revelation Lorimer had made to him, Geoffrey Marston had rushed off to a small farmhouse a few hours from New York, where he had been accustomed to seek solitude. He felt that a struggle with himself must take place—a battle between every fixed belief, every inherited tradition, every ideal feeling of his nature concerning women on one side and his love for Edith Penrhyn on the other. It was true that he had seen, when he first knew her, that her creed and practice with regard to men were not those that he thought worthy of her, and he had uttered the earnest pleadings of his first letter under the sting of that conscious-

ness. But, although his ideal of her had been wounded by Edith as he had observed her, it was not a deadly wound: now it had been struck to the heart, and was writhing in its death-agony. Nothing could enable it to survive such a cruel blow, and henceforth Marston knew he must forswear the love of this woman, or be content to love her merely with passionate longing and tenderness, but without reverence or worship—as a woman indeed, but no longer as a divinity. It had always been Marston's most cherished faith—and this faith sprang from the most essential part of his nature—that a man who loved a woman should find in her that food for his ideal aspirations without which life were not worth living. In spite of Edith's shortcomings, she was so well adapted by nature to play the part of a goddess that he had been sure of her response to his demand if only he made it with sufficient energy and earnestness.

He was a proud man and an honorable one—not vain like Max nor arrogant like Raymond. How could he marry a woman whose reputation was the football of a set of men whose eyes he would like never to see raised when his wife swept by them? But he was a man of strong passions and deep feelings, and his love for Edith was the greatest passion and deepest feeling of his life.

It was a terrible and protracted struggle. A hundred times he resolved never to see her again, and then the wild longing just to breathe the air about her, polluted though it might be, made him recoil from his determination. At last, after a week of acute suffering, during which he was torn asunder by contending feelings, Marston sealed his own fate by succumbing to the violence of his passion; and, thrusting the past behind him with vigorous, impatient hands, he called upon all the force of will within him to help him to his end.

He was not a man of halfway measures, and when he had once consented to pay the price for the indulgence he craved, though it was no less than the silencing of the highest demands of his

soul, he determined to have no regretful bitterness mingled in his cup. Deliberately he surveyed his position and accepted it; and perhaps nothing could give a better proof of his power of will than that, after he had once placed his feeling for Edith on a lower ground than it had hitherto occupied, he looked at their future relations on the same level, and in estimating his chances of success with her did not omit the fact that few men of his standing would contemplate marriage with a woman whose reputation had been breathed upon. Indeed, no sooner had he ruthlessly severed his love into two parts and cast away the nobler one, than his feeling for Edith, deprived of the spiritual sentiment which had pervaded it, began to degenerate.

His hand did not tremble when he rang the bell at Mrs. Penrhyn's door, nor did his heart quicken its beatings; only, a flush was on his cheek and his eyes gleamed with fire and resolve. He was about to try his fate, but with a sense of security to which he had been hitherto a stranger. Yet, by one of those strange revenges that the whirligig of time brings about, while Marston's love had lost its ennobling element, the woman on whom he had bestowed it was, for the first time in her life, yearning for what she had put it out of his power to give—yearning so hungrily that to obtain it she would have made herself worthy of the crown she had formerly disdained with impatience.

The week that intervened between the evening when she looked for his return and been disappointed, and the one when he came back to rivet his life to hers if possible, had been passed by Edith in bitter retrospect and self-humiliation. In some one of the mysterious ways in which Love does his work she had grown to love Geoffrey Marston, and instinctively she loved him as he would be loved. In the might of this true, deep feeling she felt strong, and a new heart seemed to have been given to her, that she might give it to him. All her old restless thirst for excitement and homage seemed quenched, and no girl of eighteen could have loved more singly than did

she. With the egotism that formed the habit of her life, and which accompanies strong feelings in their early developments, Edith thought more of her own mistakes and errors as they affected herself than as they had injured others, and she found it easier to forget the wrong she had done to Max and Raymond than the fact that she had come far short of Marston's ideal of her. She felt sure, however, that Geoffrey would come to her, and when the servant announced him she rose to greet him with a very creditable self-command.

Marston, always unconventional, was less than ever capable of following the indirect paths of society toward his object, and he entered her presence without a thought other than the achievement of his purpose. For the first few moments neither spoke: he remained standing by the door, which he had closed behind him, and she could distinctly hear his repressed, long-drawn breaths. Such a wild desire to clasp her in his arms, to hold her close to his heart, that beat so strongly with love, not fear, swept over him that he had much ado to control it. He forgot the bitterness of the struggle he had passed through in the intoxication of her presence, and the words he had meant to say at meeting died upon his lips. He had meant to tell her very briefly that the old love was dead; that he no longer asked the hard things of her which he had foolishly dreamed she could give him; that now he was easier to content, and would grasp at no floating vision of perfection—would ask for nothing but herself, her beautiful exuberant self, to fill his heart and steep his senses in delight. For his soul—well, that might starve a little, but what matter? Had he said this to her even then, she might have reinstated her image in its old place in his heart: he might have found hope and courage to lead her onward and upward; for the germ that he had planted in her heart, however small, had been the germ of a noble feeling. But he said not one word of all that he had meant to say. Seeing his heaven before him, he forgot everything but its nearness, and with an impetuous burst of joy

and pent-up longing he told her only of his love. Kneeling at her feet, her hands clasped in his, he told her of his ardent love. With all the vehemence and earnestness of his nature he implored her to marry him, and Edith listened and yielded, and abandoned her future into his hands.

Their natures were strangely fitted to complete one another, and but for the perversity of circumstances, and that aggregate result of our actions which we are pleased to term "fatality," they might have made one another's perfect happiness. As it was, two beings so full of attraction for one another could not come together without at least glimpses of delight and flashes of ecstatic joy. Such moments were brief, but delightful. For that evening, at least, Edith and Geoffrey both forgot the irrevocable Past, but it towered over their unconscious heads, and threw a shadow as dark and deep as the grave over their common Future.

CHAPTER XIV.

It would have been hard to say whether Edith or Geoffrey was most eager in putting aside all vestiges of the obnoxious Past. They never spoke to each other of the summer which had gone by while they were apart, except most superficially, and all their thoughts and actions seemed connected with a future which should be entirely uninfluenced by anything in their past lives. Edith, who was in love for the first time in her life, was impatient of everything that reminded her that she had not always been as she now was; and Marston shrank from the pain that came to him with every suggestion of the reality that he had willed to forget. But there was no understanding between them, no silent comprehension of one another's feelings; only on one side blind ignorance, on the other a closed door. They were both eager to go abroad and spend several years. Marston's scientific vent would find more scope in Europe, and Edith had an almost childish impatience to leave her old surroundings behind her. She felt as if once out of

sight they would be out of mind, and everything about her life as a woman of fashion was incongruous with her new-born temper of mind. Marston urged their marriage, and was feverishly impatient that it should take place. Meanwhile, they lived a very quiet life, both avoiding the world, and spending most of their time together in a sort of dreamy intoxication. When Geoffrey was under Edith's personal influence he forgot everything but his love for her, and no ill thoughts troubled him; but away from her he was conscious that but for his will, which barred the door against them, black memories would harbor in his heart.

Edith was happier than ever before. The dim dread which had possessed her lest Marston should exact from her a spiritual elevation which she was not prepared to give—lest he should be a teacher even more than a lover—soon disappeared when she found that he seemed to take her as she was, and find her most charming when most herself. None of the severe requirements that she had seen foreshadowed in his letter were ever made of her. Little did she know what a fall she had had in his estimation before he could regard her as an exquisite plaything, a creature made for his fancy and senses to revel in—no more.

So each unwittingly helped to compass the result they least desired. Marston thought that Edith's ready conformity to the tone he took was but a strong proof of the wisdom and justness of his decision; and Edith thought that he based his demands, as formerly, on his own desires, not, as he really did, on her apparent capacity to fulfill them. He had committed the fatal error of accepting her at her worst, as unalterable; and she had no means of knowing that he had endured mortal agony before relinquishing as hopeless the pursuit of what she would have striven, and not unsuccessfully, to give him. But as he alone had waked the nobler soul in Edith, so when he ceased to recognize its existence it again slumbered within her, the more heavily perhaps for its brief period of conscious existence.

They were married privately and quietly, with only half a dozen witnesses, and sailed the next day for Europe. As they lost sight of the shores of America, Edith, who was standing by Marston's side on the deck of the steamer, turned to him with a joyous look and said, "Oh, Geoffrey, are you not glad we are to begin our new life in a new world—that we have left it all behind us? We have no Past now, only a Future."

"How can that be?" said Marston, a sudden gloom overspreading his face. "That is a child's thought. It is our past, Edith, that makes our future."

"Don't look so solemn, love," whispered Edith, clinging to his arm. "You have not looked so grave since we were engaged."

Marston recovered himself, and answered gayly enough, but the cloud had begun to rise in their sky, although as yet no bigger than a man's hand.

CHAPTER XV.

EXTRACTS from Geoffrey Marston's journal kept during the first three months after his marriage:

"ROME, January 4.

"I have wished a hundred times that I had not begun this record, and yet some irresistible power forces me to write in it, whether I will or no. It would have been wiser had I never begun it, but it was the habit of my life, and I never thought of breaking it off. It does me no good. As I turn over these pages I see written down things that I would have forgotten—momentary pangs, acute at the time, but ephemeral had I not registered them here.

"I was weaker than I thought myself that night at the farm—shall I ever forget it?—when I vowed within myself to put the past and its terrible memories away from me. I cannot do it: everything, even the veriest trifles, fills me with a sickening ache; every look, every word of my wife's suggests some accursed and fatal train of thought. She never smiles at me but I think, So she smiled at other men; and then I pursue

the fancy till I feel almost maddened. Only yesterday she asked me if we should invite Ashton, whom we had just met, to go with us on an excursion to-morrow, and when I said, 'I doubted his caring to go, but would ask him,' she said, 'Then let *me* ask if you think it doubtful: no man ever says *no* to *me*.' It was as if a snake had uncoiled at my feet. She must have felt the change in my manner, though I tried hard enough, God knows! to keep from showing my feeling. It was an innocent speech enough, but read by the light of the past it was—

"I know I have no right to be morbid about her, and that I shall make her life miserable if I cannot keep from this infernal retrospect; but I seem pursued by a Fate. All her references to her past life fill me with a desire to rush away, anywhere away from her, or else to take her to some utter solitude, where no outer world could penetrate, and there I might be happy.

"I avoid every one, and I am conscious that it would be more for Edith's happiness if I did not do so. I must battle with this feeling or it will overwhelm me. I *will* forget. I will trust her: she loves me, and I will do better.

"*January 20.* It is two weeks since I opened this book last, and I do so now to record my failure; for I have failed. Everything has conspired against me. Edith herself—poor child! I don't blame her—has unconsciously helped to make it impossible for me to succeed. I have striven hard too: every day it grows harder. How was it that I was so happy at first? I suppose I was blinded by passion. Yet I love her now as I loved her then—better even, for is she not mine now? Ah! there it is! A hundred times a day I ask myself, How can she belong to me more or otherwise than she has belonged to others? The mere fact of physical possession I count as little—as nothing—compared with the virginity of soul I crave in my wife. Madman that I was, to think that I could be satisfied, be anything but most miserable, without it in the woman to whom I gave my whole heart, for my whole heart and soul are hers! If it were not

so I might be happier than I am—might bear to live as we do. When I told her that first morning that I must have all and give all, and she listened to me, then I spoke the truth, though I knew that she could not realize my dreams. I was a madman to seek her again. Oh, Edith! I love you, I love you, and yet this life with you is torture. To lead it long is beyond my strength."

Two days later:

"How little you knew yourself, Geoffrey Marston, when you attempted to make your happiness without faith in the woman you loved—an arch without a keystone! Your thirty-three years had taught you little of your own nature and its requirements. You should have fled from her, knowing your faith gone. What good could your love do you then? And now you are doomed by your own act. But one way out of it, and that a dark and narrow one—the way of the grave. But why unpack your heart with words? why not bear it like a man? I should have despised this weakness in another man, but it is eating my heart out; and all the while I love her more, and she seems more beautiful, more charming to me. If I had only never known—never gone to the club that fatal night! I should still have believed her capable of being what I once thought she might be, and then I should have had the bliss of ignorance. But I know—I *know* that I can never have what I long for. Never can I look into her eyes and see mirrored back my own soul.

"Only to-day she said to me, 'Geoffrey, I never dreamed of such happiness;' and I forced myself to smile and caress her. I could not have spoken: everything was at war within me. How will all this end?"

The struggle partially revealed in the foregoing extracts had its cause in Marston's peculiar nature. Of all men, he was the last to accomplish the task he had set himself. Twice in his life he proved unequal to what was demanded of him—the first time when he yielded to Edith's attraction and sought her against his conviction of her unworthi-

ness to fill the place in his life which she must occupy; the second when, having grappled with this life, he found himself ready to give up the contest and fly. But the explanation of his failures is to be found rather in his want of self-comprehension than in his want of character. His will had always served his turn, and he had counted upon its doing so again. He had not known how deadly a wound he dealt his own soul when he determined to marry Edith. But not in quietness and silence would his higher nature submit to be crushed, and its struggle for life, its revolt against the determination which shut it out of its proper part in his relation to his wife, was what caused him such intense suffering.

To a man like Marston moral suffering is the keenest, and the very pain he endured blinded him to the fact that Edith was being, day by day, purified and elevated by her deep, true love for him. He could see nothing plainly, so clouded was his sight by self-torture and contending passions. Truly, his punishment was severe. His marriage had been his first disloyalty to the ruling spirit of his life, and it brought discord into his soul. At first, with a desperate recklessness, he had abandoned himself to the fascination of his wife's society, and for a time had felt no sting of memory. But honor and faith and purity had been too long the guiding-stars of Marston's life for him long to wander without their light: soon his misery began, and grew day by day. His moral logic was perfect and gave him no rest.

Perhaps the blow was really dealt and the mischief done when he first knew, or thought he knew, that Edith was not what he had dreamed; and if that were so, then it would not have availed him to turn away from her. The arrow once in the heart of the deer, the end is sure, though pride and courage may yet carry him many a step.

Something of this he dimly felt, and it was at the bottom of much of his recklessness at first, and his want of courage and hope now. But the end came sooner than one would have thought, after

all, even though it might be seen afar off. Such things never seem near or likely till they are upon us, and then they strike us.

CHAPTER XVI.

THREE more weeks went by—of such a strange life to those two! Edith was happy, for she was absorbed by loving: she had been loved before, but she now loved for the first time; and she was so rich in her own wealth that she missed nothing that Marston failed to give her. Then, too, it must be remembered that he loved her only too well—that his very pain was born of his love; and that she was too unused to the possession of a nature like his to be able to measure its outpourings and detect when they came short of the full measure. He made a strong effort, and a successful one, to conceal from her his unhappiness: it was the easier that his fits of despairing misery seized him when he was alone, and alone he passed through them, while when together the intoxication of her presence and her love was enough to make him forget everything but that she loved him and that she was his own.

But all this while Geoffrey Marston's heart was breaking under the terrible tension. So it came to pass that one morning in February he let Edith go alone on a party of pleasure with some friends, and stayed at home himself. He had said he would go, and he meant to go, but at the last moment a hunger to be alone came over him, and he made some excuse which answered its purpose. This longing for solitude had grown on him of late: he had got into a way of wandering alone over Rome, sometimes by day, sometimes by night; and Edith, whose tact was as perfect with him as it had ever been with any of the men she had known and did not love, took no notice of his strolls to check them, though they had begun to trouble her a little.

That morning, though he knew that so soon as she left the house his misery would begin, he longed for her to go, and to her dying day Edith never forgot the restless energy with which he expe-

dited her departure. At the door of her room she paused and said, "Say good-bye here, love, not down stairs."

He caught her in his arms and held her tight and close. He was her lover always, and never met or parted from her coldly, but this embrace was like the clutch with which a drowning man seizes his plank: she felt it to be so, and looked into his eyes tenderly and longingly, saying, "Let me stay at home too."

"No, no, no!" he said vehemently, "I would not have you." And so they parted.

He sat a while brooding, his head in his hands, then started up and went down stairs, meaning, so far as he meant anything definitely, to walk far and wide till he should have walked off his mood. As he passed through the hall of the hotel he heard voices in a little room which opened from it. They were American women who were in there. He knew that at a sound, and paused instinctively: as he did so he heard his own name. He stood still and listened.

"So Mrs. Marston is here?"

"Yes: George saw her name on the books. Shall you call on her?"

"I think not. Edith Penrhyn was very fascinating, but I don't care to have her acquaintance. Every one knows what a scandal there was about her and Mr. Raymond last year, and Heaven only knows how many more; besides, she has been married quite long enough to be ready to amuse herself with any one else, and George is rather susceptible, you know."

"You might indemnify yourself with Marston," returned the other speaker with a light laugh.

"No. They say he is infatuated about her; which must be true, otherwise he would have contented himself with becoming Raymond's successor and not have married her."

Here the voices grew nearer: the speakers were coming out, and Marston instinctively hurried from the hotel, that he might escape notice.

Two hours later he returned, went to his wife's room and wrote a letter, which he laid on her dressing-table. Then he

went to his own room, locked the door, sat down on the edge of the bed, took Edith's picture in his hand and fixed his eyes upon it, while with his other hand he put a pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. He fell backward with the picture clutched convulsively in his hand. Long before the door was reached by the frightened servants he was dead, and when they burst it open his body was lying on the bed at rest.

Edith found his letter before she was told of his death: they had judged it best, hoping that he would have broken his dreadful purpose to her in it. He had indeed done so, but she did not seem to grasp his meaning, and when she had finished it only rushed from the room to ask wildly where her husband was. She was told the truth as gently as might be, and bore it as such women do bear cruel blows—strangely well. But it had been better for her had Marston dealt with her as with himself. He had been her beacon-light to better things, her wings to soar, her sword to strike with. She was left without defence or help, and she became—much what she had been before she knew him. There was added to her life a terrible sense of emptiness and a desperate longing for the past, but also a bitterness that sprang from the depths of her soul. "I loved him," she thought, "and he did not love me enough to forgive me or trust me. And yet his was the best love I ever knew: it is none of it worth much."

Yet she read his letter every night of her life before she slept, and there were few nights when it was not blistered with tears. With that letter this story must end:

"EDITH: I cannot bear to live any longer, and, like a coward as I am, I am about to end my life. When you read this I shall be dead, yet read it to the end before you scream or cry. I think my heart is broken, and that is why I am so weak. You will never believe how I have fought against this despair that is driving me out of life.

"It is the discord within which I can-

not reconcile that makes life unbearable. I knew all, *all* about you, Edith, before I sought you last, and I loved you so much I thought I could take things as they were, so that I might have you with them. I was a madman to think it, for from the first moment I was miserable. You are not to blame, nor do I blame you. It is I who should have known myself better than to think I could trample my honor under foot and fling my ideals to the winds, and then throw myself into your arms and be happy and forget. Do not think it is to save myself pain that I die: it is because I should soon make you wretched. I should not long have strength to play the part I have played successfully since we were married, and bitterness, distrust and jealousy would come between us. I cannot bear it: I love you so entirely that to know you are not, cannot be, mine as I am yours, kills me; and so why not die quickly rather than slowly?

"I was never made to do this thing that I have tried to do, and the struggle has torn me in pieces. But you can never understand how it all was, because, though I love you perfectly, you do not love me in the same way, and our natures are different. If ever we meet again, and you are able to love me then as I love you now, I shall be satisfied, but otherwise pass me and do not turn your face on me.

"I feel happier at this moment than I have felt for months. Strange—is it not?—when I shall never kiss your lips again, and the pistol that is to end my life lies coldly in my hand! Yet is it true—as true as that I love you and am for ever yours,
GEOFFREY."

Her tears fell upon it night after night, but they were barren and bitter, for she said, "It was of himself he thought."

FRANCIS ASHETON.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

LENTEN SUPPER AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

NOT a few old institutions have been got rid of in England in these latter days of irreverence and inquiry—John Doe and Richard Roe, for instance, and open voting, and the attached family servant, and cheap coals, and Mr. Gladstone's administration, and—so on. But the barrister still wears his wig all day long in the stuffy little courts off Westminster Hall, and the bluecoat boy of Christ's Hospital still goes about bareheaded at all seasons and in all weathers. Tradition does go for something in an old country, even now-a-days, but it is not tradition only that preserves the special dress of either barrister or bluecoat. In the former's case it is felt and admitted that the wig and gown and bands have a practical use, in taking the advocate out of his ordinary self, so to

speak, when in court, and helping toward the maintenance there of that gravity, punctilious courtesy and dignity in act and language that is so essential to the due conduct of judicial business. And as for the bluecoats, when it is urged that a thick, long-skirted, heels-reaching blue garment, bright yellow stockings and a button-shaped cap—that, from the sheer impossibility of getting anybody's head into it, is never worn—do not exactly make up an attractive or appropriate dress for a set of schoolboys of all ages from ten to eighteen, who, though collected together in the heart of a great city, have, at any rate, five acres of playgrounds and the natural boy-desire to use their limbs there,—when an appeal of this sort, I say, is made to the governors of the hospital, there is sense and reason in their reply that it is simply a

necessity to keep up the uncouth and distasteful clothing in order to preserve the charity—for such most thoroughly the education is—for the class who really need it, by frightening off the well-to-do folk of frugal minds who would otherwise struggle to appropriate for their sons the advantages of first-class schooling without school-bills.

All the great public schools of England have their own peculiar rites and ceremonies. Eton had, till thirty years ago—and would no doubt, but for railways and the crowds they bring together, have kept up to this day—that time-hallowed festival known as Montem. Westminster School performs its annual Latin play, and with every Lent come round at Christ's Hospital the Lenten Suppers.

One may live and die in London, no doubt, without ever seeing or hearing of these Lenten Suppers, but anybody who can get a card of admission to the ceremony, and fails to use it, will surely lose, to my thinking, something that he or she would not soon have forgotten. We, at any rate, are bent upon taking advantage of this white ticket that will give us a title to admittance to the governors' places this Thursday evening. I freely own that I never yet met the man, woman or child who didn't or wouldn't, as a rule, dislike eating a meal under the eyes of a crowd of staring on-lookers. I have known solitary diners at club and restaurant to cut short their dinners in despair, owing to the impossibility of getting rid of the worry of the stony glare of a parcel of attendant vacuous waiters. But no scruples on this score need make you hesitate to be present at a Lenten Supper in the hospital. In the first place, publicity is not "the rule," but very much the contrary, inasmuch as the institution is confined to the Thursdays in Lent, and half a dozen Thursdays are as many as can be conjured out of forty days; and moreover it so happens that the boys themselves are not unnaturally in favor of the observance, for these Thursday evenings are the occasions *par excellence* for the visits of relations and friends to the school, and for the accompanying flow of "tips."

It is half-past six P. M., and the gates leading into the front court of the hospital from Newgate street are just open; so, turning our backs upon the gloomy prison where the late famous Claimant, already forgotten by the newspapers and pigeon-shooters, sits unromantically picking oakum, we hurry with the stream of visitors to the appointed entrance-door, and, mounting a stone stairway, find ourselves at once in the great hall. First, to secure seats in that bank of benches which rises at the farther end, and then from that vantage-ground to survey the scene. The hall itself the average visitor, looking at its Perpendicular Gothic windows, its dusky wainscoted walls and heavy-timbered roof, is likely enough to ascribe to old Tudor days; and the antiquated picture that extends along at least a hundred feet of one wall may go to strengthen the conviction. But in point of fact the age of the building lies only in appearance and London grime, as it was erected less than half a century ago. But let that pass. From the raised dais at our feet four or five rows of narrow tables, now laid for the supper, extend right down the hall—which must be between three and four hundred feet long from end to end—to the screen below the organ-gallery. There is light in abundance from half a score of large gas-chandeliers, but nevertheless on each table stand, presumably for decorative purposes, two pairs of candlesticks profusely decked with flowers. A few minutes before seven o'clock the boys come filing in. They are marshaled in wards—*i. e.*, detachments of fifty or thereabouts who occupy a common dormitory—and each ward, under the presidency of its ward-matron, takes possession of a separate table. Punctually at seven the governors, each carrying a blue wand, and the head-masters, enter in solemn procession, and take their places in a long line upon the dais, and stand, as do the rest of us, expectant. Of what? The question is soon solved. One of the bigger boys appears in a pulpit that stands against the side-wall halfway down the hall, and in a clear, unfaltering voice bids the assembly sing the Old

Hundredth psalm. Obediently the organ strikes up the well-known air, and, the school-choir posted in the gallery leading, boys, masters and visitors give out the familiar words. Then the occupant of the pulpit reads a short lesson from the New Testament, and then all the boys fall on their knees while he reads a series of prayers, in which constituted authorities of many kinds, from the lord mayor down to the masters who have the teaching of "us poor children," are most amply remembered. They rise. Now, at last (one begins to think), the "poor children" will be allowed to attack the food and drink that they have been all this time looking at. But no, not just yet. First we must sing a hymn together, and listen to a lengthy grace from the boy-minister; and then, as all things have an end, the supper has a beginning. The moment the boys are seated the visitors are allowed to leave their places and flow at will into the aisles between the tables. Relations and friends are quickly at the side of their own particular boys, and many an acceptable half-crown changes hands and pockets. Meanwhile, those who haven't the distractions of table and tipping to attend to are at work upon the refreshment of their inner boydoms. It is a frugal meal enough, and the same this evening as others, barring the garlanded candlesticks. Each boy has just a bowl of milk, a substantial cubic parallelogram of bread, about as long and broad as this page, and at least an inch thick, and a good-sized pat of butter. One can hardly help noticing with some amusement the different ways in which the somewhat unmanageable hunk of bread is attacked. Most of the bigger boys—who are not very unlikely to have private extra stores of one kind or another elsewhere—first travel round the outside of their parallelograms, cutting off the crust, and so advance inward till appetite cries Hold! while others, and notably the little ones, who have no idea of leaving anything but the knife upon their plates, methodically work from the top, cutting out horizontal slices, and apportioning the butter-pat beforehand, that it may

last for the lubrication of the whole lump. So passes a twenty minutes' space, and then, each boy in his place bearing a hand, the fragments of bread and butter, the leavings of milk, the bowls and plates and knives, are quickly collected, the tablecloths are brushed and rolled up, and by the time the visitors have resumed their seats everything is in readiness for the after-supper portion of the programme to begin. Three sonorous slaps with a piece of wood upon a table, like those which prelude the curtain-rising at the Théâtre Français, and, silence obtained, the pulpit occupant gives out an anthem, which is executed very creditably by the choir. Then a solemn grace after meat, and last of all the bowing to the governors. A magnate of the beadle-usher kind takes up position at the head of the table nearest to the chairman of the evening, and marshals the bowing procession in due form. The wards advance in turn. First one of the tiniest in stature comes forward *solus*, bearing in either hand one of the flower-decked candlesticks, and, stopping six feet off the chairman, makes him a low bow, in accomplishing which he comes within an ace of burning his hair in his own candles, and then trots off, followed closely by the ward-matron, and blowing out his lights as he retires. Next advances and bows the basket-bearer of the ward, generally a big boy, bearing in traditional fashion on his back a long wicker plate-basket; then a pair, one carrying on his right arm the knife-basket, the other, with ludicrous effect, hugging under his left the bolster-like roll of the ward's tablecloth; and then the unofficial members of the ward, two and two, each pair demurely bowing to the chairman and receiving an acknowledging nod from him. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the long procession goes on till one's head swims with the repetition of candlestick-, basket- and cloth-bearers, and one begins to wonder how the chairman manages to keep on nodding all this time without mechanical assistance. There are no less than seven hundred and fifty bluecoats in the school, remember, and full seven hundred of them

are present in the body of the hall; so the good chairman's task is obviously no trifling one.

Meanwhile, musical influences have been at work to tone down the feelings of the assembly from the grave and reverent pitch of the prayers and anthems to the ordinary secular keynote. Observe the gentle stages by which we have been let down. First, a fugue on the organ; next, after an interval, an outburst, from a different part of the same gallery, of a band of wind-instruments (the performers' all members of the school), but demurely breathing out a strictly classical composition; then another pause; and then, just as the indefatigable chairman is nodding to the last pair of candlesticks, the horns and trombones, recklessly brazen, break out into the merry jigging of an Offenbach march. The spectators, who have been still and silent hitherto, find their feet and tongues under the influence of the comically incongruous melody, and 'mid a very babel of clattering the hall begins to empty. Gracious! what means this sudden storm of cheering, every bluecoat, without any (to strangers) apparent cause, all at once exercising his lungs in the heartiest of hurrahs? The head-master at our side soon describes the cause. An ex-Cistercian (so the boys delight to call themselves, in claim of their school occupying the site of what was once in early Tudor times a Grayfriars' monastery), who has lately won credit for his old school by carrying off at Oxford Dean Ireland's university scholarship, has chanced to be discovered in the crowd, and his former schoolfellows, with true scholarly warmth and heartiness, are determined to let him know their pride and pleasure in his success.

The hall is soon cleared, and outside in the dark stranger visitors are losing themselves hopelessly in the cloisters and quadrangles, imploringly begging to be pointed the way out, while the boys file quietly off to their various wards. They will be going to bed directly, but the head-master's offer to show us the interior of a ward is by no means to be refused; so, waiting a moment till he

has doffed his bands and cassock, we enter one of the red-brick dormitory blocks, and, mounting one floor, peer into one of the wards. A large room this, but closish quarters, one can't help thinking, for half a hundred boys. The beds, each covered with a dark-green coverlet, stand side by side down the whole length of the room against the side-walls, and two more rows of them, back to back, run down the centre. At every bed-head hangs a spare gown-garment of the substantial all-covering blue cloth, and at every bed-foot stands a little wooden locker, not much more than twice the size of a Webster's dictionary, which is the sole and whole allowance of space that a boy has for all his other paraphernalia. But it must be borne in mind that not much luggage as wardrobe accommodation can be requisite where each boy is bound by the fundamental rules of the hospital to wear no other dress than his blue gown, knee-breeches, gamboge stockings and shoes three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and both at the school and away from it alike. The ward-matron has her room at one end of the ward, and there are a "Grecian" (Sixth-form boy) and three monitors, each distinguished by a silver medal dangling by a blue ribbon on his chest, to answer for each ward's discipline. The Grecians are very dignified and powerful personages. They have their Lenten Supper apart, unseen by the curious crowd, and each has his own little private study in a corner of the ward to which he is attached. Very many of them gain exhibitions and scholarships at the universities, and rise to eminence in after life. The present head-master of the hospital was himself a bluecoat, and (he told us) occupied, as Grecian, the tiny study opening out of the very ward we visited.

There has been talk many times of transplanting the hospital into the country; and there can be little doubt that, sentimental considerations apart, it would be well on many grounds that some such scheme should be carried out. The very heart of a great smoky, foggy city is obviously not quite the place for between

seven and eight hundred boys to work and play in. Indeed, matters have gone so far that only two years ago Parliament authorized an intended metropolitan railway (which, however, proved abortive) to run right through the hospital property and buy it up. Still, so far as looks and appetites can betoken health, the present generation of Cistercians do not suffer physically from their city position. I for one never wish to see a brighter, healthier, happier set of faces than on Thursday evening, the 19th of March, in the present year of grace, sat at the hall tables at Christ's Hospital's Lenten Supper.

W. D. R.

A LETTER FROM ROME.

ON the 23d of March all Italy, and Rome especially, was celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Victor Emmanuel's accession to the throne. I do not mean to inflict on your readers any description of the gala doings which marked the occasion, for the programme of such fêtes in the cities of continental Europe is too well known for a new rehearsal of it to be worth the space it would occupy. The streets all aglow and picturesque with flags, the bands of music (very mediocre, though this is "the land of song") in every other *piazza*, the royal receptions, the deputations, the addresses, the hurrying to and fro in the street of splendid uniforms, the appearance at strange hours of swallow-tailed coats and white chokers, whose wearers' faces eloquently express all the usual misery of a day of general rejoicing, the banners carried through the streets, the illumination at night,—all this followed its usual well-known course, and was got through with not more than the usual amount of trouble and annoyance to quiet folks who wished to attend to their own affairs. But though the mode of expressing national rejoicing is always much the same, the thing intended to be expressed is not always the same. And it is worth recording that the ovation offered on this occasion by Italy to her king was not merely, in the stereotyped official phrase, "enthusiastic," but was really and truly a very heartfelt expres-

sion of the genuine feeling of the nation. Not only here in the capital, but in every city throughout the Peninsula, the people strove to make it such, and to render the expression of their meaning unmistakable. To understand rightly the genuine depth and warmth of this feeling, it is necessary to bear in mind the leading facts of Italy's wonderful history during the last twenty-five years, and to remember that amid the crowd of petty kings and princes who again and again deceived and disappointed the nation with lying promises and false oaths, Victor Emmanuel alone has religiously kept faith with the nation, and by virtue of the confidence so inspired has been able to lead it on to that consummation of national unity and independence so long sighed for, so long deemed a dream to be realized, if ever, only by a happier generation. All this and all the emotions such reflections were calculated to produce were in the hearts of the people as they thronged the way that led from the theatre, where there was a gala-night, to the Quirinal Palace on the king's return, and when they shouted on the Quirinal Hill while he was receiving the addresses of all classes of his subjects within. I said I would take up none of your space with details, but I must mention one, because it is so rich in *couleur locale*. The ladies of Rome subscribed to give the king a nosegay. A nosegay is a pretty offering always, and especially so to a monarch from his female subjects; but one would not have supposed that much subscription was necessary to accomplish it. Only the nosegay in question, composed entirely of violets, pansies and mignonette, was between six and seven feet high, and was borne into His Majesty's presence by six stout porters. It consisted of a base some three feet square, a stem, and then a vase of graceful shape, with an appropriate inscription, the whole composed entirely of the above-mentioned flowers. This, too, is a sort of "mosaic" for which Rome is famous. Pity it is somewhat less durable than the other kind, the eternity of which makes it a fitting product for the "Eternal City."

The number of windows from which on this occasion floated the Stars and Stripes indicated in a striking manner the fact that the American colony in Rome is becoming every year a larger and more important one. Another evidence of the same fact is beginning to attract very general attention here. The Americans will have the honor—no small matter in the eyes of the religious world—of building and possessing the first Protestant church ever established within the papal city. Of course the English residents have for very many years had a place of worship here; but it is merely a room, and not a very handsome one, and it is outside of the Porta del Popolo, the papal government having never permitted the Sacred City itself to be desecrated by the existence within its walls of an heretical place of worship. Now, of course, "*nous avons changé tout cela*," and the Americans have been the first to profit by the change. The building, situated in the very best part of the new quarter of the city, is just beginning to peer over the boarding which surrounds it. Some days ago I visited it in the pleasant company of the Rev. R. T. Nevin, the accomplished clergyman of the principal American congregation here, and I was, I own, fairly astonished at the magnificence—the word is not too strong a one—which will characterize the completed edifice. The ground was bought for something over twenty thousand dollars on the 12th of March, 1872. This sum was raised entirely among the Americans in Rome; the principal contributor, I believe, being Mr. W. H. Heriman. The work was begun on the 5th of November in the same year; and those who know the requirements of buildings in Rome in the way of substructures, who have seen the truly grandiose manner in which these requirements have been provided for at St. Paul's (that is the name of the new church), and who also are aware of the usual rate of progression accomplished in such matters in this take-it-easy city, will be of opinion that wonders have been done in the time. I have had some little Italian experience of such matters my-

self, and I am very sure that the activity, vigilance and solicitude of Mr. Nevin, under whose superintendence and management the whole work has been done, must have been arduous and incessant. Copying from the statements put forth to the public, I may say that forty-eight thousand dollars have been raised already for the building, and that eighteen thousand dollars more are yet needed to complete the work, as estimated. It is the hope of Mr. Nevin that by incessant devotion of his laborious care to the work, and by watchful superintendence, he will succeed in causing these estimates not to be exceeded. But looking to the extremely costly nature of the ornamentation and finishing which it is intended to bestow upon the building on the one hand, and to my own knowledge of the small trustworthiness of the estimates of Italian architects on the other, I cannot but believe that a considerable supplementary sum will be found necessary; and I do not doubt that it will be forthcoming without difficulty, for, as I have said, the number of visitors from the States who winter at Rome is annually on the increase, and they will assuredly all feel proud of such an evidence of American taste, liberality and enterprise. I do not say anything about piety, for very sincere worship may be offered up from very humble walls. But this church, surprising as the statement may seem, will be one of the most beautiful in this city of churches. And it will owe this distinction not, of course, to its size (though it will not be a small building, seating eight hundred commodiously—nave, one hundred and seventy feet in length, supported by six columns and seven arches on either side; tower, one hundred and forty feet in height), but to the charms of its proportions, the purity of its architectural style, and the richness and beauty of its ornamentation and finishing. The style is the Early Lombard Gothic. The exterior facing-material is travertine stone from Tivoli, the interior finishing of stone from Arles, and a very beautiful stone this is. The whole of the finishing of the interior, comprising a great amount of rich and

delicate carving in this stone, is to be in this pure and charming architectural style. The ground will furnish abundant space for the erection of an additional building to serve the purposes of lecture-room, library and apartment for the clergy, all which it is part of the present plan to erect, and which are to be connected with the church by means of an extremely graceful cloister. The *tout ensemble* will be charming, and creditable in no ordinary degree to all who have contributed to the realization of the project.

Mr. W. W. Story has just completed a new statue which the general voice here declares, with more unanimity than is often met with in such matters, to be the finest work he has yet produced. It is an Alcestis—or, as it is the modern fashion to write, and as Mr. Story writes on the base of his statue, Alkestis. The heroine is represented as moving forward slowly and doubtfully at the moment of her return to earth; and the idea of this half-bewildered, hesitating motion is so vividly impressed on the imagination of the beholder that it is difficult to persuade one's self that as the figure stands so it will continue to stand for ever. While the right hand gathers the folds of her drapery around her bosom, the left hand hangs listless by her side, and the amount of expression of doubt, hesitation and but half-recovered consciousness which that hand is made to express is simply wonderful. The drapery is evidently of some very soft material, the simple and elegant folds of which, descending to the naked feet, so as to reveal only a portion of them, are admirably managed. The face is beautiful of course. That is the most easily attained and the commonest merit of all. But there is a mysterious and almost weird expression in the wondering eyes and about the scarcely opened—and I had almost said quivering—lips, which tells the tale as it might well have been supposed impossible for marble to tell it. The statue has not yet been put into its eternal form. The tale I have imperfectly repeated to your readers was told to me by the clay. That first expression

of the artist's thought has within the last few days been destroyed, to give place to the plaster phase of the statue's existence. The putting it into marble will be at once proceeded with. T. A. T.

"WORTH MAKES THE (WO)MAN."

To write of female dress in Paris without mentioning Worth would be to describe court life without speaking of the sovereign. Over the vast realm of the toilette he has for years ruled with a sway which, if often questioned and challenged, is nevertheless as secure as it is extensive. Between the dresses from his ateliers and those from the houses of other first-class Parisian dress-makers there exists as wide a difference as between the latter class of dresses and those of average American manufacture. Singularly gifted with taste for peculiar combinations of color and startling varieties of form, he acknowledges no supremacy of the mode of the day, but is a law unto himself, arranging tints and shapes to suit his own ideas; and the bewildering varieties of style which his show-rooms display can scarcely be imagined save by one who, as I have done, has seen fifty dresses shown in a single morning, no two of which were alike. It is said that Worth studies his effects of color from the vast book of Nature herself. The changing colors of the clouds, the contrasted tints in a bouquet, the shaded hues of a petal, all provide him with hints which he afterward utilizes in silk and satin and gauze, to the bewilderment of feminine brains and the depletion of masculine pockets.

The establishment of M. Worth is situated at No. 7 Rue de la Paix, a locality sufficiently indicated to the stranger by the rows of carriages that are usually stationed before the door. Three floors of the large building are appropriated to his use, one being taken up by show-rooms and fitting-rooms, while the others are devoted to work-rooms. One thousand employés find work in these vast ateliers, of whom sixty take their meals on the premises. The first suite of rooms that one sees on entering is plain and business-like, and but for the

rows of shelving on either side piled to the ceiling with silk and satin in the piece, and the number of well-dressed shop-girls who are moving about, it might, with its high desk and sober-looking clerks, be taken for the offices of some great financier or the ante-chambers of a bank. Here the more ordinary business of the establishment is transacted, here dressmakers seeking for patterns are received, and here too is to be found a small show-room where occasional specimens of the master's art are displayed. This is by no means a place where the ordinary shopper, intent on seeing and not on purchasing, can meet with any success. Unless the intention to buy is very clearly defined, the barred doors of the great wardrobes that contain these treasures of dress are kept closely shut, and only unclosed at the "Open sesame" of a probable order.

Up stairs are to be found the show-rooms, hung with dark green reps and furnished with carved walnut and green plush, while immense mirrors meet the eye at every turn. At the very end of the suite is a small carpeted room, furnished with a green velvet sofa, a few chairs, a large wardrobe stretching across the whole of one end of the apartment, and a mirror reaching from floor to ceiling. This is the work-room of Worth himself. Hither he comes to plan his combinations and to arrange his trimmings. The skirts of dresses are usually decorated in this wise: One of the shop-girls puts on the skirt in its perfectly plain and unadorned state, and mounts a short step-ladder with a broad top which is placed in the centre of the room. M. Worth then proceeds to pin on and arrange the ruffles, laces, flounces, etc. of which the trimmings are to be composed, and in this way makes experiments and tries new effects and combinations. When the trimming is completed in accordance with his ideas, the young lady descends from her elevated post and the skirt is sent to the sewing-rooms to be finished off.

This renowned King of the Dress-makers and ruler of the world of dress is, as is well known, an Englishman. He

is of medium height, with dark eyes, moustache and hair, and a florid complexion, and is, I should say, about forty-five years old. His manners are simple, straightforward and pleasant, and entirely lack the forwardness and impertinence which would naturally, one might think, be induced by the coaxing, cajolery and familiarity with which he is constantly approached. The story is told of a celebrated foreign princess and leader of fashion that, being unable to pay her bills, she compounded the matter by giving Worth the *entreé* of her salons and her opera-box, to the intense indignation of the dignitaries of the court of her native country, and she narrowly escaped social ostracism on her return home. It is also told of this same dashing *élégante* that, being anxious to make much display at comparatively little cost, she made an arrangement with Worth whereby she was to take dresses from his establishment, wear each of them once, and then return them to him to be sold to those ladies who were anxious to imitate the toilettes of the celebrated Madame de M——. As she was setting the fashion in those days, and her dresses were everywhere noted and copied, she had no difficulty in making the desired arrangement, paying a stipulated sum for the use for a single occasion of each garment.

The King of Dress is not himself indifferent to the charms of the toilette. His fingers blaze with rings—one a superb diamond solitaire, and another a large square antique gem set in fine diamonds. He is also very fond of building, and spends much time and great sums of money in altering, arranging and redecorating the splendid house which he possesses in the environs of Paris. He is a man of tireless activity: every department in his immense establishment is under his direct supervision, and it is almost impossible to obtain fifteen minutes' uninterrupted conversation with him, so continual are the calls upon him; for, as he rather impatiently remarks, his work-women cannot so much as put a sleeve in a polonaise without coming to ask him about it. He

not only plans and designs the dresses, but supervises the work-rooms and attends to all the purchases of material, besides being constantly summoned to attend to the wants of purchasers, who refuse to give their orders without having the benefit of M. Worth's judgment and supervision while making their selections. They are right, too, for he understands wonderfully well the shapes and colors best suited to different forms and complexions, though he has rather a perverse penchant for arraying blondes in certain bright shades of yellow.

"And what are the prices one is forced to pay to this sovereign of silks?" methinks I hear an impatient reader cry. It must be confessed they are rather startling. Style has to be paid for in Paris as well as silk and lace, and commands a relatively higher price, so that Worth's dresses range from forty to fifty dollars higher than toilettes of the same materials and for the same occasions purchased elsewhere. Exclusive of laces, the cost of which may be run up to any limit, his price for a silk walking or evening dress may be computed as being from two to three hundred dollars, according to the style of trimming, while a cashmere or silk grenadine costume may be obtained for about fifty dollars less. Even at these prices he is literally overwhelmed with orders, and his rooms swarm with eager clients, Americans and Russians being his best customers, though Paris furnishes him with no inconsiderable number. There are ladies in the United States who import all their dresses from Worth; and when one adds to the original cost of these garments exchange, price of gold and the sixty-per-cent. duty payable in gold, the probable cost of their wardrobes becomes rather startling to the imagination. Add to the cost of such toilettes the prices of the bonnets of Mesdames Ode and Virot, which range from twenty to thirty, and even forty, dollars a bonnet, and one will see that dress is an expensive item, even when the articles are purchased in the land of their creation.

And in truth there is no limit to the amount that a lady may spend on her

dress in Paris. As soon as lace is employed in trimming, the cost of a toilette may be run up to any sum one chooses to give for it, for instances have been known of a single lace flounce costing sixteen thousand dollars, and point d'Alençon at two and three hundred dollars a yard is by no means a scarce article or difficult to find. An extravagantly disposed female may, if she likes, get up a dress which will cost two or three thousand dollars without any difficulty. This is one extreme of the scale: the next division is to be found in those establishments which have a reputation only second to that of Worth, and where the prices are from two to three hundred francs less on each dress than are those of his renowned atelier. Dresses either for dinner, balls or promenading may be obtained at these houses for prices ranging from one hundred to one hundred and sixty dollars—this, of course, not including rich laces—while elegant and tasteful bonnets may be procured for sixteen, eighteen or twenty dollars. From this point downward the gradation is gradual till one reaches the Bon Marché and the Coin de Rue for dresses and the Passage du Saumon for bonnets.

Now comes the second question: On how little can a woman dress in Paris who can make neither her own dresses nor her own bonnets? She can buy very wearable undergarments for a mere trifle. Her linen handkerchiefs, marked with her initial in embroidery, will cost her thirty cents each, her two-button gloves eighty cents a pair, if kid. Her suit, in fine silky-looking, pale-colored mohair of the fashionable shades, neatly made and prettily and elaborately trimmed, will cost her fifteen dollars, and she can get a black silk costume for forty dollars, and a long black silk house-dress with trimmed front for thirty-five. A good silk underskirt, prettily trimmed, for wearing under polonaises, wash dresses, etc., can be had for twelve dollars; and very elaborately trimmed it will cost her fifteen. If she wants a *very* cheap suit for ordinary wear, she can get a thoroughly nice and reasonable one,

comprising an underskirt with two or three ruffles, and an overskirt and jacket plainly finished off round the edge, for from eight to ten dollars. Her bonnets will cost from five to seven dollars each. Boots are expensive, and not nearly so good or so handsome as they are in the United States. The smaller fineries, such as collars, ribbons, cravats, fans, etc., are proportionately reasonable; so that a woman who has three or four hundred dollars per annum to spend on her dress could really do a good deal with it in Paris, even allowing that she could do none of her own sewing. As for a lady who could make up her own dresses and bonnets, what marvels could she not achieve in a land where good silk can be bought as low as a dollar a yard, and two dollars and a half a yard represents a very handsome article, while worsted goods and mixed fabrics may be procured at from nineteen cents upward!

Parisian ladies do not set as much store by costliness of dress as do Americans, their chief aim being elegance of style, novelty, and, above all, perfect and irreproachable freshness; while our countrywomen seek more for richness of material. The reason for this is obvious: a new dress in Paris not only costs much less than it does with us, but is far easier to obtain. An order to one's dressmaker is all that is necessary for procuring a new toilette here, while at home the process is a troublesome one, involving selection of the material, the style in which it is to be made up, and, last and most troublesome search of all, a skilled dressmaker. It is the same with bonnets. A New York lady must perforce select her bonnets at the very beginning of the season, or else be content with articles of American manufacture, while a Parisienne can step round the corner and select twenty chapeaux in a morning, paying twelve and fifteen dollars for the articles for which her American sister must give forty or fifty. Durability and richness of material, therefore, are distinguishing peculiarities of the latter's toilettes, while freshness and variety characterize the dress of the former.

The prevailing modes of the day show

some tendency to a return toward that simplicity of style which has so long been absent from the fashion of our garments. Not that flounces, puffs, ribbons and fringes are banished, or even about to take their departure; but to-day, for the first time in many years, it is possible to wear a perfectly plain dress without looking odd or old-fashioned. Even Worth's show-rooms display dresses whose attractiveness consists in the quality of the silk of which they are composed, and not in the amount of frills and fussing with which they are loaded—rich, heavy brocades, with long plaited trains, the sleeves and train being formed of plain silk matching the color of the brocade, and not a particle of other trimming anywhere, as the edge of the corsage is simply finished with a cording of the silk. Such a dress would have been regarded as a dismal piece of antiquity five years ago. It may be that republican simplicity is creeping into the fashions of Paris, as well as into its institutions, but French fashions change *nearly* as rapidly as do French governments. L. H. H.

THE PARENTS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

THE following letter, which we are permitted to publish, though not written with this design, contains some particulars that may not be uninteresting to many readers of Mr. Forster's *Life of Dickens*:

17 RIVERS STREET, Bath, England.

MY DEAR —: I hasten to comply with your request that I should give you some information respecting the family of poor Charles Dickens. I became acquainted with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. John Dickens, in 1850, and Mr. Charles Dickens having requested my husband's medical attendance upon old Mr. Dickens, who was rapidly failing in health, both the father and mother came to live with us in 34 Keppel street, London. Mr. Dickens died under our roof March 31, 1851. He was a kind-hearted man, but fearfully irascible. His fits of temper lasted, however, but a very short time, but whilst they did they were terrible. I remember on one occasion some private theatricals were given at the St.

James's Theatre, in which Charles Dickens took the principal character, and old Mr. Dickens was appointed bill-distributor for the evening. Charles had given strict orders that no one should be allowed behind the scenes. The elder Dickens, returning to the green-room, was surprised and indignant to see a man, as he thought, standing at the other end of the apartment. His blood boiled up in an instant, and he flew at him. His anger increased at seeing the figure advance toward him, and he rushed up to it and struck out with all his might—hitting a looking-glass with such violence that he had sore knuckles for some days afterward. The resemblance between old Mr. D. and Mr. Micawber was very slight. It consisted only in one or two peculiar traits, exaggerated in the description, and in the use of a pet phrase to the effect "that something was sure to turn up." The day previous to his death he seemed unusually well, and we none of us expected he would pass away so soon. He was first seriously taken ill whilst at dinner, and after he was put to bed I sent off immediately for Charles. He came as soon as possible. I was in the room when the old gentleman died. He expired about five o'clock in the morning, with little or no pain. Charles Dickens had been with him for hours, standing or sitting by the bedside, and holding his hand. He was much affected, and behaved throughout with great tenderness.

Mrs. Dickens was a little woman, who had been very nice-looking in her youth. She had very bright hazel eyes, and was as thoroughly good-natured, easy-going, companionable a body as one would wish to meet with. The likeness between her and Mrs. Nickleby is simply the exaggeration of some slight peculiarities. She possessed an extraordinary sense of the ludicrous, and her power of imitation was something quite astonishing. On entering a room she almost unconsciously took an inventory of its contents, and if anything happened to strike her as out of place or ridiculous, she would afterward describe it in the quaintest possible manner. In like manner

she noted the personal peculiarities of her friends and acquaintances. She had also a fine vein of pathos, and could bring tears to the eyes of her listeners when narrating some sad event. She was slightly lame, having injured one of her legs by falling through a trap-door whilst acting in some private theatricals at the Soho Theatre, London. I am of opinion that a great deal of Dickens's genius was inherited from his mother. He possessed from her a keen appreciation of the droll and of the pathetic, as also considerable dramatic talent. Mrs. Dickens has often sent my sisters and myself into uncontrollable fits of laughter by her funny sayings and inimitable mimicry. Charles was decidedly fond of her, and always treated her respectfully and kindly. In the hour of her sad bereavement his conduct was noble. I remember he took her in his arms, and they both wept bitterly together. He told her that she must rely upon him for the future. He immediately paid whatever his father owed, and relieved his mother's mind on that score. To my husband and myself he expressed himself in the warmest manner as grateful for what little kindness we had been able to show his parents. He sent my husband a magnificent silver snuff-box lined with gold, on which was engraved this inscription:

"TO ROBERT DAVEY,
A poor token of gratitude and respect,
in memory of my dear father.
CHARLES DICKENS."

This heirloom is now in my eldest son's possession. It was accompanied by a beautiful and touching letter full of tenderness and terms of filial affection.

Mrs. Dickens was very fond of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles, and has often told me that she believed "there was not another woman in all England so well suited to her son." Her daughter Letitia, Mrs. Austin, was often at our house at this time. She was an admirable woman, and greatly beloved by all who knew her.

Charles Dickens called frequently in Keppel street, and sometimes stayed to dinner. He was not a very talkative man,

but could be extremely pleasant when he chose. Mrs. Dickens does not seem to have foreseen the future celebrity of her son in his childhood, but she remembered many little circumstances afterward which she was very fond of relating. Once, when Charles was a tiny boy, and the family were staying down at Chatham, the nurse had a great deal of trouble in inducing him to follow her when out for his daily walk. When they returned home, Mrs. Dickens said to her, "Well, how have the children behaved?" "Very nicely indeed, ma'am—all but Master Charley." "What has he done?" "Why, ma'am, he will persist in always going the same road every day." "Charley, Charley, how is this?" "Why, mamma," answered the urchin, "does not the Bible say we must walk in the same path all the days of our life?"

The little Dickenses were all fond of private theatricals, and even as children they constructed a small play-house in which the drama was represented by puppets. Charles was the reader, and

his brothers moved the marionettes. Those early years were doubtless very sad, for I know the whole family was in very reduced circumstances; and to one so sensitive and imaginative as Charles deprivations and slights must have been indeed hard to bear. I am of opinion that the troubles he met with in his childhood, and the great success won by his genius in after times, made him anxious to have his home so ordered as in some degree to efface his early impressions; and I fear his father's ungovernable temper prevented his being as often received in his son's house as he might otherwise have been. But, whatever may be said to the contrary, his conduct toward both his father and mother struck me as admirable. Poor old Mrs. Dickens died in 1863. She had been for some time ailing. She sleeps by her husband in Highgate Cemetery. I saw little of her after her husband's death, as I left England two years later for the Continent, and only returned a year or so since.

E. DAVEY.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Alide: An Episode of Goethe's Life. By Emma Lazarus. Philadelphia: J. B. Lipincott & Co.

The same strong magic which drew the child Bettina through countless obstacles to the presence of the wonderful old man whom she had never seen, has worked on the ardent imagination of a young poetess of our own day; and the fond partisanship with which Goethe's view of his higher destiny and immunity from the trammels of ordinary obligation and responsibility is tacitly adopted by Miss Lazarus, betrays an indulgence of the same order as Frederika's and Lili's. No special sympathy with this subjection to the master-mind of modern times need color our views of the performance. There was great risk in taking for a theme a love-passage in the life of a renowned poet—one, too, which

had been faultlessly treated by himself in his autobiography—and so elaborating the characters and incidents as to swell the story to the dimensions of a book. Any amplifications supplied by pure invention, any elucidations based upon a theory inconsistent with the simple facts, above all, any ambitious attempt to penetrate deeply into Goethe's character or depict him in the broad full light which the realistic novelist casts upon his figures, would have jarred with the conceptions and offended the taste of a cultivated reader. Yet mistakes of this kind are too common not to render the avoidance of them a matter of just commendation; while the ingenuity and skill with which every hint and suggestion of the original has been worked out in consistent and not too ample detail, merit still warmer praise. Nor is the book inter-

esting merely as a successful piece of literary embroidery. In the character of the heroine Miss Lazarus had a legitimate field and fair scope for the exercise of her imaginative powers; and she has used this opportunity in a way to justify strong expectations in regard to any venture she may hereafter make on the broad seas of fiction under her own flag. The figure of Alide is not a copy, but the development of that of Frederika; and there is no doubt a large class of readers who will never open *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, or any other of Goethe's works, for whom this pathetic tale of a true-hearted, innocent girl, with its idyllic background of Alsatian life, will have a tender charm. It is a pity, therefore, that some slight defects have not been corrected. Miss Lazarus should not use the word "health" for "toast," and she should bear in mind Dr. Holmes's advice to all his country-people, not to say "how" for "what." The style not unfrequently has the air of a translation, and not a very fluent translation, from the German: the very first sentence is an example of this, and it prevails throughout. Perhaps it is intentional, and meant to lend local color to the subject, but it is a mistake. It would have been better, too, not to have tried to improve on the homeliness of the real German rural life. The description of the parsonage is very pretty, but more like that of an English than a Rhenish home: the characteristic primness of the latter is lacking. The graceful litter of the sitting-room, with its "charming disorder" of open harpsichord, scattered books, drawing-materials and embroidery, does not belong to a German interior, and the presents sent by Goethe to his village love never rose to the height of new books and rare engravings. But these are mere details. The human interest is keenly felt: there are power and truth in the analysis of the conflict which arises in each nature as the one perceives that he cannot sacrifice his future to his love—the other, that there is no future for her but in his love, and that it is drifting from her. It is a striking touch, too, toward the end, when the heart-stricken girl goes early to the cathedral to gather strength and calm, and sees another woman kneeling near the door in the abandonment of grief. One feels sorry that anything comes of this: it was more artistic as a mere incident, such as almost every memorable scene in our lives presents. It is a graver fault that while ad-

hering so closely to history in her narrative, Miss Lazarus should have introduced such an important apocryphal event as even an informal betrothal, which when known to the parents must, according to German custom, have been immediately followed by the usual family ceremony. Nor can we understand why she should have omitted the answer of the serene and resigned Frederika when urged in after years, although still young, to marry: "It was enough to have been beloved by Goethe." That reply makes her story the most touching of all the numerous similar "episodes" in Goethe's life. We are deeply moved by the grief of the bewitching Lili, but we know she is a mundane little lady, and are not surprised to hear that she has made a good match after all. Frederika's perpetual maidenhood gives a sacredness to her early love and sorrow, which are here enshrined anew in no unfitting niche.

England, Political and Social. By Auguste Laugel. Translated by Professor James Morgan Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It is easy to see that M. Laugel has studied England more closely, both from books and through personal observation, than the most intelligent and best-informed of his countrymen are in the habit of doing. He knows its history, he understands its institutions, he comprehends the causes of the struggles and oscillations amid which the government passes from one party to another, still retaining its blended character of conservatism and reform. He sees in the diversity of classes and of interests the affinities and mutual adaptations that give solidity to the mass and strength of purpose and unity of action to every national movement. He estimates truly the various elements of the English character and the forces that have acted upon it, merging and adjusting, yet hardening and preserving, its peculiarities. His book is consequently not only almost wholly free from blunders of detail, but it is still more remarkable for its freedom from the misconceptions and wild speculations and deductions into which a writer is sure to fall who examines the condition and manners of a foreign people through the medium of his own national prepossessions and ideas. In this respect the work contrasts favorably with Taine's *English Notes*, while destitute of the wit and rhetorical brilliancy that gives piquancy to the fantastic generalizations of

the latter. There is, in fact, little in it to betray its French origin, and one might suspect the author of belonging to that small political sect that sees in the English constitution a model which France has only to follow in order to attain to the equilibrium and acquire the stability which she so much needs. However this may be, the value and instructiveness of his exposition are distinctively for his own countrymen. For a well-informed American it contains nothing of mark. The very facility with which it passes scrutiny indicates its lack of novelty. The remarks on race contain a good deal which one sets resolutely aside. Such a sentence as the following, "Outliving the centuries, the Celtic element still crops out above heavy Saxon Teutonism: we seem to see a touch of it in English *humor*, the universal fondness for gaming and betting, this grain of folly amid so much wisdom," might stimulate contradiction of the theory expressed in it, were it not that the mistaken use of the term puts argument out of the question. But in general what M. Laugel has to say on these points is only what all determined theorizers on the subject are constantly putting forth. What there is of certainty in it passes current without much emphasis or comment. For the corrective we must turn to Emerson's *English Traits*, and take note of the "limitations of the formidable doctrine of race . . . which threaten to undermine it, as not sufficiently based."

The Circuit-Rider: A Tale of the Heroic Age. By Edward Eggleston. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

The "heroic age" depicted in this book is not that of Greece or Rome, but of Southern Ohio and adjacent regions, where social life at the beginning of this century exhibited "sharp contrasts of corn-shuckings and camp-meetings, of wild revels followed by wild revivals," "a mélange of picturesque simplicity, grotesque humor and savage ferocity, of abandoned wickedness and austere piety," that "can hardly seem real to those who know the country now." In such a picture it is not the hunter or the pioneer who becomes the central figure, but the circuit-rider, or traveling Methodist preacher, representing, as he does, the element of civilization which is in time to overmaster and transform the wild minds and lawless habits here brought together in anarchical confusion. His task is that of the missionary monk of the Dark

Ages; and if, like his prototype, he is distinguished rather by a fervent zeal and uncompromising devotion than by intellectual power or mental culture, his sympathies with his hearers are all the keener, his comprehension of them more instinctive, and his influence over their minds and hearts more direct and irresistible. Such a state of society, it will be conceded, affords ample material for graphic and striking delineation. The peasant life of the Schwarzwald and the Vosges, which Auerbach and Erckmann-Chatrain have constrained the world to become familiar with, must be reckoned far less rich in incident and far tamer in coloring. Unfortunately, this comparison makes only too palpable the lack of imagination which has prevented Mr. Eggleston from giving to his pictures the vividness and harmony essential to that strong impression and sense of reality which is the main object of the novelist's art. We do not doubt that the principal scenes have a foundation of fact, that, in the author's own words, "whatever is incredible in this story is true," or that local manner and dialect have been faithfully presented. But this is, after all, a mere superficial truthfulness—giving us, at the most, peculiarities of circumstance, not revealing any of the subtle workings of human nature as thus acted on. The characters in the book are not individualized by any delicate distinctions; their thoughts and emotions are not probed; their lives run in parallel or divergent lines, without the complications or the conflicts that bring hidden qualities and impulses into play. Perhaps we ought simply to accept the book without demur as a series of sketches of a kind of life now all but extinct, making due acknowledgment of a certain vivacity and "scratchy" vigor sufficient to sustain the interest. The author seems to us, however, to have aimed at something higher than this, or rather to have mistaken this for the proper aim of one "worthy," in his own language, "to be called a novelist."

Books Received.

The Education of American Girls: A Series of Essays. By Anna C. Brockett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A Tour through the Pyrenees. By H. A. Taine. Translated by J. Safford Fiske. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Antoine, the Italian Boy. By an Ex-consul. Boston: Henry Hoyt.

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